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Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, LIX.

The Romance of
Guy of Warwick.

EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS. IN THE
ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH, AND FROM MS. 107
IN CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

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UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE
CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

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- 47 Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part V., ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 3s. "
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E. E. TEXT SOC. TEXTS AT PRESS, AND PREPARING. GENERAL NOTICES.



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 Anglo-Saxon Poems, from the Vercelli MS., re-edited by I. Gollancz, B.A.
 Anglo-Saxon Glosses to Latin Prayers and Hymns, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen.
 An Anglo-Saxon Martyrology, edited from the 4 MSS. by Dr. G. Herzfeld.
 Ælfric's Metrical Lives of Saints, MS. Cott. Jul. E 7, Part IV, ed. Prof. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D.
 All the Anglo-Saxon Homilies and Lives of Saints not accessible in English editions, including those of the Vercelli MS. &c., edited by Prof. Napier, M.A., Ph.D.
 The Anglo-Saxon Psalms; all the MSS. in Parallel Texts, ed. Dr. H. Logeman and F. Harsley, B.A.
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 Merlin (prose), Part IV., containing Preface, Index, and Glossary. Edited by Prof. W. E. Mead, Ph.D.
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 Supplementary Early English Lives of Saints, ed. Prof. C. Horstmann, Ph.D.
 The Early and Later Festivals, ab. 1400 and 1440 A.D., ed. Prof. C. Horstmann, Ph.D.
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 Early English Confessionals, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
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EXTRA SERIES.

icary's Anatomie, 1548, ed. 1577, edited by F. J. & Percy Furnivall. Part II. [*At Press.*]
 p. Fisher's English Works, Pt. II., with his Life and Letters, ed. Rev. Ronald Bayne, B.A. [*At Press.*]
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 revisa's Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum, re-edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
 ulein's Dialogue against the Feuer Pestilence, 1564, 1573, 1578. Ed. A. H. and M. Bullen. Pt. II.
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 rthour and Merlin, re-edited from the unique MS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring.
 uy of Warwick, Copland's version, edited by Prof. Zupitza, Ph.D.
 he Siege of Jerusalem, Text A, edited from the MSS. by Dr. F. Kopka.
 iber Fundacionis Ecclesie Sancti Bartholomei Londoniarum: the 15th century englishing in the Cotton MS.
 Vespasian B ix, ed. Norman Moore, M.D.
 wdelay's Poems, re-edited from the unique MS. Douce 302, by Dr. E. Wülfing.
 William of Shoreham's Works, re-edited by Professor Konrath, Ph.D.
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 axton's Dictes and Sayengis of Philosophirs, 1477, with Lord Tollemache's MS. version, ed. S. I. Butler Esq.

Jan. 1891. For this year the Original-Series Texts are now ready: No. 96, Part II of the Anglo-Saxon version of *Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, re-edited by Dr. T. Miller, and No. 97, Part I of the *Earliest English Prose Psalter*, edited from its two MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buelbring. For the Extra-Series 1891, the first Text has been long ready,—No. 59, Part III of Prof. Zupitza's edition of the Romance of *Guy of Warwick* from the Auchinleck and Caius MSS.,—and the second Text is nearly ready: Dr. J. Schick's edition of Lydgate's *Temple of Glass*, with a full discussion and classification of its MSS., and a chronological arrangement of all Lydgate's chief works, with some account of his best poem, still in MS., 'Reason and Sensuality.' As Dr. Schick's book is so nearly finished, the issue of the three others for this year will probably be put off till the *Temple of Glass* is ready, so that all the 1891 Texts may go out together.

The Original Series Texts for 1892 will be chosen from Prof. C. Horstmann's edition of 'Capgrave's *Life of St. Katherine*'; his first volume of the *Minor Poems of the Vernon MS.*, of both of which the text is all printed; and Mr. Gollancz's re-edited *Exeter-Book*—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—Part I, of which the Text, with a modern englishing, has been long in type. Of the two concluding Parts VI and VII of the *Cursor Mundi*, by Dr. Haenisch, Dr. Kaluza, and Dr. Hupe, the German workers' portion is all printed, and the Parts need only for issue short Forewords by the editor, Dr. Richard Morris. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker has in the press—text nearly finished—a treatise perhaps more valuable for Dictionary purposes than any yet issued by the Society, an englished *Lanfranc's Chirurgie*, about 1400 A.D., which takes up to Chaucer's death the whole class of surgical and medical words (besides many others of common speech) which we before had only from the black-letters of Queen Elizabeth's time. The Editor is collating the English text with its Latin; and he shows how largely our first printed *Anatomic* (Vicary's) is borrowed from it. Some of these Texts will form the issues for 1892, 1893 and 1894. **Members are therefore asked to send Advance Subscriptions, in 1891 for 1892 and 1893**, in order that the 1892-3 books may be issued to them as soon as the editions are finished. The Society's experience has shown that Editors must be taken when they are in the humour for work. All real Students and furtherers of the Society's purpose will be ready to push-on the issue of Texts. Those Members who care only a guinea a year (or can afford only that sum) for the history of our language and our nation's thought, will not be hurt by those who care more, getting their books in advance; on the contrary, they will be benefited, as each successive year's work will then be ready for issue on New Year's Day. Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finished all the Texts that the Society ought to print.

For the Extra Series of 1892, Mr. Donald's edition of the prose Romance of *Melusine*, ab. 1500 A.D., Prof. Ingram's, of the first englishing of Thomas a Kempis's *De Imitatione Christi*, ab. 1440-50, and Dr. Deibling's re-edition of *The Chester Plays* from the latest and best MS., are almost all in type. Dr. Mary N. Colvin's edition of Caxton's *Godfrey of Boulogne* has several chapters and all the Introduction in type. It will therefore be necessary to ask Members for **advance Subscriptions in order that the Books for 1892 and 1893** may be issued when they are ready in 1891. During 1891 the Extra Series books for 1892 are almost sure to be ready.

Mr. G. N. Currie—besides editing the *Hours of the Virgin* now at Press—is preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deguileville's *Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs's MS., Mr. Gibbs having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS.

Guillaume de Deguileville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaalis, in the diocese of Senlis, wrote his first verse *Pelerinage de l'Homme* in 1330-1 when he was 36.¹ Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1355, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it, and this is the only one that has been printed. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 A.D., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1869, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Univ. Coll. and Corpus Christi, Oxford²; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740. A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS. which will be edited by Mr. Sidney J. Herrtage for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensed and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library:³ "The Pilgrime or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World," copied by Will. Baspoole, whose copy "was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655." This last copy may have been read by, or

¹ He was born about 1295. See Abbé GOUJER's *Bibliothèque française*, Vol. IX. p. 73-4.—P. M.

² These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.

³ Another MS. is in the Pepys Library.

its story reported to, Bunyan, and may have been the groundwork of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. It will be edited by Mr. Currie for the E. E. T. Soc., its text running under the earlier English, as in Mr. Hertridge's edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* for the Society. In February 1464,¹ Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deguilleville's first verse *Pelerinage* into a prose *Pelerinage de la vie humaine*.² By the kindness of Mr. Hy. Hucks Gibbs, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deguilleville's *Pelerinage de l'Homme*, A.D. 1355 or -6, was englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's englishing of Deguilleville's *A B C* or *Prayer to the Virgin*, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 gaps, of which most of the second can be filled up from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cott n, Tiberius A vii. The rest of the stopgaps must be got from the original French in Harleian 4399,³ and Additional 22,937⁴ and 25,594⁵ in the British Museum. Lydgate's version will be edited in due course for the Society.

Besides his first *Pelerinage de l'Homme* in its two versions, Deguilleville wrote a second, "de l'ame separee du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Iesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (perhaps in part by Lydgate), exists in the Egerton MS. 615,⁶ at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton's edition of 1483. This version has 'somewhat of additions' as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisher's interesting Epilog in the Egerton MS. This prose Englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society after that of the *Man* is finished, and will have Gallopes's French opposite it, from Mr. Gibbs's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Old English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter. Dr. Logeman then raised the question of how the other MSS. should be treated; and he was authorised to prepare a Parallel-Text edition of the first ten Psalms from all the MSS., to test whether the best way of printing them would be in one group, or in two—in each case giving parts of all the MSS. on one page—under their respective Roman and Gallican Latin originals. If collation proves that all the MSS. cannot go together on successive pages, there will be two Parallel-Texts, one of the A.Sax. MSS. following the Roman version, and the other, of those glossing the Gallican; but every effort will be made to get the whole into one Parallel-Text. This Text will be an extravagance; but as the Society has not yet committed one in Anglo-Saxon, it will indulge in one now. And every student will rejoice at having the whole Psalter material before him in the most convenient form. Dr. Logeman and Mr. Harsley will be joint editors of the Parallel-Text. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of Prof. Arber, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society's publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The profits from these sales will be applied to the Society's Reprints. Five of its 1866 Texts, and one of its 1867, still need reproducing. Donations for this purpose will be welcome. They should be paid to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. A. Dalziel, 67 Victoria Rd., Finsbury Park, London, N.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds' worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, under the editorship of Prof. Carl Horstmann. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints' Lives will be found interesting incidental details of our forefathers' social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be looked on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints' Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. The differences between the foundation MS. (the Laud 108) and its followers are so great, that, to

¹ According to Mr. Hy. Hucks Gibbs's MS.

² These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.

³ 15th cent., containing only the *Vie humaine*.

⁴ 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.

⁵ 14th cent., containing the *Vie humaine* and the 2nd Pilgrimage, *de l'Âme*: both incomplete.

⁶ Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels &c.

prevent quite unwieldy collations, Prof. Horstmann decided that the Laud MS. must be printed alone, as the first of the Series of Saints' Lives. The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes. The Glossary to the whole set, the discussion of the sources, and of the relation of the MSS. to one another, &c., will be put in a final volume.

When the Saints' Lives are complete, Trevisa's englisling of *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the mediæval Cyclopædia of Science, &c., will be the Society's next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our MS. Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe's edition of Ælfric's prose,¹ Dr. Morris's of the Blickling Homilies, and Prof. Skeat's of Ælfric's Metrical Homilies. Prof. Kölbing has also undertaken for the Society's Extra Series a Parallel-Text of all the six MSS. of the *Ancoren Riwele*, one of the most important foundation-documents of Early English.

In case more Texts are ready at any time than can be paid for by the current year's income, they will be dated the next year, and issued in advance to such Members as will pay advance subscriptions. The 1886-7 delay in getting out Texts must not occur again, if it can possibly be avoided. The Director has copies of 2 or 3 MSS. in hand for future volunteer Editors.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. Chronicles &c.

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent under General Zupitza, Colonels Kölbing and Horstmann, volunteers Hausknecht, Einkenel, Haenisch, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, &c. &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Dr. Erdmann; Holland, Dr. H. Logeman; France, Prof. Paul Meyer—with Gaston Paris as adviser;—Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; while America is represented by Prof. Child, Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin and Prof. Perrin. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has cald forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

Among the MSS. and old books which need copying or re-editing, are:—

ORIGINAL SERIES.

Maumetrie, from Lord Tollemache's MS.
The Romance of Troy. Harl. 525.
Biblical MS., Corpus Cambr. 434 (ab. 1375).
Purvey's Ecclesie Regimen, Cot. Titus D 1.
Hampole's unprinted Works.
be Clowde of Unknowyng, from Harl. MSS. 2373, 959,
Bibl. Reg. 17 C 26, &c.
A Lanterne of Light, from Harl. MS. 2324.
Soule-hele, from the Vernon MS.
Lydgate's unprinted Works.
Boethius, A.D. 1410, &c.; Pilgrim, 1426, &c. &c.
Vegetius on the Art of War.
Lydgate and Burgh's 'Secreta Secretorum,' from
Sloane MS. 2464.
Early Treatises on Music; Descant, the Gamme, &c.
Skelton's englisling of Diodorus Siculus.
The Nightingale and other Poems, from MS. Cot.
Calig. A 2, Addit. MS. 10,936, &c.
Lyrical Poems, from the Harl. MS. 2253.
Penitential Psalms, by Ed. Maydenstoon, Bramp-
ton, &c. (Rawlinson, A. 389, &c.).
Documents from the Registers of the Bishops of all
Dioceses in Great Britain.
Ordinances and Documents of the City of Worcester.
Chronicles of the Brute.
T. Breus's Passion of Christ, 1422. Harl. 2338.
Book for Recluses, Harl. 2372.
Lollard Theological Treatise, Harl. 2343.
H. Selby's Northern Ethical Tract, Harl. 2388, art. 20.
Hilton's Ladder of Perfection.

EXTRA SERIES.

Erle of Tolous.
Ypotis.
Sir Eglamour.
Emare.
The Northern Verse Psalter.
Le Morte Arthur, from the unique Harl. 2252.
Sir Tristrem, from the unique Auchinleck MS.
Sir Gowther.
Dame Siriz, &c.
Orfeo (Digby, 86).
Dialogue between the Soul and Body.
Barlaam and Josaphat.
Amis and Amiloun.
Ipomedon.
Richard Cœur de Lyon. Harl. 4690.
Sir Gengerides, from Lord Tollemache's MS.
The Troy-Book fragments once cald Barbour's in the
Cambr. Univ. Library and Douce MSS.
Partonope of Blois, &c., Athelston.
Gower's Confessio Amantis.
Poems of Charles, Duke of Orleans.
Carols and Songs.
The Siege of Rouen, from Harl. MSS. 2256. 753,
Egerton 1995, Bodl. 3562, E. Museo 124, &c.
Pilgrimages to Jerusalem.
Mulcaster's Positions, 1561, ed. T. Widgey, M.A.
Jn. Hart's Orthographie, 1569, and Methode to read
English, 1570.

The Founder and Director of the E. E. T. Soc. is Dr. F. J. Furnivall, 3, St. George's Sq., Primrose Hill, London, N.W. Its *Hon. Sec.* is W. A. Dalziel, Esq., 67, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, London, N. The Subscription to the Society is 21s. a year for the *Original Series*, and 21s. for the *Extra Series* of re-editions.

¹ Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe's book, not issued by the Ælfric Society, are still in stock.

Of the Vercelli Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.

The swerd went down by hys chyne, [p. 176] and shield.
 The good sheld hyt stekyd Inne. 8230

Then to Gye he stert welȝ stoute,
 And *witȝ* so gret Ire he drow yt oute,

That on knees he fellyȝ *sir* Gye ; Guy was brought
 But vp he sterte fuȝ hastily. on his knees,

Then was hys herte fuȝ of tene : 8235

‘Lady,’ he seyȝ, ‘hevyn quene,
 Never, sith I was borne in londe,
 Knelȝd I erste for stroke of hande.’ which had never
 happened to him
 before.

Vp he caught hys swerd good,
 And smote the Geaunte ther he stode : 8240

Witȝ aȝ hys streng[t]h & aȝ hys myȝt
 Vppon the helme he hyt hym Ryȝht.
 He fellyȝ hys sercle sett *witȝ* stonys,
 That was Riche for the nonys.

The aventaille, that was so thyke, 8245
 Held no more than a styke.

He karve the Flessh, the swerd in yode : Guy, hitting
 Amoraunt,
 Hys face was coueryȝ aȝ *witȝ* blode.

Hys good hawberke he aȝ to-reefe,
 The good shyȝd aȝ to-cleeve. 8250

In the shyȝd the swerd *witȝ*-stode :
 Of that stroke *sir* Gye thought good.

As he woldȝ the swerd draw owte,

Ameraunte, that was so stoute,

On knees and handys he mad hym faȝ ; 8255 and made him fall
 on his knees.

But vp he sterte forth with-aȝ,

C. 8071. ¶ So strong batayle was hem bitvene : 108

So seyð þai þat miȝt it sene

þat seye þai neuer non swiche,

þat neuer was of wiman born

Swiche to kniȝtes as þai worn, 5

þat fouȝten togider wiȝ wreche.

On a day bifor þe natiuite

Of seyn Ion, þe martir fre,

þat holy man is to seche,

Togider fouȝt þo barouns boȝe, 10

þat in hert wer so wroȝe.

Of loue was þer no speche.

MS. fol. 154r. b.

¹ ¶ wanting in MS.

¶¹ Sir Amoraunt wiȝ-drouȝ him 109

Wiȝ loureand chere wroȝ & grim,

For þe blod of him was lete,

þat drink he most, oȝer his liif forgon :

So strong þrust ȝede him oȝon, 5

So michel was his hete.

‘ Fourti batayls ichaue ouercome,

Ac fond y neuer er moder sone

Turnbull, p. 321,
l. 8203.

þat me so sore gan bete.

Tel me,’ he seyð, ‘ what artow ? 10

Felt y neuer man ar now

þat ȝaf dintes so grete.

¶ Tel me,’ he seyð, ‘ wennes þou be ; 110

For þou art strong, so mot y the,

& of michel miȝt.’

As a bold^l man and a wyght,
And hys swer^l he hent a-none ryght.

He smote fu^l faste to *sir* Gye, [p. 177]

And he to hym, fu^l hardelye. 8260

The erthe dynned a^l abowte
Of her strokⁱs herd and stowte.

The fyre flye from her helm^ys bryght :
That was a we^l strong fyght !

There was never
so strong a battle!

Men [sayden] that syen that bateyle, 8265

So faste eche other gan assayle,
That such a fyght was neuer be-forne
Of creatures that were of women borne.

The sonn was hote, the wedyr was clere,
As ye mowe in the story here :

8270 It was the day
before the nativity
of St. John.

The mórne after seynt Iohⁿs daye
In somers tyd, as I yow seye,
This bateyle was ordeyne^l soo
Betwene these noble knyghtⁱs two.

A Meraunte stode sty^l ryght 8275
As a man that was verry of fyght.

For hys blode that was aweye,
And for the hete of the daye

For loss of blood
Amoraunt was
very thirsty.

He was grevy^l for thyrste so sore,
That he muste drynke, or dye ryght thore. 8280

‘Abyde,’ he sey^l, ‘thow noble knyght :

Founde I neuer none so wyght.

Fourty Geauntⁱs haue I slayne :

Strenger saw thou neuer nane ;

Yet ne founde I neuer knyght, 8285

Amoraunt
wondered who
his opponent was.

Yf that I hyt hym a-ryght,

That myght stond me eny whyle,

But he was slayne wit^h-in a myle,

But thow alone this ilke daye. [p. 178]

Te^l me, knyght, by the laye, 8290

Where were thow borne? in what londe,

That thow arte so dowgh^ty man of honde?’

Sir Gij answerd, 'wip-uten bost,
 Cristen icham, wele þou wost, 5
 Of Ingland born, y plizt.
 King Triamour me hider brouzt
 For to defenden him, 3if y mouzt,
 Of þat michel vnriht
 þat 3e beren on him wip wou3, 10
 þat Fabour neuer Sadony slou3
 Noiper bi day no nigt.
 ¶ 'O, artow Inglis?' seyd Amorant. 111
 'Now wald mi lord Teruagaunt
 þat þou were Gij þe strong!
 Mahoun 3af þat þou wer he!
 Bliþe wald y þan be 5
 Batail of him to fong:
 For he hap destrud al our lawe,
 His heued wald ichaue ful fawe,
 Or heize on galwes hong;
 For keuer schal we neuer¹ more 10
 þat he hap don ous forlore
 Wip wel michel wrong.
 ¶ Wip michel wrong & michel wou3 112
 Fourti þonsend of ous he slou3
 In Costentin on a day:
 He &² Herhaud, his felawe,
 Michel han destrud our lawe, 5
 þat euer-more mon y may.
 3if he wer slain wip brond of stiel
 þan were y wroken on hem³ ful wel
 þat han destrud our lay.'
 Sir Gij answerd, 'whi seistow so? 10
 Hap Gij ani þing þe misdo?'
 Amoraunt seyd, 'nay,
 ¶ Ac it wer gret worþschip, y-wis, 113
 To alle þe folk of heþenisse,
 þat y hadde so wroken mi kende.

Turnbull, p. 322,
l. 8227.

¹ MS. *neuer er*

² & added above
the line.

MS. fol. 154 v. a.

³ MS. *h̄m*.

‘Lysten,’ quod Gye, ‘and thow shalte here :

I with the tell in fayre manere.

I was borne in Englonde,

8295

Hearing that he
was an English-
man,

And crystoned with pristis honde.

Now am I here for this thyng

To defende triamour the kyng

That was wronge on hym leyde,

And with false wittenesse seyde.’

8300

‘Arte thow Englysshe?’ quod ameraunte.

‘Lord It wold Termagaunte,

That thow were sir Gye, the noble knyght,

That all men seyen ys so wyght!

A glad man shuld I be one :

8305

Hys hede were myn a-none.

Hit shaft neuer be restoryde a-geyne

That he & his men haue distroyde and slayne.

He and his men with-oute bateyle

Slown on a day, with-owten fayle,

8310

Fourty thowsand of oure men,

And of hem were not dede ten.

Yf he were slayne in ony gyse,

And eke sir herrawd the wise,

Of all that in the world were

8315

Ne yave I not an here.’

‘Wherfor,’ quod Gye, ‘arte thow wroth?

Dyd they the ony lothe?

Hit were gret synne and shame

[p. 179]

To slee sir Gye with-oute blame.’

8320

‘Nay,’ he seyde, ‘it were no synne,

he wished he
were Guy,

who had done
much harm to
Amorant’s
religion

by killing 40,000
men at Con-
stantinople

with the help
of Herhaud.

To slay Guy and
Herhaud

But greate honoure for me to wynde.’

Quod ameraunte to hym thanne,

would be a great
honour to all
beathendom.

C. 8105.

Cristen,' he seyð, 'listen to me.

þe weder is hot, astow may se ;

5

Y pray þe, leue frende :

Leue, to drink þou lat me gon

For þe lordes loue þou leuest on,

Turnbull, p. 323,
l. 8251.

Astow art gode & hende.

For þrist mi hert wil to-spring,

10

& for hete, wiþ-uten lesing,

Mi liue wil fro me wende.

¶ & 3if y schal be þus aqueld

114

þurch strong hete in þe feld

It were ozain þe skille :

Unworþschipe it war to þe,

It were þe gret vilete

5

¹ Another *loud*
expunged.

In wat lond¹ þou com tille.

Ac lete me drink a litel wiȝt

For þi lordes loue ful of miȝt

þat þou louest wiþ wille,

& y þe hot bi mi lay,

10

3if þou haue ani þrest to-day,

þou shalt drink al þi fille.'

¶ Sir Gij answerd, 'y graunt þe,

115

& 3ete to-day þou 3eld it me

Wiþ-uten ani fayle.'

C. 8127.

& when he hadde leue of sir Gij

² *ful* struck out
after *glad*.

He was ful glad,² sikerli :

5

No lenger nold he dayle.

To þe riuer ful swiþe he ran,

His helme of his heued he nam,

Turnbull, p. 324,
l. 8275.

& vnaced his ventayle.

When he hadde dronken alle his fille

10

He stirt vp wiþ hert grille,

& sir Gij began to asayle.

¶ 'Knizt,' he seyð, '3eld þe biliue ;

116

For þou art giled, so mot y þriue.

³ *adrink* MS.

Now ichaue a drink,³

'Here thow me, thow cȝyſten manne!
 Hit is grete hete, as thow mayſte ſee:
 For thi goddis love and thi cȝyſtiantee,
 Yeve me, leve, yf hit be thi wiȝ,
 Ons leve to drynke my fiȝ.

He asked Guy

8325

to let him ſlake
his thirſt,

For thyrſte I haue ſo much woo:
 Me thynketh my herte wiȝ breke in two.

which otherwiſe
would kill him,

8330

And yf ſo be thow ſlow me here
 Thus for thurſte in any were,
 Schuldyste thow neuer preyſed be
 Here ne in no contre,
 But grete ſhame hit were for the.
 This reſpite I aſke of the
 For his love that dyed on tree,
 And ſuch a coveſaunte I make *wiȝ* the,
 Here-after, yf nede bee,
 Yf thow thirſte, and wiȝ drynke here,
 I wiȝ the graunte *wiȝ* weȝ good chere.'

to his opponent's
ſhame.

8335

8340 Guy ſhould have
the ſame favour,
when needed.

'Syr,' quod Gye, 'thow ſeyſt wele.
 Go drynke I-nough, be ſeynt myȝheȝ.'
 When he herd that word than
 He was a fuȝ Ioy-fuȝ man.
 He opyned vंबर that tyde,
 And keeled hym on euery ſyde.
 He dranke Inowȝh at his wyȝ,
 And euer ſtode Gye ther ſtone ſtyȝ. [p. 180]
 When he com *sir* Gye nere
 He reſoned hym on this manere.

8345 Having got
Guy's permiſſion,Amoraunt ran
to the river,

8350

drank his fill,

and recommenced
the fight,

'Sir knyȝht,' he ſeyd, 'yeld the now:
 Thow ſhalt be dede ſone as I trow.
 Of thi prow haddyſt thow no thought,

MS. fol. 155v. b.

Icham as fresche as ich was amorwe :

þou schalt dye wiþ michel sorwe,

5

For-soþe, wiþouten lesing.'

þan þai drowen her swerdes long,

þo kniztes þat wer stern & strong,

Wiþ-outen more dueling,

& aiþer gan oþer þer asayle ;

10

& þer bi-gan a strong bataile

Wiþ wel strong fizting.

¶ Amoraunt was ful egre of mode,

117

& smot to Gij as he wer wode

(Ful egre he was to fizt),

þat a quarter of his scheld

He made it fleye into the feld,

5

¹ Read on ?

And of¹ his brini brizt :

Of his scholder þe swerd glod down,

þat boþe plates & hauberioun

Turnbull, p. 325,
l. 8299.

He carf atwo, y plizt,

Al to þe naked hide, y-wis,

& nouzt of flesche atanied is

þurch grace of god almiht.

10

- Of thi deth lytiſſ thow rought, 8355 being again as
 When thow in thyn herte myȝ[t] thynke¹ fresh as in the
 To yeve me leve for to drynke. morning.
 My maner I ſhaſſ the ſaye : ^{1 MS. myȝthynke}
- Had I fought aſſ the ſomers daye
 Fro the morrow to the derke nyght, 8360
 Yf that I ons drynke myght,
 In the world is none ſo dowghȝy a knyght,
 That I nere hardy w*ith* hym to fyght.
 Deffende the now,' quod ameraunte.
 ' Yes,' quod Gye, ' w*ith*-oute defendaunte.' 8365
 They smyt to-gedyr at the laſte
 With ſwerdis on her helmis faſte.
- N**ow there begynneth a gret bateyle,
 Eche gan other faſte aſſayle :
 Here none wold, for deth to drede, 8370
 Flee from other owte of that ſtede.
 Her ſtrok*is* were ſo vnryde,
 Her armoure brake vnto the hyde.
 Her helmys breke and her ſchyldys :
 The pecis flew in-to the fyldys. 8375
 The mayles of her good hawberk*is*
 Sprongen owte as it were ſperk*is*.
 They faſſ on knees full ofte both :
 Hit ſemyd weſſ that they were wrothe. [p. 181]
 Ameraunte w*ith* Grete Envy 8380 Amoraunt
 With aſſ hys myȝte he ſmote ſir Gye :
 The creſte of hys helme he hyt ſo,
 That he ſmote yt evyn in two ; damaged Guy's
 And a grete pece of hys ſheelde ſhield,
 He ſmote a-weye in-to the feelde, 8385 coat of mail,

¶ þe scharp swerd doun gan glide 118
Fast bi sir Gyes side

(His knew it com ful neye),
þat gambisoun & iambler
Boþe it karf atvo y-fere : 5

¹ MS. originally
fleyee.

Into þerþe þe swerd it fleye¹
Wip-outen wem or ani wounde
Half a fot in-to þe grounde,
þat mani man it seye.

& when Gij seye þat fair grace, 10
þat noþing wounded he was,

Iesu he þanked on heye.
¶ & when Gij feld him so smite 119

He was wroþ, 3e mow wite :

To Amoraunt he gan reken.
He hent his brond wip wel gode wille,
& stroke to him wip hert grille : 5

His scheld he gan to-breken.

So hetelich Gij him smot,
þat into þe scholder half a fot

Turnbull, p. 326,
l. 8323.

þe gode swerd gan reken ;
& wip þat strok Gij wip-drou3 : 10

Weri he was forfou3ten y-nou3 ;

MS. fol. 155r. a.

To Amoraunt he gan speken.
¶ ‘Sir Amoraunt,’ þan seyde Gij, 120

‘For godes loue now merci,

3if that þi wille be.

Ichaue swiche þrist þer y stond,
Y may vnneþe drawe min hond ; 5

þerfore wel wo is me.

3eld me now þat ich dede :

Y 3af þe leue to drink at nede.

Astow art hende & fre,

Leue, to drink þou lat me go, 10

As it was couenaunt bitven ous tvo :

For loue y pray þe.’

doublet, and
armour for the
legs,

And into the erthe a fote and more :
 AH spake therof that were thore.
 Of that dynte Gye had wondre :
 Hys armoure smetyn was in sondre,
 But his Flessch had no scathe :
 He thankyd god of hevyn rathe.

8390 but Guy himself
was not wounded.

But he was astonyed swyth sare :
 Therof he had grete care.
 To hym he had gret Envye,
 That he ne were a-vengyd^h hastylye.

Guy was very
angry,

8395 and hit Amoraunt
with a will,

He smote Ameraunte the knyght,
 He smote hym in the shild ryght
 Halfe a fote and som dele more :
 Therwith the Geaunt's flesh he shore.
 Therwith a-bakwarde drew *sir* Gye ;
 For he was a-thryst, sykyrly.

8400 But Guy was
weary,

' For my love I the praye,
 Geve me leve to drynke this daye.
 I am so a-thriste, I may not stonde,
 Ne hold my swerd vnneth in hande.
 I pray the now of drynke thi grace,
 Other I for thryste dye in this place.

and asked
Amoraunt

8405

Do me now that ilke deed
 That I dyd to the in thy nede,

[p. 182]

to give him leave
to drink.

That thou me hyg^ht vtterlye
 With-oute ony shame or velanye,
 I shuld me reste vtterly at my wyH,
 And drynke therto aH my fiH.'

8410

¶ 'Hold þi pes,' seyð Amoraunt, 121

'For, bi mi lord sir Teruagaunt,

Leue no hastow non.

Ac now þat y þe soþe se,

þat þou ginnes to feynt þe, 5

þine heued þou schalt forgon.'

¹ *gij* added in the margin.

'Amoraunt,' seyð Gij,¹ 'do ariȝt :

Lete me drink a litel wiȝt

Turnbull, p. 327,
l. 8347.

As y dede þe anon,

& togider fiȝt we :

10

Who schal be maister we schal se,

Wiche of ous may oþer slon.'

¶ 'Hold þi pays,' seyð Amoraunt, 122

'Y nil nouȝt held þe couenaunt

For ful þis toun of gold ;

For when ichaue þe sleyn now riȝt

þe Soudan, treweli, haȝ me hiȝt 5

His lond ȝif me he schold

Euermore to haue & hold fre,

& ȝiue me his douȝter briȝt o ble,

þe miriest may on mold :

When ichaue þe sleyn þis day

10

He schal ȝiue me þat fair may

Wiȝ alle his lond to hold.

¶ Ac do now wele & vnarme þe, 123

& trewelich ȝeld þou þe to me :

Oliue y lat þe gon.

& ȝif þou wilt nouȝt do bi mi red

þou schalt dye on iuel ded :

5

Riȝt now y schal þe slon.'

'Nay,' seyð Gij, 'þat war no lawe :

Ich hadde leuer to ben to-drawe

þan swiche a dede to don.

MS. fol. 155r b.
Turnbull, p. 328,
l. 8371.

- Quod ameraunte, 'so muste I the,
 Thou shalt haue no leue for me. 8415
 I wiH rygHt here a-none the sloo,
 Or thow shalte to the water goo.'
 'For Iesu crystes love,' seyde *sir* Gye,
 'GentiH kny3t, now *mercy*.
 Yf I were in this stele 8420
 For strengith of thriste done to dede,
 Shuldyst thow neuer preysed be
 Here ne in no contre.
 Do now as an hende knyght,
 And abyde a lytiH wighit, 8425
 TiH I haue dronke as I haue tighit :
 Than to-gedir wiH we¹ fyghit.
 Then shaH we seen sone in hye
 Who shaH haue the maistrie.'
 'Nay,' seide ameraunte, 'be my honde, 8430
 I wiH to no coveNaunte stonde
 For this Cite fuH of treasure,
 That I ne shaH distroye kyng triamoure.
 When I haue smytten of thine he[v]ed^l,
 And kyng triamoure his honour be-revyd^l, 8435
 The sowdan be-hyght me his land,
 And therto he held vp his rygHt honde.
 The sowdan bath a dow3ter dere,
 She is feyer in aH manere : [p. 183]
 I haue her desyred ouer aH thyng ; 8440
 I shaH her haue, that mayden yenge.
 My frend,' he seyde, 'yeld the nowe :
 Hit shaH be much for thi prowte.
 Do of aH thine armoure as tyte,
 Yf thow wilt passe with thi lyfe quyte : 8445
 But thow wilt I shaH the sloo,
 For-soth, or thow to water goo.'
 Then answeyde *sir* Gye fuH hastilye,
 'That shaH neuer be, fuH sekerlye.
 I wold not that for aH this londe, 8450

Amoraunt,
however,

refused to do so,

hoping to kill
Guy now,

¹ MS. I.

and to be re-
warded by the
Sultan

with the hand of
his daughter

and all his land.

If Guy would
surrender,

his life should
be spared ;

but Guy answered
he would rather
die.

Ar ich wald creaunt zeld me 10
 Ich hadde leuer an-hanged be,
 & brent bope flesche & bon.'

C. 8215. ¶ þan seyð Amoraunt, 'at a word, 124
 Bi þe treuþe þou owe þi lord,
 þat þou louest so dere,
 Tel me what þi name it be,
 & leue to drink ȝiue y þe 5
 þi fille of þis riuier.
 þou seyð þi name is sir Youn :
 It is nouȝt so, bi seyn Mahoun,
 It is a lesing, fere.
 ȝif þi name were Youn riȝt 10
 þou nere nouȝt of so miche miȝt,
 No þus vnþiknowen here.'

¶ 'Frende,' seyð Gij, 'y schal telle þe : 125
 Astow art hendi man & fre,
 þou wray me to no wiȝt.
 Gij of Warwike mi name it is :
 In Ingland y was born, y-wis. 5
 Lete me now drink wiþ riȝt.'
 When Amoraunt seye, sikerly,
 þat it was þe gode Gij
 þat oȝaines him was diȝt,
 He loked on him wiþ michel wrake 10
 Sternliche wiþ his eyȝen blake,
 Wiþ an vnsemli siȝt.

Turnbull, p. 329,
 l. 8395.

¶ 'Sir Gij,' he seyð, 'welcom to me ! 126
 Mahoun, mi lord, y thank þe
 þat ich haue þe her-inne.
 Michel schame þou hast me don :
 þi liif þou schalt astite forgon, 5
 þi bodi schal atvinne,

While I may endure ou fote to stonde
 Certes, I wiH not yeld me in this fyghit,
 While that I haue ony mayne or myzte.'

'Sey me,' quod the paynyme thann ;

Then Amoraunt

'WeH I wote thow arte a crysten mañ :

8455

I se weH thow arte both bold & wyzte,

And me thow haste fuH yH I-dyghit ;

offered to let Guy
 drink if he would
 tell him his right
 name.

For I haue many a sore wounde,

And thou arte both hole & sounde.

So god of hevyn the shyld fro shame,

8460

TeH me here now thi ryghit name.

With that forward thow make no lesynge,

Thow shalt haue of me aH thyn askynge.

Thow seyst thy name ys clepid Ioñ :

Thow hast a nother name, be my crown.

8465

Certes, yf thow aryght so clepyd were,

Hit were more knowen, be my swere.'

'I shaH the seye,' quod Gye than,

So he told him

'So thow tell it to no notherman.

[p. 184]

My name ys Gye of warwyke :

8470

I trow thow wilt me not be-swyke.

he was Guy of
 Warwick.

I fyghit for kyng triamoure

With-owte any more tresoure.'

When ameraunte herd fuH ryghit

Amoraunt, know-
 ing his opponent
 was Guy,

That he was *sir* Gye, the noble knyzt,

8475

'Sir,' he seyde, 'be hevyn kyng,

Now haue I my desire in aH thyng.

WeH art thow now fownden here.

I fynd hit soth in aH manere

That many man hath seyde of the.

8480 threatened him
 with death,

Yeld the now ryght here to me.

& þine heued, bi Teruagaunt,
 Mi leman schal haue to presaunt,
 þat comly is of kinne.
 Hennes-forward, siker þou be,
 Leue no tit þe non of me,
 For al þis world to winne.'

10

C. 8247. ¶ 'Allas,' seyð Gij, 'what schal y don?

127

Now y no may haue drink non
 Mine hert brekep ato.'

MS. fol. 155 v. a.

Anon he biþouzt him þenne

Rizt to þe riuer he most renne :

5

He turned him, & gan to go.

Amoraunt wiþ swerd on hond

He thouzt haue driuen Gij to schond :

Turnbull, p. 330,
 l. 8419.

Wiþ sorwe he wald him slo.

Gij ran to þe water rizt :

10

Bot on him þenke god almiȝt

Vp comeþ he neuer mo.

¶ þo was sir Gij in gret drede.

128

In þe water he stode to his girdel stede,

& þat þouzt him ful gode.

In þe water he dept his heued anon,

Ouer þe schulders he dede it gon ;

5

þat keled wele his blod.

& when Gij hadde dronken anouȝ

Hetelich his heued vp he drouȝ

Out of þat ich flod ;

& Amoraunt stode opon þe lond

10

With a drawen swerd in hond,

& smot Gij þer he stode.

¶ Hetelich he smot Gyoun :

129

Into þat water he fel adoun

Wiþ þat dint vnride,

I shaſt haue my wiſt to-day

Of that I haue longid aye.

Certeis, thyn hed here wiſt I of smyte,

And here hit to the mayde also tyte.

8485

Now shaſt thou weſt vnderſtond

That I wold not for aſt this lond

and would not let
him drink for all
the world.

Onys to let the drynke aſt thi fyſt :

Then myzt I hope te ſped fuſt yſt.'

'Kyng of heven,' quod *sir* Gye,

8490 *So Guy*

'But I drynke ſhortly I dye.'

He hath thouzt for aſt hys ſaw

To wend and drynke a litiſt thraw.

He toke his cours & Ran fuſt ryzt :

ran to the river,

Drynke he muſte, or faſt down tygħt.

8495

Ameraunt gan faſte after to goo

followed by Ame-
raunt.

With hys ſwerd hym for to ſloo.

Gye ſtert in-to the water depe :

But Ieſu cryſte hym ther did kepe,

[p. 185]

Out of the water ſhaſt he not wyn :

8500

He was nere-hand a-drownyd theryn.

Now ys Gye in a ſtronge caſe :

Guy went into the
water to his waist,

The water ouer hys gyrdyſt was.

Hys hed he ſmote depe down :

The water was ouer hys crown.

8505 and dived

Ameraunt ſmote at hym ſo wele,

That in the water he made hym knele.

to cool his blood.

The water hym cloſyd aſt abowte :

Having drunk
enough, he raiſed
his head,

He held hym in, he mygħt not oute.

and was ſo vio-
lently attacked by
Amoraunt,

When *sir* Gye had dronke I-nough

8510

He thankyd god, and faſte he lough.

that he fell down
in the water.

Vp he ſterte as knyzt fuſt ſtoute :

WARWICK.

1 1

þat þe water arn him about.

Sir Gij stirt vp in gret dout :

5

For noþing he nold abide,
& schoke his heued as kniȝt bold.

‘In þis water icham ful cold

Turnbull, p. 331,
l. 8443.

Wombe, rigge, & side,

& no leue, sir, ich hadde of þe,

10

& þer-fore haue þo[u] miche maugre,
& iuel þe mot bi-tide.’

C. 8269. ¶ Sir Gij stirt vp, wiþouten fayl,

130

& Amoraunt he gan to asayl :

To fiȝt he was ful boun.

Hard togider þai gan to fiȝt :

Of loue was þer no speche, y plizt,

5

Bot heweing wiþ swerdes broun.

‘Amoraunt,’ þan seyð Gij,

‘þou art ful fals, sikerly,

& ful-filt of tresoun.

No more wil y trust to þe

10

For no bihest þou hotest me :

MS. fol. 155 v. b.

þou art a fals glotoun.’

¶ Hard togider þai gun fiȝt :

131

Fro þe morwe to þe niȝt

þat long somers day,

So long þai fouȝten bope þo.

Wiche was þe better of hem to

5

Noman chese no may.

Bot at a strok as Amoraunt cast,

Sir Gij mett wiþ him in hast,

Turnbull, p. 332,
l. 8467.

& tauȝt him a sori play :

þe riȝt arme wiþ þe swerd fot hot

10

Bi þe scholder of he it smot,

To grounde it fleye oway.

¶ When Amoraunt feld him to smite

132

In his left hond wiþ michel hete

þe swerd he hent fot hot :

The water ran down hym aH abowte.
He shoke hys hed, & seyde fuH ryght :
' I-thankyde be Iesu fuH of myȝte. 8515
In cold water hast thou bathid me,
But name had I none for the.'

Oute of the water he made a sawte,
Anon he smote to Amoraunte.
An hard bateyle ther began : 8520
They fowȝt w^{ith} gret hertis than.
They thouȝt how eche myȝt other seath :
Were they neuer be-fore so wrath.

' Theef,' quod Gye, ' haue thou mawgrye.
I-thankyde be god in trynite : 8525
Now am I colyde at my wyH,
And therto haue dronke aH my fiH.

In the shaH I neuer affye ;
For thou arte a treytour, sekerlye.' [p. 186]

Tho they fowghten to-gedyr faste,
While the somers day wold laste : 8530
TyH hit come to the mone lyght,

Euer fast gan they fyght ;
Yet couth no man the soth seye,
Who bare hym best that ilke daye. 8535

The Geaunte had a venu caste,
And *sir* Gye counteryde hym at the laste.
The ryght hand was the swerd w^{ith}-yn :
Gye smote hyt of w^{ith} Ioye and wyn). 8540

When the Geaunte was wounded sare,
Hys hert was fuH of Ire and care.
Vp he toke his good bronde

But, springing up,
he closed with
Amoraunt,

reproaching him
with his treach-
ery.

They fought from
the morning to
the night.

At last, Guy

cut off Amoraunt's
right arm.

Then Amoraunt
tried to continue
the fight with his
left hand,

As a lyoun þan ferd he,
 þritti sautes he made & þre 5
 Wiþ his swerd, þat wel bot ;
 Bot for þe blod þat of him ran
 Amoraunt strengþe slake bigan.
 When Gij þat soþ wot,
 þat Amoraunt was¹ faynting, 10
 Sir Gij him folwed wiþouten dueling :
 þat oþer hond of he smot.

¹ MS. *was gin.*

¶ When Amoraunt had boþe hondes forlore 133
 A wreche he held him-self þefore :
 His wit was alto-dreued.
 On sir Gij he lepe wiþ alle his miȝt,
 þat almast he had feld him doun riȝt, 5
 & sir Gij was agreued,
 & stirt bisiden fot hot,
 & Amoraunt in þe nek he smot :
 His miȝt he haþ him bireued.
 He fel to grounde, wiþouten faile, 10
 & sir Gij vnaced his ventayle,
 & he strok of his heued.

Turnbull, p. 333,
 l. 849l.

C. 8313. ¶ Ouer þe water he went in a bot, 134
 & present þer-wiþ fot hot
 þe king, sir Triamour.
 þe king, sir Triamour, þan
 Went to þat riche Soudan, 5
 & also his sone Fabour.

¹ *was* added under
 the line.

MS. fol. 156 r. a.

þan was¹ þe Soudan swiþe wo :
 Quite-claim he lete hem go
 Wiþ wel michel honour.

- FuH sone in hys lyfte honde :
 Twenty sawtes he mad to *sir* Gye
 In a stounde, and that fuH hastyly, 8545
 As he were a wod lyon,
 But euer he kept him¹ weH *sir* Gyoune. but his strength
 Ameraunt tho at the laste began to fail,
 Began for to febyH faste :
 For he had so fought aH this daye, 8550 and Guy bereft
 And his blod [was] nyze a-weye, him of his other
 His streng[t]h gan faste to slake, arm.
 And his body gan for to ake.
 Gye a-perceyved hit fuH weH,
 And besteryd hym faste, so haue I hele : 8555
 That other arme he smote in two,
 That arme and shuldre feH hym froo.
 When that other arme was lore,
 ‘Alas,’ he seyde, ‘that euer I was bore ;’ [p. 187]
 To Gye rode as an hounde, 8560
 And bare *sir* Gye nere to the grounde
 With hys hed be-fore the herte, He sprang on
 That *sir* Gye aH a-bakward sterte. Guy,
 But Gye kept hym weH with-aH,
 And mad hym to the erth to faH. 8565 but was wour ded
 Hys aventayle tho from hym he revyde, in his neck,
 And then he smote of hys he[v]ede. and fell down.
- In hys hond he hit hent,
 And to kyng tryamoure sone he went.
 The kyng hit toke sone anone, 8570 which was taken
 And sent it to the proud sowdan. by him to King
 When the sowdan hit gan seen Triamour,
 He for-yave the kyng aH his tene ; who as well as his
 Therwith he gave hym noble thyng, son Fabour
 Gold, siluer, and rich clothyng. 8575 was acquitted by
 the Sultan,

¹ MS. *hem*.

Into Alisaunder þai went, þat cite, 10
 & ladde wiþ hem sir Gij þe fre,
 þat hadde ben her sôcour.

¶ þe king tok þerl Ionas þo, 135
 & clept him in his armes to,
 & kist him swete, ich wene,
 An hundred times & ȝete mo,
 & quite-claim he lete him go 5
 & his sonas fiftene.

‘Erl Ionas,’ seyð þe king,
 ‘Herken now to my teling,

Turnbull, p. 334,
 l. 8515.

& what ichil mene :
 For mi liif þou sauðdest me, 10
 Half mi lond ich graunt þe
 Wiþ þis kniȝt strong & kene.

¶ Vnderstond to me, sir kniȝt : 136
 Mahoun ȝaue ful of miȝt
 þou wost duelle wiþ me !
 þridde part mi lond y ȝiue þe to :
 Michel honour ichil þe do, 5
 A riche prince make þe.

¹ þou added over
 the line.

Y nil nouȝt þou¹ forsake god þine :
 þou art bileueand wele afine
 Better may no be.’

Sir Gij answerd him ful stille, 10
 ‘Sir, of þi lond nouȝt y nille,
 For-soþe y telle þe.’

C. 8335. ¶ þat erl to Ierusalem went anon, 137
 Gij of Warwike wiþ him gan gon
 & alle his sonas on rawe.

þerl wold ȝif he miȝt
 Wite þe name of þat kniȝt, 5
 ȝif he him euer-more sawe.

In conseyll, ‘sir kniȝt,’ þan seyð he,
 ‘þat þou Youn dost clep þe,
 þou no hatest nouȝt so, y trowe.

Turnbull, p. 335,
 l. 8539.

and took Guy to
Alexandria.

Triamour set Earl
Jonas

‘Erle Ionas,’ tho quod the Kynge,

‘Good tydyng I wiȝt the brynge.

Thow hast savyd my lyfe so dere

Thorowgh this knyȝt, that stondith now here.

By that god on whome I trowe,

8580

I wiȝt make the lord nowe

and his 15 sons at
liberty,

Of aȝt my land fere and nere :

I make the lord and master here.’

‘Sir,’ he seyȝt, ‘Graunte mercy !

God yow yeld and seynt maryl.’

8585

and offered to
bestow on Jonas
and Guy half his
kingdom.

Tho seyȝt the kyng to Gye so free,

‘Sir,’ he seyȝt, ‘I prey the to dweȝt *with* me :

Thou shalte haue of me ryȝt gret honoure,

Meny a good Cite, casteȝt, and towre. [p. 188]

I wiȝt season into thyn hande

8590

Evyn halfen deale of my laude.

I wiȝt not thow leve thi laye :

Thow arte a trew knyȝt, be this daye.’

‘Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘graunte *mercy* !

I wiȝt hit not, sekerlye.’

8595

But Guy did not
accept anything.

The Erle toke leve of the kyng,

And forth they went, *with*-oute lesyng.

With hym he toke *sir* Gye the wyȝt,

And went to Ierusalem fuȝt ryȝt.

He went with
Jonas to Jerusa-
lem.

The Erle hym be-thought vpon a daye

8600

Jonas wanted to
know his right
name.

He wold wit yf that he maye

From whens he cam that noble knyȝte,

‘And what his name ys he sey me aryȝt.’

On the morne he com to *sir* Gye,

For Iesu loue y pray þe, 10
 þat died on þe rode tre,
 þi riȝt name be aknawe.'

¶ Sir Gij seyð, 'þou schalt now here, 138
 Seppen þou fraimest me in þis maner :
 Mi name ichil þe sayn.

MS. fol. 156 r. b.

Gij of Warwike mi name is riȝt.
 Astow art hende & gentil kniȝt, 5
 To non þou schalt me wrayn.
 Batayl for þi loue y nam,
 & þe geaunt ouer-cam ;
 þerof icham ful fain.'
 When þerl seye it was sir Gij 10
 He fel down on knes him bi,
 & wepe wiþ boþ his ayn.

¶ 'For godes loue,' he seyð, 'merci ! 139
 Whi artow so pouer, sir Gij,
 & art of so gret valour ?
 Here ich ȝiue þe in þis place
 Al þerldam of Durras, 5
 Cite & castel tour :

þi man ichil bicōmen & be,
 & alle mi sones forþ wiþ me
 Schal com to þi socour ;
 For þe priis of hepen lond 10
 þou hast purch douhtines of hond
 Wonne wiþ gret vigour.'

Turnbull, p. 336,
l. 8563.

And asked hym full prevelye, 8605

‘Sir knyzt,’ he seid, ‘what is thi name?

Tell me, so god shyld the from shame.

Thow seydest that thow hyztyst Iohn :

Thow hast a nother name, be my crowñ.

For that goddis love I byd the 8610

That sufferd deth vppon a Rood tre,

And *with* his precious blode vs all dere bowzt,

Tell me thi name here, and lye me nought.’

Then seyd Gye, ‘thow shalt here,

So Guy told him

For thow me askyst in feyre manere. 8615

Loke thow discover me neuer more,

For gret shame and synne yt wore.

Gye of Warewyke ys my name :

his right name
was Guy of War-
wick,

Though I be pore thynketh me no shame. [p, 189]

charging him to
keep his secret.

Now have I fought for the here, 8620

And sleyne the Geaunte stoute & fere.’

When Ionas herd vtterlye

That he was the noble knyzt *sir* Gye,

He fel on knees be-fore hym in hye :

Jonas wept at
Guy’s feet,

Gye hym toke vp full hastilye. 8625

‘A lord,’ he seyd, ‘Gye, mereye !

Why go ye now thus porelye ?

Ne be ye man of mykell myzt ?

Ther was neuer on erth a trewer knyzt.

and offered him
the earldom of
Durras.

Myn Erldom, *sir*, wið I yow yeve 8630

Euer more whilest that I leve.

My sonnes all fyftene *with* me

We wið yow *serue* as oure lord free.¹

¹ MS. *deve*.

We shað yow swere by god on rode

That we shað neuer chalenge therof good 8635

The mowntenaunce & valure of on penye,

For ye have hyt won vtterlye :

And ye ne had be, *sertes*, we had be dede.

Now, gentill *sir* Gye, do be my rede.’

¶ ‘Erl Ionas,’ þan seyð sir Gij, 140

‘Mi leue frende, gramerci

For þi gode wille!

þan schustow hire me al to dere

To ȝiue me þi lond in swiche manere; 5

þer-of nouȝt y nille.

To ȝour owen cuntre wendeþ hom :

God biteche y ȝou euerichon.

Mi way ichil ful-fille.’

þan went & kist him eueri man : 10

þerl so sore wepe bigan,

þat miȝt him no man stille.

¶ þerl to Durras went anon 141

& his sones euerichon,

Were scaped out of care.

Gij þan in his way is nome :

For þat þe geaunt was ouer-come, 5

Ful bliþe þan was he þare.

Into Grece þan went he,

& souȝt halwen of þat cuntre,

þe best þat þer ware.

Seppe forþ in his way he ȝede 10

þurch-out mani vncouþe þede :

To Costentyn he is y-fare.

Turnbull, p. 337,
l. 8587.

MS. fol. 156v. a.

[Cf. Reinbroun 1—31]

Sir Gye answeyrd fuH noblye, 8640 But Guy
 'Sir, much thanke and graunte *mercyo*!
 To weH ye quyte me my *servyse*
 Yf that ye dyd in such a wise.
 To my land now wiH I fare :
 Haue good day for euer-mare.' 8645 declined it,
 They kyssed to-geder when they shuld goo :
 They wept whan gye departid, & made mykyH woo.

and left him.

The Earl returned
 to Durras,

Now wendyth *sir* Gye fro that place, but Guy
 And thanked allmyghty god of hys grace. [p. 190]
 Forth he went to grece fuH ryght, 8650 ¹ MS. *ther a*
 Of hys ded he was fuH lyght. *stonde ther.*
 When he had dwellyd a stonde thare¹ went through
 To costantyne the noble can he fare. Greece
 and other
 countries to Con-
 stantinople.
 Speke we now of² this storye ² Read in *C. 8397.*
 Of hys wyfe, that trew ladye. 8655 Now let us speak
 In aH the world ys none here pere, of Guy's wife.
 So trew and so good in aH manere.
 Sethen that *sir* Gye wente a-weye
 She blaw nether nyght ne daye
 Power to fede, and chyrches to make, 8660
 And abbeyes to helpe for crystis sake,
 Weyes to make, & bryggis that were broke,³
 And men that were in preson faste stoke.
 Nother for game, myrth, nor for glee
 Wold she lawze that men myzt see. 8665
 The lady had a chyld fuH fayer :
 Of aH her lond he shuld haue bene eyre.
 They crystyned hym, wit~~h~~-oute blame,

³ ll. 8662 and 8663
 must change
 places, I think.

She had a son

- named Reinbroun. And clepyd hyt Reynbrown be name.
 The chyld was to herawd brought, 8670
 As the lady had in her thought.
- Herhaud was his tutor. Herrawd hyt kept *with* gret honoure
 In hys owen wyves bowere :
With two knyghtis he dyd it kepe,
¹ *slept* MS. Whether hit woke other slepe.¹ 8675
- When he was When hyt was vii yere old
 Hyt was both fayre, gentill, & bold :
- ten years old, In ten yere, sertes, he waxed mor
 Than eny of xii yere that were thore. [p. 191]
- C. 8421.** Hyt befeH so that rych merchauntis 8680
 foreign merchants *Commyn* from fer be-yonde Fraunce :
 Both syluer and gold they had plente,
 Menyvere and grice grete deynte,
 Clothes of gold and riche *precieuse* stonys,
 Spicery rich and good for the nonys. 8685
 At london they aryved than,
 And founden there kyng athelstone :
 A riche present they hym sente,
 And *with* her merchaundyse forth they wente
 Thorough-oute the lond in eche contre, 8690
 came to Wallingford. And to walyngford, that towne so free.
 Then was that towne grete and stronge
 I-closed *with* walles fayre and longe :
 Wel faire nobley was than there,
 That sythen was dystroyed *with* were. 8695
 The merchauntis were both curteys & hend,
 And to *sir* herrawd gun they wende,
 And yaue hym ryght a fayre present,
 For he was lord of that londe.
 He toke hit *with* weH good chere, 8700
 And thanked hem on feyre manere.
- Seeing Reinbroun The marchauntis sye the chylde goand,
 And in the haH fayre playande :
 Of hym they hadden swyth gret ferlye,

- For he was so fayer & eke so semlye. 8705
- They askyd hys maisters¹ two or thre ¹ maister MS.
- Whoes was the chylk, þat was feyre & free.
- Hys maisters told hem a-none ryght
- He was *sir* Gye ys sonn, the noble knyght. [p. 192] and hearing he
was Guy's son,
- They preysed the fayernes of that chylk, 8710
- And thought in her hertis mylk,
- Yf they myȝt gett the chylk ouer the see,
- AH riche men shuld they than bee.
- Tho they yave the porter yeftis grete, they stole him
with the porter's
assistance.
- For he schuld hem the chylk gette, 8715
- And so he dyd *with*-oute mare :
- To london faste gan they aH fare.
- To schyppe they wente *with* grete traveyle :
- The wynd was good, they lyfte vp sayle.
- To RocheH¹ they commyn fuH ryght : 8720 ¹ So MS. instead
of *Russye* ; cf.
ll. 8842 and 8873.
- The lond thei knew weH, & were glad & lyght.
- They went to have Ryven ther at her wyH, Near their country
- But in a while they sped fuH yH :
- The wedyr be-gan to ouer-caste,
- Hit thondred and lyȝtned faste. 8725
- The weders smyten to-geder thene :
- A gret tempeste ther be-ganne. they were caught
in a storm,
- The see be-gan so harde to flowe,
- That they ne wiste whedir to rowe.
- The wawes resyn as hye as the maste : 8730
- Tho was eueryche of hem sore a-gaste.
- The gret cabuH brast in two :
- Tho wende thei to deth have goo.
- They hadden sorrow, I vndyrstonde :
- They cryed to god aH weldande. 8735
- The wynde hem drofe in-to the see :
- They ne wyste in-to what contre.
- They sayled aH a day and aH a nyght :
- In Aufryke they aryved ryght. [p. 193] and carried away
to Africa.
- The merchaundys weH founde 8740 C. 8477.

They presented
Reinbroun to the
King of the
country.

That they were a-ryved in vn-couth lande :
Forth they toke the chyld so yenge,
And presentid hym to the kynge
For to wende sikyrlye
Thorough aH the lond to seH and bye. 8745
A IoyfuH man was the kyng,
And graunted them aH theyre askyng.
The kyng, for-sothe, had a doughter dere,
A feyre mayden and mery of chere :
She was as old and no more 8750
As Reynbrowne when he com thore.
The mayd be-sowgHt her moder dere
To byd her fader on aH manere
That she mygHt kepe the chyld there :
The kyng her graunted with weH good chere. 8755

C. 8497.

Herhaud searched
for Reinbroun
everywhere,

When sir herrawd herd seye
That the chyld was a-weye,
He sowgHt hym thorrouw that Cyte
And thorough aH that ylke contre.
When herrawd had sought aH that londe, 8760
And none of them that chyld founde,
Herrawd sorrowed nyght and daye
For hys lordys son, that was a-weye.
Herrawd hym sought in aH manere
In many dyuerse contre Far and nere, 8765
But fuH carefuH was hys rede,
For he ne mygHt fynd hym in no stede.
After that fuH sone in hye

but he did not
find him.

King Athelstan
summoned all his
men.

Kyng athelstone made a crye, [p. 194]
That ther shuld com be-fore hym ryght 8770
Erle, baron, squyer, and knyght :
AH the wyse men of that londe
Shuld be redy at hys honde.
Sir herrawd gan thedyr fare.
For the kyng hym loued mare 8775
Than any man in that contree,

The King's regard
for Herhaud

For he was both hend and Free, Therfor a-monge them had thei Envye, And seyð amongis them redylyc That the kyng dyd on-ryght To honoure so pore a knyght That was no better than ¹ a page : To hys barons he did outeraȝe. 'Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'yeld yow to me : Ye beth my men, and owte to be. I byd yow jevyn me good counseyle That may aȝ my londe aveyle. The kyng Awlaffe of Denmarke Will com on vs with oost starke : He hath caste, by this day, To wyne this land yf he maye. Many wynters beth passid on honde, Sith thei fyrste chalengid this lande.' 'Sir,' quod herrawd, 'dred you nought : Ye shaȝ do weȝ as I have thought. Yf he wiȝ com in-to your londe Ye shaȝ fynd men hem to with-stonde. Ye haue meny a dowȝty knyght, And men that dare ryght weȝ fyght. [p. 195] Yf they com thei shaȝ a-bye : Makyth no doele, ne be not sorye. Of myn Eldren told me a knyȝte In-to this lond thei com fuȝ ryght, And sethen longe tyme a-goone Many of hem were here sloone : A grete bateyle there they tynte Right with streng[t]he of swerdus dynte ; Therfor haue thei loste there ryght : Thei were dyscomfyt in that fyght. Commaundith now youre barouns, Lordys of castellis and townes, And youre knyghtis of Armes aȝ,	<div>excited the envy of others.</div> <div>8780</div> <div>¹ MS. and</div> <div>C. 8523.</div> <div>8785</div> <div>Athelstan asked his men's advice with regard to the King of Den- mark's impending invasion.</div> <div>8790</div> <div>Herhaud coun- selled</div> <div>8795</div> <div>him to find men against the enemy,</div> <div>8800</div> <div>8805</div> <div>8810</div> <div>who had no longer any claim to Eng- land.</div>
--	--

¹ *Then* MS.

That¹ thei be redy when ye hem caH,
 And that thei yow helpe in aH manere .
 What tyme ye of hem haue mystere,

8815

² *hond* MS.

For to hold youre lond² to ryghH
 Yf the Danys wiH *with* yow fyghH.
 Youre men shaH be aH redye,
 And fyghH *with* hem fuH manfullye :
 Thorough grace of god aH weldande
 We shaH haue the hyer hande.'

8820

C. 8559.

'Sir,' quod the kyng, 'san3 fayle,
 This is a weH good cownseyle.

The King was
 ready to do so.

As thow haste seyd euery deale
 Hit shaH be, so have I hele.'

8825

But the Duke of
 Cornwall warned
 him not to believe
 Herhaud,

Vp ther sterte the Duke moderyse in Ire :
 Of Cornweyle he was lord and sire.

'Sir kyng,' he seyð, 'for your honoure,
 Levyth no more that losyngoure.

[p. 196]

Youre barons have fuH yH wyH

8830

Yow for to *serue* lowd or styH,

When ye levyth more hym on

Than your barouns euery-chone.

WeH better we can yow counceyle

Both in werre and in bateyle

8835

Than the traytour that I se there :

who (he said) had
 betrayed Guy by

Hys lord he hath be-trayed are,

That made hym knyghH of gret honour

From a pore vavyssoure.

He hath quyH fuH yH his dede

8840

selling his son to
 foreigners.

When he hath sold hys soñ for nede :

³ *Oyseb* MS.
 instead of
Russye ; cf. l.

To men of Oyseb³ he hym sold,

And for hym meny peny tokð.

8873 *Oysell*,
 l. 8720 *Rochell*.

He shaH do yow, be ye⁴ aweye,

⁴ *he* MS.

AH the scath that he maye,

8845

And also your owen son be-gyle,

And so wyH he quyte your while.'

C. 8587. When herrawd herd that gret syre

- Vm̃eth he mygh̃t speke for tene & Ire.
 Vppon hys feete he sterte full yare
 As man that was full wo thare.
 'Thow lyst,' quod herrawd, 'sothlye,
 When thow me clepyste of felonye.
 Thow doeste me velony and shame
 With-owte eny gylte or blame,
 When thou¹ before my lord the kyng
 Seyest on me ony such thyng.
 Yf thou wylt hyt avowe
 That thow hast seyde on me nowe, [p. 197]
 Arme the full hastily anone rygh̃t,
 And prove thi false word *with* thi myght.
 Yf I may not defende me
 Lett me be hangyd on a galoo tree.
 Thow haste me slaunderd of such thyng^t
 Here be-fore my lord the kyng^t,
 That I shuld sell the child reynebrown),
 My lordys soñ *sir* Gyound):
 As helpe me god, that me dere bought,
 As that thyng com neuer in my thought.
 Marchauntis, be god, verylye,
 Stale the chyld be nygh̃t prevylye.
 Sethen I wente and other three
 To Oyseh,² that fayre contree,
 But I found hym in no stede;
 Therfor sorrowfull ys my rede.
 Whether I be false other nough̃t,
 I am here in slaunder brought:
 Be-fore the kyng now here rygh̃t
 I shañ here my trouth plygh̃t:
 Out of this land wyñ I fare,
 And com neuer ageyne mare,
 Or that I fynde my lordys sonn),
 Yf he be levyng vndyr the mone.
 Yf god wiñ geve me grace
- Herhaud
 8850
 gave him the lie,
 8855
¹ *thou me* MS.
 8860 and challenged
 him to combat.
 8865
 8870 He protested that
 merchants had
 stolen the child.
² So MS; cf. l.
 8842.
 8875
 8880 He would once
 more go in search
 of him, nor return
 till he was found.

To fynd hym in eny place, 8885
 And com ageyne hole & fere,
 I shaſt the ſlee on aſt manere.
 ‘Be ſtiſt,’ quod the Duke ſo feſt,
 ‘The devyſt the ſlee, that ys in heſt. [p. 198]
 While that thow arte in this contre, 8890
 Certes, traytoure ſhalt thou be.’
 And that herd a noble knyght,
 That *sir* herraude wyſte not whate he hyght.
 Be-fore the Duke he ſtood vp on hye,
 And ſeyd to hym *with* grete envye : 8895
 ‘Thow lyeſt, *sir* duke, be heven kyng,
 When thow on herraud ſeyeſt ſuch thyng.
 Of felony and of treaſoun
 Thow lyeſt, ſo broke [I] my croun.
 God helpe the neuer at thi nede 8900
 But thou arme the on a ſtede,
 And alone *with* me thow fyght :
 Than ſhaſt we ſee who hath the ryght.
 The helpe of god be me berevyd
 But I ſmyte of thyn he[*v*]ede.’ 8905
 The kyng commaundyd on her lyfe
 That there ſhulde be no more ſtryfe.
 When the kyng had aſt ſeyd,
 And hys arrend on hem¹ leyd,
 That thei ſhuld kepe hys lande, 8910
 And bene aſt redy at hys hande,
 Home thei went the knyztis fre,
 Every man to hys contre.
 Home tho went herraud the free :
 To Walyngford, certes, went hee. 8915
 Herraud had both ſorrow and ſhame,
 For he was brought in much blame.
 He clepyd to hym *sir* Edgarde :
 ‘What redyſt thow, *sir* ſtewarde, [p. 199]
 Sith that it ys in this land ſeyd, 8920

C. 8622.

A noble knight
stood up for Her-
haud,and offered to
fight the Duke.But the King for-
bade all ſtrife.¹ *hym* MS.

C. 8653.

Herhaud, after his
return to Walling-
ford,told his ſteward
Edgar

- And with wrong on me leyð,
 That I shuld seſſ reynbrown,
 My lordys son *sir* Gyoun?
 Yet had I, for-soth, lever hangid be
 Than such slaunder ryse on me. 8925
- I wyH wend forth on my weye,
 And sech reynebrowne nyght and daye :
 I wyH leve for no mannus rede
 TyH I hym fynde quyke or dede.
 Yf I dweH here at hame 8930
- AH men shaH speke of me shame,
 And seye that hit were no lesyngt
 That the Duke told the kyngt.
 Edgare,' he seyð, 'dweH thow here,
 And kepe my lande *with* thy powere, 8935
 And my chyld, and my wyfe,
 And my land *with*-owte stryfe.
 For-soth, a good man arte thow onð :
 Trewer found I neuer none.'
- 'Sir,' he seyð, 'for goddys love, *mercy* ! 8940
 Belevyth at home, and leve youre foly,
 And I yow swere by the trynyte
 I wyH wende to fer contre :
 I ne shaH blynne day nor nyght
 TyH I have founden that chyld rygh[t]. 8945
 I was onys sevyn yere
 In the see A marynere :
 In crystendome ther ys no londe
 Tha[t] I ne have be there dwelland. [p. 200]
 Ye bene old and hore weH yare, 8950
 And ye have ssofferd sorrow and care :
 Hyt fallyth for yow to leve at hame,
 And send some other in youre name.'
 'Edgare,' he seyð, 'speke no mare.
 I wyll not leve, but I wyH fare, 8955
 For aH the good inð crystyante,

that he intended
 to go in search of
 Reinbroun,

entrusting his
 estate, his child,
 and his wife to
 Edgar's care,

who offered

to go himself,

but in vain.

¹ e in *myne*
altered from *d*.

But that I wiſſe ſeche reynbrowne the free.
Thow ſhalte here dweſſe, be myne¹ hand,
And kepe my good and my lande;
For weſſe I wot, when I am gone,
Myn Ennemyes wyſſe come anone,
And be-ſett the *with* bateyle:
Defende the weſſe, *with*-owte fayle.'
'Sir,' he ſeyd, 'ſo god me amende,
Yf they come we wiſſe vs defende.'

8960

8965

C. 8683.
So Herhaud left
England,

Now wendith herrawd from the cite,
And toke leve of hys meyne.

He hyed hym faſte from that contre:
A full carefull man was he.

8970

and ſearched for
Reinbroun every-
where.

A ſhypp he found and paſſed yare,
And ſowght reynbrowne wyd whare:

In Denmarke and in Irelande,
In northwey and in ſcotlonde,

In allmayne and in ruſſye,

In Siſoyne and in tu[r]kye

8975

Euer his lordis ſon he ſoughit,

But, for-ſoth, he found hym nouȝt.

When he myght not founden be

In all this ylke ſtraunge contre, [p. 201]

At laſt he wanted
to go to Conſtan-
tinople, but a
tempeſt drove him
to the ſhore of
Africa.

To conſtanyne the noble than wold he.

8980

Tho come there a tempeſte in the ſe,

And hem chaſyd full blyve:

At Awferyke they guñ aryve.

He ſaw be-ſydys hym on the lond

A ryght fayer Cite ſtonde,

8985

But, for-ſoth, the wallis of that town

To the erth were brokyn down.

A mariner told
him

'Lord,' quod than a marynere,

'Moche ſorrow we ſhaſt get here.

We be now faſte a-ryvand

8990

they were near
King Argus'
country,

Into the kyng Argus land.

He ys a ryght rich kyng

Of gold, syluer, and other thyng.'		
Quod herrawd, 'who oweth this contre,		
That ys thus dystroyed, and this Cite?'	8995	
Then be-spake hym a shipman,		
'Sir, I shaH tell yow aH that I can.		
Hit is amerallys persane :		
There is no man so feH to ¹ flamiordlan.		¹ MS. <i>in</i> .
He hateth crysten men ychone :	9000	
Well I wote we shaH be slone.		
Kyng argus hath be-segyd hym here,		who was just then
And dystroyed his land ferre and nere.'		waging war
With that there cam sarsynnys kene,		against Amiral
And toke hem aH, for-soth, be-dene,	9005	Persan.
Herrawd and hys company,		Herhaud and his
And browt hem to her lord in hye :		companions were
He caste hem in his preson aH ;		taken prisoners.
Mete and drynke they had fuH smaH. [p. 202]		
Tho the Duke Moderyse had vndyrstond	9010	C. 8225.
That the knyzt sir herrawd was owt of lond,		The Duke of Corn-
He gaderyd hys hooste of cornwayle :		wall, hearing of
The steward faste he can assayle ;		Herhaud's ab-
But he hym defendyd day and nyzt		sence,
FuH weH as a noble knyzt.	9015	attacked his
He waged men of that londe :		steward,
FuH rychely he hem fand,		
And yave hem gold and rich tresoure,		
And kept that lond with gret honoure.		
AH that yere owt and owte	9020	
He defendyd hym weH with-owte dowte.		
He yave the Duke bateyle stronge,		
And euer he slow hys men a-monge.		but, after losing
A thowsand men he slow anone		many men,
Of the Dukis men echone.	9025	
The Duke myght sped for no thyng		
Of hys long besegyng :		
To corneweyle he wente ageyne,		returned home

- C. 8747.** ¶ When Gij in Costentin hadde be 142
 Out of þat lond þan went he,
 Walkand in þe strete
 On pilgrimage in his iurnay,
 His bedes bidand niȝt & day, 5
 His sinnes for to bete.
 In Almaine þan went he, y-wis,
 þer he was sumtime holden of gret pris.
 He com to a four way lete
 Biȝonde Espire, þat riche cite : 10
 Under a croice, was maked of tre,
 A pilgrim he gan mete,
 ¶ þat wrong his honden, & wepe sore, 143
 & curssed þe time þat he was bore :
 ‘ Allas,’ it was his song.
 ‘ Wayleway,’ he seyð, ‘ that stounde !
 Wickedliche icham brouȝt to grounde 5
 Wiþ wel michel wrong.’
 Sir Gij went to him þo :
 ‘ Man,’ he seys, ‘ whi farstow so ?
 So god ȝeue þe ioie to fong,
 Tel me what þi name it be, 10
 & whi þou makest þus gret pite :
 Meþenke þi paynes strong.’
 ‘ **G**odeman,’ seyð þe pilgrim þo, 144
 ‘ What hastow to frein me so ?
 Swiche sorwe icham in souȝt,
 þat, þei y told þe alle mi care,
 For þe miȝt y neuer þe better fare : 5
 To grounde icham so brouȝt.’
 ‘ Ȝis,’ seyð Gij, ‘ bi þe gode rode,
 Conseył y can ȝiue þe gode,
 & tow telle me þi þouȝt ;

And lefte hys men *with* shame slayne.

with contumely.

Speke we now of *sir* Gyoun,
The noble knyzt, the bold baroun.

9030

At aH seyntis hath he bene
That beth in grece or constantyne.

Leaving Con-
stantinople,

He thought in hys herte thare

That to ynglond wold he fare.

9035

Fro thens hys wey hath he take,
And walkyd thorough fryth and lake :

With grete traveyle and grete payne

Guy reached
Germany.

Comyn he is to Allmayne.

[p. 203]

As he com on a daye

9040

Ther as a brod wey leye,

A feyre crose he saw stondyng,

Near Spire he
met with a pil-
grim,

And ther-vndyr a pore pilgrym syttyng.

He mad sorrow in aH thyng,

And euer he seyde *with* gret mornyng,

9045

who was cursing
the time when he
was born.

‘Alas, my sorrow that ys so stronge,

And my lyfe that lastyth longe!’

When Gye hym saw he had pyte,

And seyde to hym *with* herte free,

‘I requere the here nowe,

9050

So god the shyld fro sorrow,

Guy asked him

That thow me sey *with* good herte

Fro whens thow come, & what thow arte.’

who he was,
and what ailed
him.

And he answeyde, ‘leve fere,

Yf that I tell the here,

9055

The pilgrim
answered,

I wote weH thow woldyst have gret pyte,

And I neuer the better be.’

Gye answeyde, ‘leve *sir*, naye :

‘Thou canst not
help me’;

Thou myzt be amendid in som weye.

Par aventure I may tell the in faye

9060

but Guy replied,
‘I might give
thee some good
advise.’

How thy sorrow shaft a-weye ;

For hyt fallyth weH to straunge men

For oft it falleþ vncouþe man 10
þat gode *consey*le ȝiue can.

þerfore hele it nouȝt.¹

¶ ‘For god,’ he seyde, ‘þou seyst ful wel. 145

C. 8783. Sumtime ich was, by seyn Miȝhel,

An erl of gret pouste.

þurch al cristendom, y-wis,

Ich was teld a man of gret *pris* 5

& of gret bounte,

& now icham a wroche beggare :

MS. fol. 156 v. b. No wonder þei icham ful of care.

Hurnbull, p. 339, 1. 8635. ¶ Allas, wel wo is me !’

For sorwe he miȝt speke na more : 10

He gan to wepe swiþe sare,

þat Gij hadde of him pite.

¹ *wrong* added
above the line.

¶ þan seyde þe pilgrim, ‘þou hast gret *wrong*¹ 146

To frain me of mi sorwe strong,

& miȝt noȝt bete mi nede.

To begge mi brede y mot gon :

Seþþen ȝistay at none etc y nou, 5

Also god me rede.’

Eyther other wysdom to ken.'

'Sir,' he seyð, 'the soth I sey the,

Hyt were gret Almes to tech me.

9065

Trewly, *sir*, I shað yow teð

So the pilgrim
told Guy that he
had formerly been
an earl of great
power,

AH my sorrow, how that hyt be-fetð.

and famous
throughout Chris-
tendom,

I was a knyȝt of Riche londe,

And had castellis & toures in my hande. [p. 204]

Of Good me[n] I had plentee :

9070

AH the land fuð sore dred me.

but now he was
full of sorrow.

In crystendome was ther no land

That I [ne] was in preysed for dred of hond ;

For I was both bold and hende,

And had many a good freende.

9075

Gold and siluer I had plente

For me and my meyne :

Now have I nought on peny

Where-with I may my mete bye.

Now am I a pore caytyfe :

9080

Hit ys no wonder though I hate my lyfe.'

For sorrow myȝht he speke no more :

With hys eyen he wept sore.

'Pylgrym,' quod Gye, 'what is thi name ?

Whedir wylt thou, & fro wens thou came ?'

9085

'Sir,' he seyð, 'lett be thy fare :

For goddis love, aske me no mare

What I hyȝht, ne what I am :

Certes, to teð the me thynkyth shame.

Yf I shuld aH my lyfe teð

9090

AH to long shuld I dweð.

Whi askyst me such thyng,

When thou myȝt do me no mending ?

I had lever som-what to get

Where-with I myȝt bye me mete.'

9095

He was obliged to
beg his bread.

Gye answeyð, 'now teð thou me :

For hys love that dyed on tree,

‘3is, felawe,’ quap Gij, ‘hele it nau3t.
 Telle me whi þou art in sorwe brau3t :
 þe better þou schalt spede ;
 & seþþen we schul go seche our mete. 10
 Ichauē a pani of old bi3ete :
 þou schalt haue half to mede.’

¶ ‘Gramerci, sir,’ þan seyð he ; 147
 ‘& alle þe soþ y schal telle þe.

C. 8819. Erl Tirri is mi name,
 Of Gormoys þerls sone Aubri.
 Ich hadde a felawe þat hi3t Gij, 5
 A baroun of gode fame.
 For þe douk of Pauī sir Otoun
 Hadde don him oft gret tresoun,
 He slou3 him wiþ gret grame.
 Now is his neuē þemperour steward, 10
 Hiis soster sone, þat hat Berard :
 He has me don alle þis schame.

TeH me thy name, spare thow nouȝt,
 And who hath the in such sorrow brought, [p. 205]
 For god, in whome ys thi creaunce, 9100
 And as he the sent allegeaunce.

Oure mete than wiH we bye ;
 For I have yet a peny or twaye.' Guy had a penny
left, and offered
him half of it.

'Sir,' he seyde, 'I wiH yow seye :
 I wyH not lye, be thys daye. 9105

My name was som-tyne Erle terry :
 A fuH riche man was I, The pilgrim was
Earl Tirri.

And now I am a wrecchyde caytyf ;
 Me for-thynkyth I have my lyfe.
 In Gornoyse was I bore, 9110 His fellow had
been Guy,

And aH that lond was to me swore.
 I had a fellow that hyghit gyoun :
 Sithen that god suffred bitter passioun, who killed Otoun
of Pavia.
 Was neuer trewer knyght borne,

No better man that rose on morne. 9115 Otous' nephew,
however, Berard,

We were fellowes and trouthe-plyȝte :
 We lovyd weH to-geder day and nyght.
 So lovyd he me, thorough hys rede¹
 That twyes he savyd me fro the dede.

Hit be-feH so, that ilke Gye 9120
 Slow the Duke of Pavye :

He hym slow, trewlye,
 For he had hym don velonye.

Amonge hys men euery-chone
 He hym slow, and hys way was gone. 9125

He brought from hym my² leman dere, ² his MS.

For whom I goo in this manere.

Thys ylke duke had a cosyn,
 Hys syster son, a weH bold hym. [p. 206]

Berrard of pavy ys hys name ; 9130
 God geve hym som worldly shame.

¹ Line 9118 is the last but one in p. 205, but has a reference to its right place.

¶ þemperour he hap serued long. 148
For he is wonderliche strong
 & of michel miȝt,
He no comeþ in non batayle
þat he no hap þe maistri, sauufayl : 5
 So egre he is to fiȝt.
In þis world is man non
þat ozaines him durst gon,
 Herl, baroun, no kniȝt,
& he loked on him wiþ wrake, 10
þat his hert no miȝt quake :
 So stern he is of siȝt.

He was tho but a esquier :

He had *seruyd* the Emperere[r].

a very strong
man,

The Emperoure lovyd hym weH,

And yave hym pavy euery deale.

9135

That ilke¹ berrard tho be-gan

¹ MS. *ilke jlke*.

For to be a stowte man,

And so prowld, and so feH,

of whom every
one was afraid,

That no man myzt *wit*h hym dweH.

In this world ys none hys pere,

9140

Ne non so stronge, ne non so fere ;

For he ys more dred alone

Than a hundryth knyztis ychone.

Yf² a man were armyd weH

² MS. *But*.

Both in Iren and in stele,

9145

And he hym hyt in the fylde,

But he hyt kept in the shyld,

Clenly *wit*h hys swerdys dynte

Fro the hede, or hyt wold stynte,

Hit shuld wade to the GyrdyH Evyn,

9150

And slee hym, by god of hevyn.

Thow herdyst neuer speke of knyzt

In thys world that ys so wyzte.

There ys none so stronge borne in this lond,

And he hym hyt *wit*h hys hond,

9155

But he wyH breke hys nek in two

At on stroke *wit*h-owte moo.

Berrard ys so feH a page,

And so stowte of hys parage,

[p. 207]

There ys no knyzt in aH thys lond

9160

That ys so bold and wyzt of hond,

Yf they were wroth, the knyztis stowte,

And hys yen ran abowte,

But that he shuld for dred quake,

And fle a-wey for hys sake.

9165

For he ys so wyght of honde,

He ys drad ouer aH the londe.

¶ & for his scherewdlied sir Berard 149
 þemperour hap made him his steward,
 To wardi his lond about.

MS. fol. 157 r. a.

þer nis no douk in al þis lond
 þat his hest dar wiþ-stonde : 5

¹ is altered from it.

So michel he is¹ dout.

ȝif a man be loued wiþ him,

² for struck out before of.

Be he neuer so pouer of² kin,

Turnbull, p. 341, l. 8683.

& he wil to him lout,

He makeþ hem riche anon riȝt, 10

Douk, erl, baroun, or kniȝt,

To held wiþ him gret rout.

¶ & ȝif a man wiþ him hated be, 150
 Be he neuer so riche of fe,

³ his lond expunged after him.

He flemep him³ out of lond :

Anon he schal ben to-drawe,

Als tite he schal ben y-slawe, 5

& driuen him al to schond.

C. 8901.

So it bifel, our emperour

Held a parlement of gret honour :

⁴ he altered from hen.

For his erls he⁴ sent his sond.

⁵ Y altered from þai.

Y⁵ come þider wiþ michel prede 10

Wiþ an hundred kniȝtes bi mi side,

At nede wiþ me to stonde.

¶ & when y come vnto þe court 151

þe steward, þe wicked pourt,

To me he gan to reke :

He bicleped me of his emes ded,

& seyde he was sleyn þurch mi red : 5

On me he wald be wreke.

&, when ich herd þat chesoun

⁶ of touu MS.

Of þe doukes deþ Oteun,⁶

Turnbull, p. 342, l. 8707.

Mine hert wald to-breke.

To þemperour y layde mi wedde an heize 10

Hys steward hym made the emperoure,
 And yave hym ryght gret honoure ;
 For he ys more dred alone

9170

was made the
 Emperor's
 steward.

Than hys barounys euery-chone.
 Yf thow were Duke or erle in lond,
 But yf thow were to hym bowand,
 The steward wold sone aryse
 And dystroy the in all wyse,

9175

He had the power
 to make a poor
 man rich,

Other he wold the take sone,
 And to stronge prison I-done.
 Yet men dredyth hym weH more.

Yf a pore man the[r] wore,
 And he hym lovyd *with* herte free,
 He myzt be man of gret poweste.

9180

Were he Duke, Erle, or knyzt,
 Were he neuer so riche¹ a wyzt,
 Yf hym had wrothyd prince or kyng,
 Were he neuer so hye a lordynge,

9185

¹ *power* MS.
 and to ruin a rich
 one.

He wold hym bryng to the grownde,
 And make hym power in a stounde.

Hyt be-feH that the emperoure
 Had a counceH in this manere

[p. 208]

The Emperor
 once holding a
 parliament,

Of dukis, Erlis, and barouns :

9190

They com to hym, he made somons.
 Thedyr I com *with* gret maine :
 An C knyztis cam *with* me.

When I cam be-fore the Emperoure,
 Berrard acouped me thore,

9195

And seyde Duke Otoun thorough my rede,
 Hys cosyn, was done the² dede.

When I hym herd of treason speke,
 Me thought myn herte wold to-breke.

Forth I sterte hardyly,

9200

For to defend me of that felonye.

I yave my glove be-fore the kyng,

With hym to fyght, *with*-owt lesyng,

² Read *to* ?
 Berard accused
 Tirri of having
 caused the death
 of Otoun.

To defende me of þat felonie

þat he to me gan speke.

¶ No wonder þei y war fordredde.

152

þemperour tok boþe our wedde,

As y þe telle may.

For in alle þe court was þer no wizt,

Douk, erl, baroun, no kniȝt,

5

þat durst me borwe þat day,

þemperour comand anon

Into his prisoun y schuld be don

Wip-uten more delay.

¹ *Bernard*
originally.

Berard¹ went, & sesed mi lond ;

10

Mine wiif he wald haue driuen to schond :

MS. fol. 157 r. b.

Wip sorwe sche fled oway.

¶ þan was ich wip sorwe & care

153

Among min fomen nomen þare,

& don in strong prisoun.

Min frendes token hem to rede,

To þemperour þai bisouȝt & bede

5

To pay for me ransoun.

þemperour & sir Berard

Deliuerd me bi a forward

Turnbull, p. 343,
l. 8731.

& bi þis enchesoun,

Y schuld seche mi felawe Gij,

10

To defende ous of þat felonie

² *of toun* MS.

Of þe doukes dep Otoun.²

- And a-yen aH other men
 That couth owte seye ageynste me then. 9205
 The emperoure hit toke full ryght,
 But I ne wyste when I shuld fyght.
 In aH the courte ne founde I man
 That durste be my borrow than
 For dred of the Duke berrarde. 9210
 Tho hit felH *with* me so harde :
 He put me tho at hys wyH
 In hys depe *preson* stiH.
 He seasod aH my land sone,
 And so he wold my wyfe have done, 9215
 But she ys hyd in stronge stede,
 But I not where, so god me spede.
 When I was in *preson* thare,
 Nyght and day I was in care. [p. 209]
 Thorough me he¹ wende to wyne 9220
 Sir Gye *with* som false Gynne.
 Were he a-vengid of *sir* Gyoune
 Thorowgh falsed and treasoune,
 Also sone shuld I be dede :
 For me shuld go no gold so rede. 9225
 In hys *preson* was I longe,
 And suffred paynes ryght stronge.
 There-in was neuer more lyght
 Than if were derke myd-nyght.
 Ete I neuer ther my fiH, 9230
 Spake I neuer ther *with* man my fyH.
 My frendys com at the laste,
 And prayed the Emperoure for me faste,
 And yave him meny *yeftis* thoo,
 And they dyd berrard also, 9235
 That I myght wend oute of *preson*
 Vndyr such a condicion),
 That I shuld wend and feche Gyoune
 Thorough euery lond and euery towne.

Tirri challenged
 Berard to combat,

but, finding no
 securities,

was ordered by
 the emperor to
 be imprisoned.

Bernard seized his
 lands,

and his wife fled.

¹ *they* MS.

By the interces-
 sion of his friends,

Tirri was set free
 on condition of
 bringing Guy to
 undertake the
 combat.

¶ Out of þis lond went y me, 154
 & passed ouer þe salt se :
 In Ingland y gan riue.
 At Warwike ichim souȝt :
 When y com þider y fond him nouȝt 5
 (Wo was me oliue),
 No sir Herhaud fond y nouȝt tare :
 To seche Gyes sone he is fare,
 þat was stollen wiþ striue.
 þerfore y wot þat Gij is ded : 10
 For sorwe can y me no red ;
 Mine hert wil breke o fieu.'

c. 8989. Sir Gij biheld Tirri ful riȝt, 155
 þat whilom was so noble a kniȝt,
 & lord of michel mounde.
 His bodi, was sumtim wele y-schredde,
 Almost naked it was bihedde, 5
 Wiþ sorwe & care ful bounde.

- I shaH neuer blyn day ne ny3te 9240
 TyH I fynd Gye, the noble knyghH,
 And bryng hym be-fore the Emperoure,
 For to defend hym of that treytoure,
 And of that grete owtrage
 Before aH hys baronage, 9245
 And for to defende hym and me
 For thyng that we apechyH be.
 Tho went I forth with care and tene :
 In many a lande sethen have I bene. [p. 210]
 Fer have I sowght Gye, my trew fere, 9250
 In Englund fer and nere.
 When I come there, I founde hym noughH :
 On *sir* herraH was aH my thought.
 Both were they fer owte of londe :
 That tydyng doth me both shame & shonde.¹ 9255
 Herrawd sowght² nyght and daye
 Hys lordys son, that was stole a-weye.
 Sir Gye was in excile wente :
 Therfor I hold me but shente.
 Was neuer man, there as I couth Goo, 9260
 That couth owte teH of hem twoo.
 Sethen I have sowght Gye the free
 In many a lande and many a contree,
 Found I neuer man by the weye
 That ought of Gye couth me seye. 9265
 FuH weH I wote that he ys dede :
 Therfor fuH sorow-fuH ys my reede.
 WitH that he syghed swyH sare
 As man that was in mykyH care.
 When Gye saw terry so dyghH, 9270
 That was som-tyme a noble knyghH,
 He lokyd on hym vtterlye ;
 For he hym lovyH trewlye.
 He saw him pore for the nonys :
 He had not to hiH witH hys bonys. 9275

At Warwick he
found neither Guy

nor Herhaud.

¹ *shende* MS.

² *sowght* I MS.

in such a miser-
able condition,

- His legges, þat wer sumtime hosed wel,
 To-brosten he seiþe hem eueridel.
- Turnbull, p. 344,
 l. 8755. 'Allas,' seyð Gij, 'þat stonde.'
 For sorwe þat he hadde þo 10
 Word miȝt he speke no mo,
 Bot fel aswon to grounde.
- ¶ Sir Tirri anon com to him þan, 156
 & in his armes vp him nam,
 & cleped opon him þare.
 'Man,' he said, 'what aileþ þe?
 Þou art iuel at aise, so þenkeþ me. 5
 Hard it is þi fare.'
- Sir Gij answerd þer-after long,
 MS. fol. 157v. a. 'þis iuel greueþ me so strong,
 In erþe y wold y ware;
 For, seþþen þat y was first man, 10
 Nas neuer sorwe on me cam
 þat greued me so sare.'
- ¶ þan seyð Tirri, 'felawe, y-wis, 157
 To-day a ȝer gon it is
 Out of þis lond y went
 To seche Gij, mi gode frēde,
 Y no finde nouȝt fer no hende:¹ 5
 þerfore icham al schent;
 For now it is teld me our emperer
 Haþ taken a parlement of þis maner
- Turnbull, p. 345,
 l. 8779. For mi loue, verrament,
 þat douk no erl in his lond be, 10
 þat he no schal be at þat semble,
 For to here mi iugement.
- ¶ & now no lenge abide y no may, 158
 þat ne me bi-houeþ hom þis day,
 Oper for to lese min hed.²
- þemperour ichaue mi treuþe³ y-pliȝt,
 Y schal bring sir Gij to-niȝt 5
 To fiȝt ozain þat qued,

¹ *hende* altered
 from *hente*.

Turnbull, p. 345,
 l. 8779.

² *hewed* MS.

³ The *u* of *treuþe*
 added above the
 line.

Hys leggis were bare and yH be-sene,
 That were wonde to were scarlet & grene.
 For sorrow *sir* Gye feH to grounde,
 And laye in a sownde a grete stounde. [p. 211]

When Terry sye hym so lye,
 He toke hyn vp fuH hastilye.
 Quod terry, ' *sir*, beth of Good herte.
 This EvyH begynneth yow to smerte.
 TeH me, yf hit be youre wiH,
 How longe ye have fared thus yH.'
 Quod Gye, ' hit ys not longe agone,
 Seth this EvyH com me one.'
 'For-soth,' quod terry thanne,
 'Hit ys grevaunce to ech mane.

fell into a swoon.

9280

Tirri raised him,

asking what ailed
 him.

9285

Guy answered he

wished he were
 dead.

This day twelmoneth,' quod terry, 'hit was
 To seche Gye that I can passe.
 Sethen I restyd neuer on daye
 There I on the nyght laye,
 That I have bene euer travellande,
 What by see, and what by londe.
 As I me walkyd in my weye
 Here *with*-yne this thyrd daye
 Hit was me told, *with*-oute fayle,
 At spire ther shuld be a gret counceyle
 Be-fore the Empeoure Reynere :
 AH his lordis shuld be thare.

9290

It was just a year
 since Tirri had
 left his country in
 quest of Guy.

9295

Ther ys no lord in that contree
 But he shaH at that counceyle be.
 Ryght thanne ys my terme¹ daye
 To come a-geyne, yf that I maye,
 And bryng Gye in my honde,
 Yf that he be in world levande ;

9300

That day he was
 to appear before
 the emperor

9305

¹ *tenne* MS.

with Guy.

To fende ous of þat felonie
Oȝain þe douke Berard of Paui

¹ *ded* altered from
dede.

Al of his emes ded.¹

Y wot wele, ȝif y þider fare, 10

þai schal me sle wiþ sorwe & care :

Certes, y can no red.'

C. 9033.

Gij biheld Tirri wiþ wepeand eiȝe, 159
& seiȝe him al þat sorwe dreizē,
þat was him lef & dere :

'Allas,' þouȝt Gij, 'þat ich stounde

þat Tirri is þus brouȝt to grounde ! 5

So gode felawes we were.'

He þouȝt, 'miȝt y mete þat douke,

His heued y schuld smite fro þe bouke,

Turnbull, p. 346,
l. 8803.

Or hong him bi þe swere.

Y no lete for al þis warldes won 10

þat y no schuld þe traitour slon,

To wreke Tirri, mi fere.

¶ Tirri,' seyð Gij, 'lat be þi þouȝt : 160

Y-wis, it helpeþ þe riȝt nouȝt,

For sorwe it wil þe schende.

MS. fol. 157v. b.

To court go we boȝe y-fere :

Gode tidinges we schul þer here ; 5

Swiche grace god may sende.

Haue gode hert, dred þe no del ;

For god schal help þe ful wel :

So curteys he is & hende.'

Up risen þo kniȝtes tvo 10

Wiþ michel care & ful of wo :

To court ward þai gan wende.

And, yf I myght not fynd hym no-where,
 I shuld in this¹ land com neuere²; [p. 212] ¹ *his* MS.
 And, yf I com, I shuld be dede: 9310 ² *nouere* MS.
 Ther-for can I no kynnes rede,
 Whether I wend to take my payne,
 Or I now turne ageyne.
 Gye hym herd thus sorrowand:
 For sorrow he myght not stonde. 9315
 'Lord,' he seyde, 'of myghtis stronge,
 Whi leve I now thus longe,
 That I se this noble knyght
 At this tyme this rewly dyght?
 Trewer fellow than³ he was won 9320
 In the wo[r]ld found I none.
 Hangid be I this ilke daye
 But I a-venge hym, yf that I maye.
 Myght I speke with the Duke at my wil,
 That of his dedys ys so yH, 9325
 But I revyde⁴ hym hys lyfe
 Other with spere or with knyfe,
 And avenge terry, my good fellow,
 God lett me neuer heven knowe.'
 Then spake *sir* Gye to terry, 9330
 'Leve *sir*, be not sorye:
 Hyt wyH the helpe no-thing
 To make sorrow or mornyng.
 Go we now the corte nerehande,
 Som tydyng to vndirstonde, 9335
 That we now the better be.'
 Quod terry, 'leve *sir*, Go we.'
 They toke ther wey towarde the cite:
 Terry a carefull man was he; [p. 213]
 Gye ys herte was sore also, 9340
 As they gan to-geder goo:
 He myght hym hold no-thing,
 When he saw terry, from wepyng.

He knew that he
should be killed.

Gny was very
sorry for Tirri,

³ *and* MS.
and wished to
revenge him.

⁴ Read *reve* ?

Guy was for their
going to court
together.

So they rose and
started.

¶ & as þai went þo kniȝtes fre 161
 To court ward in her iurne
 Ful bold þai were & ȝeþe.
 ‘Allas,’ sir Tirri seyð þo,
 ‘Ich mot rest er ich hennes go, 5
 Or mi liif wil fro me lepe.’
 ‘For god, felawe,’ þan seyð Gij,
 ‘Ly down, & y schal sitt þe bi,
 & feir þine heued vp kepe.’
 & when he hadde þus y-seyð 10
 On Gyes barm his heued he leyð :
 Anon Tirri gan slepe.

Turnbull, p. 317,
 l. 5827.

¶ & when sir Tirri was fallen on slepe 162
 Sir Gij biheld him, & gan to wepe,
 & gret morning gan make.
 þan seiȝe he an ermine com of his mouȝe
 Als swift als winde, þat bloweþ on clouȝe, 5
 As white as lilii on lake.
 To an hille he ran wiþouten obade :
 At þe hole of þe roche in he glade.
 Gij wonderd for þat sake.
 & when he out of þat roche cam 10
 Into Tirries mouȝe he nam :
 Anon Tirri gan wake.

C. 9093. ¶ Sir Gij was wonderd of þat siȝt, 163
 & Tirri sat vp anon riȝt,
 & biheld Gij opon.
 þan seyð Tirri, ‘fader of heuen !
 Sir pilgrim, swiche a wonder sweuen 5
 Me met now anon,
 þat to ȝon hille þat stont on heiȝe,
 þat þou may se wiþ þi neiȝe,
 Me þouȝt þat y¹ was gon,

¹ þou MS.
 Turnbull, p. 318,
 l. 8851.

He coverd his face *with* hys slaveyne,

For terry shuld not se hys payne.

9345

When they had go myles three

But, after some
time,

Towardys that good Cite,

‘Lord,’ quod terry, ‘what shaH I do?’

Such hevynes ys com me to,

Tirri was obliged
to rest himself.

But I slepe here a while,

9350

I dye, or I have gone a myle.’

‘Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘lye down here stiH

A good while, and slepe thi fiH;

And I shaH for the love of the

At thyne heed here restyn me.’

9355

‘Sir,’ quod terry, ‘Graunte *mercy*,

Laying his head
on Guy’s lap, he
went to sleep.

That yt ys your grete curtesye!’

Tho lay terry down to grounde,

And slepid in Gyes armes a stounde :

FuH faste tho gan he slepe,

9360

And as faste for hym Gye gan wepe.

As terry lay there in slepyng,

Oute of his mouth wente a thyng

An ermine crept
out of Tirri’s
mouth,

As hit were a white Ermyne :

Sir Gye be-held it, be seynt martyñ.

9365

To an hylle¹ it wente thañ :

¹ *hole* MS.
and ran into a
hole of a neigh-
bouring hill,

Hit founde an hole, and in hit rañ.

Hit dwellyd not longe, as I yow saye :

Hyt come ageyne the same daye.

[p. 214]

In at hys mouth gan hit goo,

9370

but returned into
Tirri’s mouth.

There hit cam be-fore-hand froo.

When Gye this wonder aH had sene,

He had wondre what it myght bene.

Waking, Tirri
told Guy

Terry a-waked a-non thore :

Vp he arose, and syghed sore.

9375

he had dreamt

‘Lord,’ he seyð, ‘hevyñ kyng,

That I have met much wonder thyng!

Me thought I was to an hyH goon :

I founde a roche aH of stone.

FuH hit was of gold rede ;

9380

& at an hole in y wond, 10

& so riche tresour as y fond

MS. fol. 158r. a. Y trow in þis world is non.

¶ Biside þat tresour lay a dragoun, 164

& þer-on lay a swerd broun,

þe sckauberck comly corn :

In þe hilt was mani precious ston,

As briȝt as ani sonne it schon, 5

Wiȝ-uten oþ y-sworn.

& me þouȝt Gij sat at min heued,

& in his lappe me biweued

¹ *doſt* MS. Astow dest¹ me biforn.

Lord, merci, & it wer so 10

Wele were me þan bi-go,

þat euer ȝete was y born.'

¶ 'Now, felawe,' seyde Gij, 'bi mi leute, 165

þat s[w]euen wil turn gret ioie to þe,

& wele y schal it rede :

þurch Gij þou schalt þi lond keuer.

Trust wele to god, þei þou be pouer : 5

þe better þou schalt spede.

To þe hulle nim we þe way,

þer þe þouȝt þe tresour lay,

Turnbull, p. 349, 1. 8875. & in þou schalt me lede.

Now god, þat schope al mankinde, 10

Wald we miȝt þat tresour finde :

It wald help ous at nede.'

C. 9123. ¶ Vp risen þo kniȝtes tway, 166

& to þe hille þai nom þe way,

& in þai went ful euen,

& founde þe tresour, & þe dragoun,

& þe swerd of stiel broun, 5

As Tirri met in his sweuen.

² added above the line. Sir Gij² drouȝ out þat swerd anon,

& alle þe pleynes þer-of it schon,

As it were liȝt of leuen.

- Thervpon there lay a dragon dede,
 And a swerd by hym laye :
 Ys none better of stele this daye.
 Also me thouȝt that *sir* Gye,
 My dere fellow, was me bye : 9385
 Myn hede in hys lap laye ;
 Tho was my sorrow aȝ a-weye.
 Then seyð Gye, ‘my dere frende,
 Thorough grace of god, that is so hende,
 Yet shalt thou wyn thorow Gyoun 9390
 Aȝ thi land, casteȝ, and towne.
 Aryse vp,’ quod Gye, ‘*with*-owt lettyng :
With the grace of god hevyn kyng
 Weȝ shaȝ we fare this ylke daye.’
 Toward spire they tokyn the waye. 9395
 ‘Pylgryme,’ quod Gye, ‘I red we abyde,
 And [wende] to thys hyȝ here-be-syde,
 There thou thought this treasoure laye.
 Thorough grace yf we fynd hit maye, [p. 215]
 Hit may vs helpe in aȝ manere ; 9400
 Therof we have gret mystere.’
 ‘I Graunte,’ quod terry, ‘be this daye.
 Go we thedir *with*-owte delaye.’
 in search of the treasure.
 To the hyȝ they com in hye,
 And founden aȝ such redylye 9405
 As terry dremyd : there they founde
 The treasoure and the good bronde.
 The swerd was bryȝht and styf I-nowȝe :
 Owt of the scuberd Gye it drowȝh.
 ‘God of hevyn,’ quod Gye than,
 ‘Where this euer longyd to crysten man ?
 Never be-fore saw I such a brande.

of going into a
hole of the hill
and finding a
large treasure

with a dragon
beside, and a
precious sword
on it,

and of resting in
Guy's lap.

Guy, interpreting
Tirri's dream,

advised going to
the hill

in search of the
treasure.

In the hill they
really found the
treasure, the
dragon, and the
sword.

Unsheathing the
sword,

‘ Lord,’ seyð Gij, ‘ y þanke þi sond : 10
 Y seiȝe neuer are swiche a brond ;
 Y wot it com fram heuen.’

¶ Sir Gij gan þe hilt bi-hold, 167
 þat richeliche was grauen wiþ gold,
 Of charbukel þe pomel.

¹ *it added above the line.*

Into þe skaweberk ozain he it¹ dede,
 & seyð to Tirri in þat steðe, 5
 ‘ Bi god & seyn Miȝhel,
 Of alle þis riche tresore

MS. fol. 158r. b.

² Three lines are wanting.

Turnbull, p. 350,
 l. 8900.

Y no kepe þerof no more,
 Bot þis brond of stiel.’² 168
 ¶ To courtward þo kniȝtes went :

To asprie after þe parlement
 For drede wald þai nouȝt lete.
 Ac Tirri was aferd ful sare
 Of his fomen be knowen þare, 5
 In þe cite ȝif he sete ;

þerfore þai toke her ostel gode
 At an hous wiþouten þe toun stode
 Al bi a dern strete.

Of al niȝt Gij slepe nouȝt : 10
 So michel his hert was euer in þouȝt
 Wiþ douk Berard to mete.

C. 9155. ¶ Erlich amorwe þan ros Gij, 169

& bisouȝt god & our leuedi
 He schuld scheld him fro blame,
 & seyð to sir Tirri þe hende,
 ‘ Kepe me wele þis swerd, leue frende, 5

Til y sende þerfore, bi name,
 & y schal go to court þis day,
 & ȝif y þe douke mete may
 Y schal gret him wiþ grame,
 & ȝif he say ouȝt bot gode 10

Hit was made in fer londe.'

Guy owned to
having never seen
its match.

The pomeñ was corven) euery deale

With bynned gold nobly weñ.

9415

Of that swerd Gye was fuñ fayne,

And put hyt into the sheth a-geyne.

Then he seyð to *sir* terrye,

'This treasure that thow syeste here lye,

Take thow añ to thy poweste,

9420

Not caring about
the treasure,
he only wanted
the sword.

But this swerd shañ dwell with me.'

'Sir,' quod terry, 'at your wyñ.

Of treasure have I sone my fyñ.

Proceeding to-
wards the
Emperor's court,

There is so gret sorrow in my thought,

That of treasure rech I nowzt.

9425

To the Cite wiñ we gange :

Me thynketh we dweñ here to long.'

'Par fay, gladly,' quod *sir* Gye :

Both they went forth in hye.

[p. 216]

they took lodgings
without the town.

Terry was a-gaste knowen to be

9430

Of som man that shuld hym see.

When they comyn to that Cyte

Sory man and very was he.

They herborowed them) at the townes ende :

After mete and drynke gan they send.

9435

Sir Gye rose vp, fuñ hardelye,

Next morning

And lefte hys swerd with *sir* terrye,

And hyed hym faste to the towre,

To speke with the emperoure.

The Emperoure from chyrch come,

9440

Guy left his sword
with Tirri.

Gye hym mete or he com home.

Gye hym gret weñ curteslye

As he coud, weñ securlye.

'God save yow, my lord, *sir* Emperoure,'

Quod Gye, 'and yeve yow much honoure.

9445

Bi him þat schadde for ous his blod,
Him tit a warld schame.'

Turnbull, p. 351,
l. 8921.

¶ Gij goþ to toun wiþ michel hete : 170

þemperour fram chirche he gan mete,
& gret him wiþ anour.

'Lord,' seyð Gij, 'þat wiþ hond

Made wode, water, & lond, 5

Saue þe, sir emperour.

Icham a man of fer cuntre,

& of þi gode par charite

Ich axse to mi socour.'

þemperour seyð, 'to court come, 10

& of mi gode þou schalt haue some

For loue of seyn sauour.'

C. 9173. ¶ To court þai went al & some. 171

¹ added above the
line.

þemperour dede Gij¹ biforn him come :

'Pilgrim,' þan seyð he,

'þou art wel weri meþenkeþ now :

Fram wiche londes comestow ? 5

For þi fader soule, telle me.'

MS. fol. 158v. a.

'Sir,' seyð¹ Gij, 'ich vnderstond,

Ichauē ben in mani lond

Biþond þe Grekis se :

In Ierusalem & in Surry, 10

In Costentin & in Perci

A gode while haue ich be.'

Turnbull, p. 352,
l. 8948.

¶ 'Sir pilgrim,' seyð þemperour fre, 172

'What spekeþ man in þat lond of me

When þou com þennes ward ?'

Sir Gij answerd, 'bi þe gode rode,

Men spekeþ þe þer ful litel gode, 5

Bot tidinges schrewed & hard ;

For þou hast schent so þerl Tirri

& oþer barouns, þat ben hendy,

For loue of þi steward.

Gret sinne it is to þe 10

A pylgrym I am of ferr contree :
 I aske some good for charite.
 Of your helpe have I mystere
 As ye mow se in all manere.'
 Quod the emperour, 'fuH gladlye
 I wyH the help, be seynt marye.
 To my paleys thow com *with* me :
 Thow shalte have mete gret plente.'

Meeting the
 Emperor,

9450

he asked for
 charity,

and was by him
 invited to come
 to court.

Tho they commyn to the haH
 The emperour and hys men aH,
 The which a-non to mete yode,
 And euer *sir* Gye before hym stode.

9455 Here the Emperor

'Pylgrym,' quod the Emperoure,

'TeH me, I pray the *par* amoure, [p. 217]

asked where he
 had come from.

Where were thou born & in what contre ?

9460 Guy answered

Thow semyst weH travellyd to be.'

'Sir,' quod Gye, 'ye may vndyrstond

That I haue be in meny a londe,

In ierusalem and in surrey,

In constantyne the noble, for-soth, was I.'

9465

he had been at
 Jerusalem, in
 Syria, at Con-
 stantinople, and
 in Persia.

'Pylgrym,' he seyde, 'be thy lewte,

What seyth men ther of me ?'

'Sir,' he seyde, 'ye shaH here :

Both shame & also harme in aH manere,

When ye thorough false counceyle

9470

Of the steward, that may not avayle,

Hath banesshyd terry, the noble kny3t,

And meny an other *with*-owt ryght ;

Therfor ye havyth, *sir*, a shame,

And in this land much blame.

9475

The Emperor
 wanting to know
 what people there
 used to say about
 him,

Guy replied that
 he was blamed

for ill-treating
 Tirri and other
 barons for the
 sake of his
 steward.

To stroye so þi barouns fre

Al for a fals schreward.¹

C. 9197. ¶ When þe douk herd him speke so,

173

As a wilde bore he lepe him to,

His costes for to schawe.

Wiþ his fest he wald haue smiten Gij,

Bot barouns held him owy

5

Wele tventi on a rawe.

He seyð to Gij, 'vile traitour,

Ner þou bifor þemperour,

þei y wende to ben to-hewe,

Bi thi berd y schuld þe schokke,

10

þat al þi tep¹ it schuld rokke ;

For þou art² a kinde schrewe.

¹ Part of the þ gone.

² *rt* rather indistinct.

Turnbull, p. 353, l. 8972.

¶ Bi þi semblaunt se men may

174

þou hast ben traitour mani a day :

God 3if þe schame & schond.

3if þat y þe mai ouergon,

To wicked ded þou schalt be don,

5

As a traitour to ly in bond :

In swiche a stede þou schalt be,

þis seuen winter³ no schaltow se

Noiþer⁴ fet no hond.

³ An erasure after *winter*.

⁴ The *i* added above the line.

So schal men chasti foule glotuns

10

þat wil missay gode barouns

þat lordinges ben in lond.⁵

⁵ Read *þes: wes?*

C. 9217. ¶ 'Ow sir,' seyð Gij, 'ertow þas⁶?

175

Y nist no nar ho⁶ it was,

⁶ *hou* MS.

MS. fol. 158v. b.

Bi þe gode rode,

& now y wot þat þou art he :

þou art vncurteys, so þenkeþ me.

5

þou farst astow wer wode,

& art a man of fair parage :

Y-com þou art of heize linage

& of gentil blod.

It is þe litel curteysie

10

Ye do your-selfe gret dyshonoure

To leve so weH that losyngoure.'

When duke berrard herd what Gye seyde,

He be-gan vp to brayde.

He faryd as a wod man,

9480

And he wold have smytten Gye than,

But men hym held that stodyn bye,

That he dyd no harme to Gye.

He seyde, 'thow lyest, false treytour :

I was neuer losyngoure.

9485

Yf hyt ne were for dyshonoure

Of my lord the Emperoure,

I shuld shake thy berd so sore,

Thy teth shuld faH owte the be-fore. [p. 218]

Thow art a trowant swyth stronge :

9490

Thys lyf hast thow led fuH longe.

Yf I the fynd *with*-owt the towne,

I shaH the caste in my *presone*.

This VII yere ne gettyst thow a-weye,

Ne shaH wyt whether hit be nyȝt or daye.

9495

So shaH men tech glotouns

For to myssey gentiH barouns.'

'Sir,' quod Gye, 'yt ys yee?

But Guy

Ȝe owghit a gentil man to be.

I saw yow *neuer* are,' quod *sir* Gye ;

9500

'Ye semeth a bold man and a hardye.

To do a pore man velonye

Hyt were shame to yow, sekerlye.

taxed him with
uncourteousness,

Hyt shuld yow torne to gret owtrage :

Sir, ye beth so hye of lynage.

9505

To do me swiche vilanie

Bifor þemperour þer y stode.

Turnbull, p. 354,
l. 8996.

¶ & for þe wil y wond no-þing :

176

Y schal telle þe þe soþe wiþouten lesing

Bifor his barouns ichon,

þat wiþ gret wrong & sinne, ywis,

þerl Tirri deshirrite is

5

& oþer gode mani on.

A þousend men ichaue herd teld

Boþe in toun & in feld,

As wide as ichaue gon,

þat he is giltles of þat dede :

10

þou berst on him wiþ falshede

þi neme he schuld slon.'

C. 9235. ¶ þe douk Berra[r]d was wroþ,

177

Bi Iesu Crist he swore his oþ,

'Y wald þat þou were Gij,

Or þat þou so douhti were

þou durst fiȝt for him here :

5

God ȝaf it & our leuedi !'

¹ Added above
the line.

Sir Gij¹ answerd, 'bi seyn sauour,

Drede þe noþing, vile traitour :

þerto icham redy.

Bi þou wroþ, be þou gladde,

10

To þemperour y ȝif mi wedde

To fiȝt for þerl Tirri.'

I seyð none other thyng

Here vnto my lord the kyng,

But *wit* synne and vnrygh̃t

Ye have dystroyed terry the knyȝt,

And chasyd hym owte of this land, 9510

For that ye beryth hym wrong on hand,

That your cosyn shuld be dede

Thorough hym and thorough hys rede :

Ofte I have herd trewlye

¹[That he was nothyng geltye.] 9515

and, repeating
what he had said,

¹⁻¹ These three lines, wanting in the Caius MS., are taken
from the MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, ll. 9234—6.

protested that
Tirri was innocent
of the death of
Berard's uncle.

Then spake þe dewke wyth yre,

‘Be god, that made water and fyre,]¹

That thow were that ilke knyȝt

That durst for *sir* terry fygh̃t!’

Gye answeyrd *wit*-owte more

(He saw the Duke agrevyd sore),

He seyð, ‘yf my lord the emperoure wyȝ [p. 219]

Fyndyn² me that longith tyȝ,

Lo me here, sir, aȝ redye

To take the bateyle for *sir* terrye.

He slew neuer the Duke Otoun,

The false Duke, that wyked glotoun.’

Quod Gye to the emperoure,

‘Have here my wed, for *your* honoure :

With hym, for-soth, wyȝ I fygh̃t,

And help *sir* terry in hys rygh̃t.’

The Emperoure *wit* mornynge chere

Toke the wed of Gye there.

He seyð, ‘pylgrym, so god the save,

Aȝ that the nedȝth thow shalt have.’

With that he began to sygh sore,

So dyd aȝ that there wore.

Berard wished

the pilgrim were
Guy,

or, at least, durst
fight for Tirri.

Guy answered

² *Fyndȝth* MS.

he was ready.

Turnbull, p. 355,
l. 9020.

¶ þe douk Berard þer he stode 178
Stared on Gij as he wer wode,
& egrelich seyð his þouȝt.

‘Pilgrim,’ he seyð, ‘þou art ful stout :
Y-wis, þi wordes þat er so prout 5
Schal be ful dere abouȝt.

Y warn þe wele,’ he seyð þo,
‘þat þine heued þou schalt forgo,
Where so þou may be souȝt.’
Sir Gij seyð, ‘þan þou it hast, 10

MS. fol. 159v. a. þan make þer-of þi bast ;
For ȝete no getes þou it nouȝt.’

C. 9261. ¶ Bifor þemperour þan come Gij, 179
& seyð, ‘sir Berard of Paui
Is a man of miȝti dede,
& fram fer cuntres comen icham,
& am a sely pouer man : 5

Y no haue here no sibbered,
No y no haue wepen no armour briȝt.
For þe loue of god al-miȝt,

Finde me armour & stede.’
þemperour answerd, ‘bi Iesu, 10
Pilgrim, þou schalt haue anow
Of al þat þe is nede.’

Turnbull, p. 356,
l. 9044.

¶ þe douk Berra[r]d þennes he went : 180
His hert was in strong turment,
He no wist what he do miȝt.

¹ *amayde* MS.

þemperour cleped his douhter, a mayde¹ :
‘Leue douhter,’ to hir he seyð, 5
‘Kepe þis pilgrim to-niȝt.’
Sche him vnderfenge ful mildeliche,
& dede baþe him ful softliche :
In silke sche wald him diȝt,

- Vp stert berrard, the gret syre,
 As man that was fuH of tene and Ire.
 ‘Pylgryme,’ he seyð, ‘thow arte fuH stowte, 9540
 Prowd, and bold, *with*-owte dowte,
 When thow haste wagid thys bateyle; was sure
 For I the sey, *with*-owt fayle,
 The devyH the bad do this dede.
 Thow haste hym *seruyd*: thys ys thi mede. 9545 he should strike
 The grace of god be me berevyd off his head.
 But I smyte of thy he[v]ed.’ But Guy warned
 him not to boast
 too early.
- ‘Sir Emperoure,’ quod Gyoun,
 ‘Herkyne here to my reasoun :
 Here ys no man that knoweth me ; 9550
 Com I am from fer contree.
 Armoure have I none redye [p. 220]
 Ne gold where-*with* to bye.
 As ye beth man of much myght,
 To helpe the pore thorough ryght, 9555
 And at ned to do hym socoure
 Hit ys to yow gret honoure.’
 To-fore the Emperoure they stod ychone,
 Both her weddus he toke anone.
 Sethen he commaundyd hem anone ryȝt 9560
 Erly on the morrow to be dyght.
 He wyH algate the bateyle see :¹
 He bad erlych it shuld be.²
 The Duke yod home fuH swyth
 FuH of wrath and vnbyth. 9565
 The emperoure clepyd hys dowȝter dere,
 And bad her in aH manere
 She shuld kepe the pylgrym weH,
 And arme hym both in Iren and stele.
 She dyd as her fader her bad, 9570
 And into chamber she hym lad.
 She wold hym cloth & bathe wele,
- Berard, madly
 staring at Guy,
 he should strike
 off his head.
 But Guy warned
 him not to boast
 too early.
 Approaching the
 Emperor,
 Guy asked him
 for an armour
 and a steed,
 and the Emperor
 promised him all
 he wanted.
 The Emperor
 committed Guy
 to the care of
 his daughter.

¹ see] *be do* MS.² *be so* MS.

Ac þerof was no-þing his þouȝt, 10
 Bot of gode armour he hir bisouȝt,
 Wiþ þe douke Berard to fiȝt.

C. 9293. ¶ Amorwe aros þat emperour : 181

Erles, barouns of gret honour
 To chirche wiþ him þai ȝede,
 & when þe barouns asembled was
 þan miȝt men sen in þat plas 5
 To-gider a fair ferred.

² *alipard* MS.

þider com þe douk Berard
 Prout & stern as a lipard,²
 Wele y-armed on stede,
 & priked riȝt as he wer wode 10
 Among þe barouns þer þai stode,
 Batayle for to bede.

Turnbull, p. 357,
 l. 9068.

¶ þe maiden forȝat neuer a del, 182
 þe pilgrim was armed ful wel
 Wiþ a gode glaiue in honde,
 & a swift ernand stede
 Al wrin sche dede him lede, 5
 þe best of þat lond.

MS. fol. 159r. b.

þan sir Gij him bi-þouȝt,
 þe gode swerd forȝat he nouȝt
 þat he in tresour fond.
 He sent þerafter priueliche 10
 (Noman wist litel no miche),
 & Tirri sent him þe brond.

¶ When þat mayden hadde graiþed Gij, 183
 Wele y-diȝt & ful richely,
 Men gan on him biheld.

- But therof wold he neuer a dele.
 He bad her for god aH-myȝt
 To arme hym weH at aH rygȝt. 9575
 Aȝ the men of that Cyte
 Had wonder what yt myȝt be
 That durst ayenst the duke fyȝte :
 They prayed for hym both day and nyȝt,
 That god shuld geve the pylgrym grace 9580
 To slee the Duke in the place.
 Fuȝ Erly rose the Emperoure, [p. 221] Next morning,
 And herd masse *with* grete honoure.
 To hys paleyse ys he gone after church,
With hys barounus euery-chone. 9585 all the barons
 Aȝ redy was the Duke berrard were assembled,
 As stowte as a lyon other lyberd,
 Armyd vpon a stede : and Duke Berard
 To the court men Gonȝ hym lede.
 rode amongst
 them, ready
 for the fight.
- I wote the mayd for-yate noughȝt, 9590 Guy was armed
 To arme the pylgrym was aȝ her thought : by the Princess,
 She dyd [hym] have a weH good stede,
 That seker was at euery nede.
 Hys good swerd for-yate he noughȝt :
 Hyt was fuȝ *prevyly* to hym brought ; 9595
 He dyd hyt fett from *sir* terry,
 That no man saw, fuȝ *prevylye*.
 Therof he had gret mystere,
 As ye shaȝ afterward here. and secretly sent
 for his sword.
- WeH she armyd hym that may 9600 Now the Princess
 In aȝ maner that he couth say.
 She brought hym to the emperoure,

Sche ledde him forþ swiþe stille
 To þemperour wiþ gode wille : 5
 Sche tauzt him for to weld.

C. 9323. þan seyð þemperour hende & fre,
 ‘ Lordinges, listen now to me,
 Boþe 3ong & eld.
 þis kniȝt, þat 3e se now here, 10
 Haþ taken batail in strong maner,
 Al for to fiȝt in feld.

Turnbull, p. 358,
 l. 9092.

¶ þis kniȝt,’ he seyð, ‘ þat ston[t] me bi, 184
 Wil fiȝt for þerl sir Tirri

(For no þing wil he wond),
 & defende him of þat felonie
 Oȝain þe douk Berard of Paui 5

þat he berþ him an hond ;
 For Tirri is out of lond went
 To seche Gij, verrament,
 þat for him miȝt stond
 (þis day is sett bitven hem tvo), 10
 Or be deshirrite for euer-mo,
 & flemed out of lond.

¶ Bot now is comen here þis kniȝt, 185
 Oȝain Berard haþ taken þe fiȝt :

For no þing wil he flen.
 Ac, lordinges,’ he seyð, ‘ euerichon,
 Where the batayl schal be don 5
 Loke, where it may best ben.’
 þan loked þai it schuld be
 In a launde vnder þe cite.
 þider in þai went bi-den :

That was a man of gret honoure.

led him before
the Emperor ;

AH the men that¹ sye *sir* Gye

Of hym they had gret ferlye ;

9605

For he was so feyre and wyghȝt,

When he was armyd at hys ryghȝt.

who, addressing
his lords,

AH they sware be seynt Richere

That was not the pore palmere

That toke the bateyle for to fyȝte :

9610

He semyd weȝ a dowȝty knyghȝt.'

'Lordyngis,' quod the Emperoure, [p. 222]

'Herkenyȝh to me *par* amoure.

These two knyȝtis, that stondyȝh here,

They beth men of grete powere :

9615

A bateyle they have wagid here,

Weȝ ye wote in whate manere.

Thys pylgryn, that stondyȝh me bye,

told them that
the pilgrim

Shaȝ defende the Erle terrye

Of felony and of treasoun,

9620

And of the duk's deth Otown

would defend
Tirri against
Berard of Pavia,

Ayenst this Duke *sir* berrard,

That hath hym apechyd fuȝh harde

Of Otown hys cosyn ys deth,

That he was slayne thorow terry ys reth.

9625

Now shaȝ ye see this bateyle

Hastyly *wit*-owten fayle.'

AH they seyȝd at on assent,

'We wyȝh hyt se *wit* good entent.'

Oppon an hyȝh be-syd the Cite

9630

Ther was the bateyle ordeyned to be.

The boke was brouȝht hem be-forne :

When they had her othes sworne,

To the hyȝh gan they gone,

and asked them
to look for a
suitable place
of combat.

And to-gedyr smote anone.

9635

Ther be-gan a gret bateyle :

Eyther gan other fast assayle.

They fixed upon a
plain beside the
city.

¹ The second *t* added in another ink.

- Mani man bad god þat day 10
 Help þe pilgrim, as he wele may,
 þe douk Berard to slen.
- Turnbull, p. 359, ¶ On hors lopen þo kniȝtes prest, 18
 l. 9116. & lopen to-gider til schaftes brest,
 MS. fol. 159v. a. þat strong weren & trewe,
 & her gerþes brusten, þat strong were,
 & þo kniȝtes boþe y-fere 5
 Out of her sadels þrewe.
 After þai drouȝ her swerdes gode,
 & leyd on as þai were wode,
 þat were gode & newe ;
 & astow sest þe fir on flint 10
 þe stem out of her helmes stint
 So hetelich þai gun hewe.
- ¶ Wele wer armed þo kniȝtes stout, 187
 Bot he had more yren him about
 þat fals Berardine :
 Tway hauberkes he was in weued,
 & tway helmes upon his heued, 5
 Was wrouȝt in Sarazine.
 Opon his schulder henge a duple scheld
 (Better¹ miȝt non be born in feld),
 A gode swerd of stiel fine :
 Mani man þerwiþ his liif had lorn. 10
 It was sumtim þer-biforn
 þe kinges Costentine.
- Turnbull, p. 360, ¶ Strong batayl held þo kniȝtes bold, 188
 l. 9110. þat alle þat euer gan hem bihold
 þai seyden hem among
 þe pilgrim was non erþely man ;
 It was an angel, from heuen cam 5
 For Tirri batayle to fong :

Tho smote they to-gedylr faste,
Whiles ther wepon wold laste.

There be-gan a stronge fyght :

9640

They smot on helmys, that were bryght.

They brekyn steroppis and paytrellis, [p. 223]

The two ad-
versaries mounted
their steeds,
and ran against
each other so
vehemently as to
break their spears,

And theyre sperys euery-deale,

But her hawberk's wold not ryve.

Down of theyre stedlis gan they dryve.

9645

and to be
unhorsed.

Now be they on the erth both :

FuH sone I wene they wiH be wroth.

Then they drew
their swords.

On her stedys they lepyl, sans dowt ;

Non dred other : they were so stowt.

They drew swerdys stowt and stronge,

9650

And fought to-gedylr swyth long.

The dynt's on helmys were so stoute,

That aH the hyH dynned a-bowt.

They breke hawberk's and shyldys :

The pec's flow into the fyldys.

9655

Sir Gye was armyd weH thore,

But the Duke had armour more :

He had two helmys styf and bryzt,

And two hawberk's for dred of fyzt.

They were set *with* precieuse stouys

9660

Berard had two
coats of mail,
two helmets,

AH a-bowte for the nonys.

a double shield,

and a good sword

WeH grete and stronge was that bateyle :

Her horse were stronge, *with*-owt fayle.

They seyde a-mong hem eche man

That seyde the bateyle than

9665

The spectators

That Gye was erthly man none :

Of hevyn he was an angeH one,

said the pilgrim
was an angel,

Other ellys a man of fer londe :

He myzt not ellys the Duke *with*-stond.

‘For mani gode erle & mani baroun
Berard hap y-brouȝt adoun

Wip wel michel wrong,
þer-fore hap God sent, y-wis, 10

An angel out of heuen blis
To sle þat traitour strong.’

C. 9375. ¶ Al þe folk in þat cite was, 189

Litel & michel, more & las,

To se þe batayl þai ȝede ;

Bot Tirri in a chirche liis,
& euer he bisouȝt god, y-wis, 5

He schuld him help & spede.

When he herd telle [þat a] pilgrim

Fauȝt ozain þe douke Berardin,

To help him at his nede,

Wel fain he wald þider gon, 10

MS. fol. 160v. b. Bot for knoweing of his fon :

Wel sore he gan him drede.

Turnbull, p. 361,
i. 9161.

¶ Ac napeles he ros vp þo 190

Wip michel care & michel wo,

& þider he went wel swiþe.

When he com to þe plas

þer þe bataile loket was, 5

Amonges hem he gan liþe,

&, when he seyȝe the douk so strong

& his arnes to-hewe among,

In his hert he was ful bliþe,

Whether of hem were the hardyer
Wyst they not that ther were. 9670

sent by God to
slay the traitor.

AH the Cite, *with*-owt fayle, [p. 224]

Comyn to se that bateyle :

Men and women, chyldren also,

Monk's and frerys thedyr gan go ;

Lasse and more in that Citee

AH they comyn that bateyle to see,

But aH only syr terry,

That laye in the church specialye,

Preying to god that he wold here

And helpe hym in hys gret mystere.

In there com a preste goande,

That found terry ther liggand.

'Pylgryn,' quod the prest than,

'Thow arte an ouer-holy man).

Whi wylt not thow to the mounteyn go

To se the bateyle be-twene knyts two ?

A pylgryn ys that on fuH ryght,

That for the Erle terry doth fyght.'

'What ys that pylgryn?' quod terry.

'Ine wot,' he seyde, 'securlye,

But he ys dow3ty in the fyld,

And brokyn he hath the Duk's shyld.'

Vp a-rose Terry tho anone,

And to the bateyle ys he goon.

He was adrad men shuld hym knowe :

He lokyd amonge the men fuH lowe.

There he saw the Duke berrarde,

Hys armoure rent, and bled fuH harde.

He had Ioy with-owt care

That he saw Berrart so fare.

Euer the pylgryme assayled hym faste. [p. 225]

All went to see
the fight

9675 except Tirri, who,
in a church, was
praying to God,

till he heard that
a pilgrim was
fighting with
Berard.

9680

Although afraid
of being re-
cognized by his
enemies,

9685

Tirri went

9695

to where the fight
was taking place.

9700

- &, þo he seyȝe his blod spille, 10
 God he þonked wiþ gode wille.¹
 ¶ 'Lord, merci !' Tirri gan say : 191
 ' þis is nouȝt þe pilgrim y met ȝisterday ²
 þat is so richeliche diȝt.
 He was a feble pouer body,
 Sely, messays, & hungri ; 5
 & he is of michel miȝt.
 Y trow non erpelich man it be.
 On Gij y þenke when ichim se :
 So douhti he was in fiȝt.
 ȝif Gij, mi felawe, nouȝt³ ded nere, 10
 Ich wald sigge þat he it were :
 So liche þai ben of siȝt.'
- ¶ Into chirche oȝain he ȝede, 192
 & fel on knes in þat stede,
 & Iesus Crist he bi-souȝt
 He schuld help þe pilgrim
 þat fauȝt oȝain douk Berardin, 5
 þat miche wo haþ him wrouȝt.
 Hard togider gun þai fiȝt
 Fro the morwe to þe niȝt,
 þat þai rest hem nouȝt ;
 & when hem failed liȝt of day 10
 þai couþe no rede what þai do may :
 To þemperour þai hem brouȝt.
 C. 9431. ¶ 'Sir emperour,' þai seyð anon, 193
 'What schul we wiþ þis kniȝtes don ?
 At þi wille schal it be.'
 þemperour clept to him þo
 Four barouns þat his trust was to. 5
 'Lordinges,' þan seyð he,
 'Kepe me wele þe douk Berard,
 & bring him tomorwe bi a forward,
 Opon al ȝour fe.

¹ A line is here omitted in the MS.

² ȝist blotted.

³ now MS.

Turnbull, p. 362,
l. 9187.

He was very glad
to see Berard's
blood spilt.

The pilgrim, who
he thought was
not the same that
he met the day
before,

reminded him of
Guy.

Tirri returned
into the church.

The combat lasted
till night.

Then the Emperor

entrusted Berard
to the charge of
four barons,

[p. 226]

9705

9710

9715

9720

9725

9730

9735

‘Lord,’ quod terry at the laste,
 ‘That ys not the same palmere
 That was yesterday my fere.
 Thys ys a bold man and a wyght :
 Hyt semyth hym to be a gentyH knyzt.
 He was lene and febuH of myght,
 An hongry man and euyH I-dyght ;
 This man ys wyght and no-thing wan :
 I wene hit ys none erthly man.
 When I hym se I thynke on Gye :
 He ys fuH lyke hym, securlye.
 Yf Gye were not ded, I wold seye
 That this were he, be thys daye.’
 Tho for Gye he wept fuH sore.
 He yod to church, and held hym thore.
 Euer he prayed to god that daye
 To helpe as he weH maye.
 That bateyle last fuH longe,
 Fro the morrow erly vnto the euynsonge :
 Yet ne wold they leue the fyght
 TyH hyt were the derknyght.
 They ne wiste what they myzt seye ;
 For they lakkyd the lyght of the daye.
 Messyngerys ther were sente,
 To the Emperoure sone they wente.
 They told hym that yt was nyzte,
 They myzt no lenge se to fyght.
 Anon he dyd klepe *with* honoure
 Fowre barouns of gret valoure.
 ‘Lordys,’ quod the Emperoure,
 ‘Here hath bene an herd stoure.
 Take ye berrard to yow nowe,
 And kepyth hym weH, I commaund yow,
 As I in yow trewly affye :

& y schal kepe þe pilgrim to-niȝt : 10
 Til tomorwe þat it is day liȝt
 He schal bileue wiþ me.'

Turnbull, p. 363,
 l. 9211.

þan departed þis batayle : 194
 þo four barouns, wiþ-outen fayl,
 Vnder-stode Berard to kepe,
 & þemperour toke þe pilgrim,
 In a chaumber to loken him 5

Wiþ seriaunce wise & ȝepe.
 þe douke Berard for-ȝat him nouȝt,
 Of a foule tresoun he him bi-þouȝt :

¹ blotted.

Four kniȝtes he gan clepe.
 'F[or]¹ mi loue,' he seyð, 'goþ to-niȝt 10
 þ[er]¹ þe pilgrim liþ ful riȝt,
 & sleþ him in his slepe.'

C. 9455. ¶ þai armed hem swiþe wel 195

Boþe in iren & in stiel,
 & went hem forþ in hast.

Into þe chaumber þai went anon :

þe pilgrims kepers euerichon 5

Lay & slepe full fast.

To þe pilgrim þai went ful riȝt,

& left vp þe bedde wiþ her miȝt,

þo four traitours vnwrast :

To þe se þai beren him, 10

& boþe bed & þe pilgrim

Into þe see þai cast.

Turnbull, p. 364,
 l. 9235.

¶ To sir Berard þai went anon, 196

& teld him hou þai hadden don ;

þerof he was ful fawe.

'Sir,' þai seyð, 'be nouȝt adred :

Boþe þe pilgrim & þe bed, 5

Into þe se we han y-þrawe.'

Yeld hym to me to-morrow ely ;
 And I shaH kepe the pylgryme weH
 TyH to-morrow, so have I hele :
 Then shaH they to-gedyr goo,
 Then shaH we wete which of hem two
 ShaH have the victorye
 Thorow the grace of god in hye.'
 'Sir,' they seyd, 'aH redye.'
 They were departyd sone in hye.
 They toke berrard, that noble kny3t,
 And kept him¹ weH aH that ny3t,
 But berrard, that false glotoun,
 Thought aH-wey to do treasoun :
 Foure bold cosyns he had,
 And fuH prevyly he hem bad
 That they shuld to courte goo,
 And prevyly the pylgrym sloo.

while he himself
 took care of the
 pilgrim.

9740

9745

¹ *hem* MS.

9750

Berard,
 scheining treach-
 ery, sent four
 knights

They armyd hem² in haste anone,
 And com to courte euery-chone.
 They entryd fuH prevyly
 Into a chambre to *sir* Gye.
 He was leyd in softe bed :
 With clothes of gold hyt was be-spred.
 Hys keepers were aH slepand,
 Was not one of hem wakand.
 Vp they toke the bed ryght there,
 And to the fuH see they hyt bere ;
 And aH-wey slept weH faste *sir* Gye :
 But god hym helpe for hys mercye,
 WeH some drowned shuld he be !
 They cast aH forth in-to the see.
 There was he passed with the se wawe
 Down a whyle and vp a thrawe.

to kill the pilgrim
 in his sleep.

² *hym* MS.

9755

These knights
 found the pil-
 grim's keepers
 fast asleep.

9760

Lifting up his
 bed,

[p. 227]

they took it to the
 shore, and cast
 Guy into the sea,
 bed and all.

9765

Berard was glad
 of it.

þe pilgrim waked, & loked an heyȝe :

þe sterres on þe heuen he seiȝe,

þe water about him drawe.

þei he was ferd no wonder it nis :

10

Non oþer þing he no seiȝe, y-wis,

Bot winde & wateres wawe.

C. 9475. ¶ 'Lord,' seyð Gij, 'god almiȝt,

197

þat winde, & water, & al þing diȝt,

On me haue now pite !

MS. fol. 160r. b. Whi is me fallen þus strong cumbring ?

& y no fiȝt for to win no þing,

5

Noiþer gold no fe,

For no cite no no castel,

Bot for mi felawe y loued so wel,

þat was of gret bounte.

For he was sumtyim so douhti,

10

& now he is so pouer a bodi,

Certes, it rewep me.'

- Sir Gye awakyd at the laste,
 And hys hede up he caste :
 He sawe the sterrys bryght shynand,
 But in no syd saw he the lande,
 But brod watre aH abowte :
- 9770 When the pilgrim
 awoke, he saw
 only stars and
 water.
- Hyt was no wondre though he had doute.
 'God,' he seyde, 'aH weldande,
 That stablyssheth both watre and londe,
 Lord, now thow thynke on mee ;
 For I am be-trayed now, I see.
 Lord, who hath do me thys ded ?
 And I fyght for no mede,
 Ne for syluer ne for golde,
 But for my brother, my trowth to hold,
 And for to delyuer hym owte of peryle,
 That longe hath bene in excile
 Also power as he may bee.
 When I hym saw I had pyte :
 Some-tyme he was a noble knyght.
 I wold dye for sir terry is ryght.
 For he ys now so wrechyd a wyght,
 A-geyne Berrarde I toke the fyght.
 Yf I had the traytour slayne,
 Terry shuld have hys land ageyne.
 Lord, yf hyt myght so be
 That he had helpe thorow me,
 And I wonne aH hys land,
 And aH the honoure to hys hand,
 Thow I levyd but tith that daye,
 Hit were my Ioy, for-soth I seye.
 But I am ded, weH I wote :
 For me shaH he neuer have state
 Thorough treason of the Duke barrard.
 Have he neuer of hevyn parte !
 He ys a thefe full of treason ;
 God geve hym hys malyson !'
- 9775
 'God,' he ex-
 claimed,
 'have mercy upon
 me !'
 9780 I do not fight for
 the sake of getting
 anything,
 but in pity for my
 fellow.'
 9785
 9790
 9795
 9800
 9805

[p. 228]

Turnbull, p. 365,
l. 9259.

Now herkenep a litel striif,
Hou he saued þe pilgrims liif

198

Iesu, þat sitt in trone,
Wiþ a fischer þat was comand,
In þe se fische takeand
Bi himself al-on.

5

He seþ þat bed floter him by :
'On godes half,' he gan to eri,
'What artow? say me son.'
þe pilgrim his heued vp plizt,
& erid to him anon riht,
& made wel reweli mon.

10

c. 9501. ¶ 'Gode man,' þan seyð he,

199

'Y leue on god in trinite :

þe soþe þou schalt now sen.

Vnderstode þou ouzt of þe batayl hard
Bitven þe pilgrim & sir Berard,

5

Hou þai fouzten bitven?'

þe fischer seyð, 'y seiþe þe fiȝt

Fro þe morwe to þe niȝt :

For noþing wald þai fien.

þemperour comand þo

10

þai schuld be kept boþe tvo,

Tomorwe bring hem oȝen.'

Turnbull, p. 366,
l. 9283.

¹ The þ of *wiþ*
added above the
line.

¶ 'Icham,' he seyð, 'þe pilgrim

200

þat fauȝt wiþ¹ þe douke Berardin

For Tirri, þe hendi kniȝt.

ȝistreuen we wer deled ato ;

In a chaumber y was do

5

Wiþ seriaunce wise & wiȝt :

Hou ich com her no wot y nouȝt.

For his loue þat þis world haþ wrouȝt,

Saue me ȝif þou miȝt.'

þe fischer tok him into his bot anon,

10

& to his hous he ladde him hom,

& saued his liif þat niȝt.

Tho ther com a good fysshere
Fyshyng be *sir* Gye nere.

Now listen

The bed he saw far by fletand :
He turned hys bot, and went nere-hand.

how Jesus saved
the pilgrim by a
fisherman,

Wondir he had what hyt were
That in the see com fletyng there.

9810

He coniured hyt in aH manere,
When that he was comyn hyt nere :

who saw the bed
floating by him,

What he was he shuld saye,
And yf he levyd on goddys laye.

9815

and asked him
who he was.

Vp he lyfte hys heed *sir* Gye,
And to the fyssher he spake in hye :
'My frend,' quod Gye, 'have thow no dred ;
I leve in god, so god me spede.'

Guy answered,

Quod the fysher, 'art thow of this cite ?'

9820

'Yea, so god me sped,' seyde he.

'Thynkest thow not on that fyght

[p. 229]

'Hast thou not
heard of the fight
between the pil-
grim and Sir
Berard ?'

Be-twene the pylgryme and the knyzt

That the Emperoure dyd make

Yesterday for terry ys sake ?'

9825

'I saw it from
morning to night,'
rejoined the
fisherman.

'For-soth,' quod he, 'I saw fuH ryzt

The bateyle tyH the derke nyzt.

The emperoure dyd departe hem late :

He kept the pylgryme at the gate.'

'And I am,' seyde Gye, 'that ylke pilgryme

9830

'I am that pil-
grim,' said Guy.

That faught ageynst Duke berrardyne.

We were departyd yesternyzt,

For we myzt se no lenger for to fyzt.

In-to a chambre I was brought :

Of treason had I lytiH thought.

9835

Into this bed was I done :

I was very, and slept fuH sone.

'I do not know
how I came
hither.

I was be-trayed, I note howe :

Save me !'

My dere frend, helpe me nowe.

For the trouth god yave the,

9840

The fisherman
took him into his
boat, and led him
to his house.

Att thys tyme have rewth on me.'

C. 9525. ¶ þemperour ros amorwe, y-wis, 201
¹ *at* altered from *atte*. & at¹ þe chirche he herd his messe
 In þe first tide of þe day,
 & into his halle he gan gon,
 & after þe steward he axed anon 5
 & þe pilgrim wiþ-uten delay.
 þe four barouns forȝat hem nouȝt,
 þe douke Berard þai han forþ brouȝt
 Redy armed to play ;
 & þe pilgrims kepers com euerichon, 10
 & seyð to þemperour, bi seyn Ion,
 þe pilgrim was oway.

Turnbull, p. 367, **C. 9525.** ¶ þemperour was wel wroþ : 202
 1. 9307. Bi his fader soule he swore² his oþ,
² The *s* of *swore* added above the line. þai schuld ben hang & drawe.
 ‘For godes loue,’ he seyð, ‘merci !
 þis douke Berard of Pau 5
 Hap him brouȝt o dawe.’
 þemperour seyð, ‘bi seyn Martin,
 Hastow don þis fals, Berardin,
 To don þe pilgrim slawe ?
 ȝeld him deþes or liues to me, 10
 Or in mi court demp[t] þou schalt be
 þurch iugement of lawe.’

C. 9551. ¶ þe douke Berard wex wroþ & wo ; 203
 þemperour he answerd þo
 Wiþ wel michel hete :
 ‘Ichaue serued þe long, sir emperour,

The Fysher was for hym sory,
 And toke hym into hys bote in hye,
 And led hym forth home that nyȝt,
 And kept hym *with* aȝ hys myȝte.

9845

The Emperoure a-rose weȝ erlye,
 Mateyns and masse he herd in hye.

Next morning
 the Emperor,
 after hearing
 mass,

Then he come in-to hys haȝ,
 And *with* hym hys barouns aȝ.

He bad hem bryng forth berrardlyne,
 And afterward the pore pylgryme.

9850

asked for the
 steward and the
 pilgrim.

The foure barouns, soth, gan wend, [p. 230]

And brought the Duke so hende.

Berard was
 brought,

He commaundyd at that tyme

To bring forth that pylgryme.

9855

To the Emperoure gan they seye

but the pilgrim
 had disappeared.

That the pylgryme was aweye :

Both was away he and hys bed,

And hys wardeyns were aȝ fled.

Ther wiste no man where he was done.

9860

The Emperor was
 very angry,

The Emperoure was wroth fuȝ sone :

He sware be god and seynt marye

Aȝ they shuld be hangyȝ on hye

That had aloyned¹ thys pylgryme

and, suspecting
 Berard,

And hys wardens, be seynt martyne.

9865

¹ *aloyned* or
aloyued MS.

Tho spake he *with* fuȝ gret Ire

To the Duke, the stoute syre :

‘Thow Duke,’ he seyde, ‘*with*-owt stryfe,

Bryng hym forth, vpon thi lyfe,

That thow hast take oute of my kepyng,

9870

told him to bring
 forth the pilgrim
 dead or alive.

Other I shaȝ Iuge the to hangyng.

Ded er quyke bryng hym to me :

Thow haste hym stolyȝ, weȝ I se.’

The Duke stert vp, *with*-owte doute,

As man that was bold and stowte.

9875

Berard reproached
 the Emperor

‘Sir,’ he seyde, ‘now fynd I wele

That ye love me neuer a deale.

& kept þi londes wiþ michel anour, 5
 & now þou ginnest me þrete.
 þerof ȝiue y nouȝt a chirston.
 Hom to Lombardy ichil gon :
 Wiþ alle þe ost y may gete
 Y schal com in-to Almayn ; for al þi tene 10
 Of al þi lond, siker mot þou ben,
 O fot y no schal þe lete.'

Turnbull, p. 368,
l. 9331.

¶ When þemperour herd þat, 204
 & of his pretening vnder-ȝat,
 He bad wiþ wordes bold
 Out of his court he schuld gon.
 & he answerd sone anon 5
 þat sikerliche he nold.¹
 þer com þe fischer priueliche,
 & puked þemperour softliche :
 His tale to him he told.
 'Sir emperour,' he seyð, 'listen to me : 10
 Of þe pilgrim ichil telle þe,
 ȝif þou me herken wold.'

¹ The *e* of *he*
and the *n* of *nold*
blotted.

MS. fol. 160v. b.

C. 9857. ¶ 'Fischer,' seyð þemperour fre, 205
 'Of þe pilgrim telle þou me,
 ȝif þou þe soþe can sayn.'
 'For-soþe,' he seyð, 'y can ful wel :
 Y schal þe leyȝen neuer a del ; 5
 þerof icham ful fain.
 ȝistreuē, wiþ-outen lesing,
 Y went to þe se of fischeing,
 Mine nettes for to layn.
 A bedde y fond þer floterand, 10

- Ouer-longe have I servyd yow,
 And kept youre land to youre prow.
 Now ye wold Iuggyn me, 9880
 But ye shaH not, so must I the.
 Who that ys now here so hardye [p. 231]
 That wyH me greve or more anoye,
 I shaH hym *wit* my sword so smyte,
 That hys hede shaH of as tyte. 9885
 And ye¹ that have me Iugid soo,
 I wyH ye wot, or I goo,
 That I shaH wend into lumbardye,
 And gader power ryght hardye,
 And thorough thy land com ageyne : 9890
 AH that I fynd shaH be slayne.
 I shaH the dystroy euery deale.
 He knew hys maner swyth weH.
 I dare sey he was ryght wroth,
 And weH faste he sware hys othe, 9895
 Yf he wente he shuld be slayne ;
 And he sware 'nay' fuH faste ageyne.
- T**ho com forth the fysshere :
 He seyð, '*sir* Emperoure, wyH ye here ?
 Heryth me, yf youre wyH be, 9900
 Sir,' he seyð, 'for charyte.
 Of that pylgryme I can yow seye :
 I wote where he ys, by thys daye.'
 'My frend,' quod the Emperoure,
 'Sey me, so god yeve the honoure, 9905
 And thow shalt have, be myn hede,
 An hundryth besaunt's of gold rede.'
 'Sir,' he seyð, 'fuH trewly
 I shaH yow sey now in hye.
 To-nyzt weH late was I gone 9910
 Vnto the see to fysch a-lone.
 I found a-lofte a bed fletyng, [p. 232]
 And a knyzt therin lyggyng.

with ingratitude,

and threatened
not to leave him
a foot of land.¹ *they* MS.

The Emperor

ordered him to
leave his court,but Berard an-
swered he would
not.Now the fisher-
man came,and told that last
night,
out fishing,he found a bed
floating in the sea,
and a knight in it,

Turnbull, p. 369,
l. 9355.

& þer-on a kniȝt liggeand,
A man of michel mayn.

¶ & ich him axed what he were :

206

He told me þe soþe þere
Wiþ wordes fre & hende.

‘Icham,’ he seyd, ‘þe pilgrim
þat fauȝt wiþ þe douke Berardin
ȝisterday to þe nende.’

5

Y tok him into mi bot anon,
& to min hous y lad him hom,
& kept him as mi frende.

ȝif þou leuest nouȝt he is þare,
Do sum seriaunt þider fare,
& þer ȝe may him fende.’

10

C. 9603. ¶ þemperour sent after him þo

207

Wiþ þe fischer & other mo,
& brouȝt him, saunfayle.

þai were don togider blue
Wiþ hard strokes for to driue :
þai gun hem to asayle.

5

Wel hard togider gun þai fiȝt :
Wiþ her brondes, þat wer briȝt,
þai hewe hauberk of mayle.

þus togider gun þai play,
Til it was þe heyȝe midday,
Wiþ wel strong batayle.

10

Turnbull, p. 370,
l. 9379.

¹ ¶ wanting in
MS.

¶¹ þe douk Berard was egre of mode :
He smot to Gij as he wer wode ;
His liif he wende to winne.

208

MS. fol. 161r. a.

² him here omitted
in MS, but the
catchword on fol.
160 v. is *he hit
him on þe helm*

He hit [him]² on þe helm on hiȝt,
þat alle þe floures feir & briȝt
He dede hem fleyȝe atvime.

5

þe nase he carf atvo,
& þe venteyle he dede also
Riȝt to his bare chinne.

[Three lines are here omitted in MS.]

- I askyd hym what he was,
 And he me told aH the case, 9915
 How he was that pylgryme
 That fought *with sir* barrardlyne.
 I leyd hym my bote *with*-ynne,
 And lad hym home to myn Inne.
 I hym kept aH thys nyȝt : 9920
 Sendyth for hym a-now ryght.
 'My frend,' quod the Emperoure,
 'For hym shaH thou [haue] much honoure.'
- For the pylgryme tho he sent :
 He come to hys commaundment 9925
 Hastyly, *with*-owten fayle,
 And was arayed to that bateyle.
 Now be-gyn they to-gedyr to fyght :
 They daltyn strok*is* anone ryght.
 With swerdys, that were so good of stele, 9930
 They smote on helmys ryght weH.
 Hit was wondre to se thoo
 The fyght that was be-twene hem two.
 They fought tyH vnderne of the day :
 AH had wonder that hyt saye. 9935
 The Duke was fuH of felonye :
 He smote to Gye *with* grete envye ;
 He hyt hym on the helme fuH stoute,
 And fellyd the floures aH abowȝte.
 He brake the sercle evyn in two, 9940
 He brake the good hawberke also.
 He replid hys face and his chyn, [p. 233]
 And of hys ryght cheke aH the skyn.
 Adowne be hys shuldre the stroke gan glyd,
 And brake many a mayle be-syde, 9945

who, questioned
 who he was,

said he was the
 pilgrim that
 had fought with
 Berard ;

and that he took
 him home with
 him,

where he still was.

The Emperor sent
 for the pilgrim,

and the combat
 recommenced.

They fought
 together till it was
 high noon.

Berard

cut off all the
 flowers on Guy's
 helmet,

and damaged his
 nasal and ventail.

¶ Sir Gij was wroþ anon fot hot, 209
 & Berard on þe helme he smot :
 To stond hadde he no space ;
 For boþe helmes he carf atvo,
 & his heued he dede also 5
 In midward of þe face.
 þurch al his bodi þe swerd bot
 Into þe erþe wele half a fot,
 þat seiþe men in þe place.
 þ[e s]¹oule went fro þe bodi þere : 10
 þ[e fol]k¹ of þe cite wel glad were ;
 þ[ai]¹ þonked our lordes grace.

¹ The letters in
brackets blotted.

But in hys Flessh com hit nought :
 The grace of god was in hys thought.
 Out of the shyld he brake a quartere,
 As he wold¹ draw hys swerd nere.
 There fel to ground sir Gye² skete
 Both an handys and on fete.

9950

¹ The *t* of *wold*
 added above the
 line.

² *Gyes* MS.

Vp he sterte *with*-owte blame :
 Of that dede hym thought shame.
 He sterte forth as spekyH on fyre,
 And smote the Duke *with* gret Ire
 Vppon the helme, that was so clere
 (He smote a-wey a good quartere) ;
 As on that other helme *with*-aH,

9955

But Guy
 hit Berard so
 effectually

That to the ground can he faH,
 And the here *with* aH the face
 Fel ryghit downe vnto the place.

9960

as to cut through
 both his helmets,
 his head,

With hys swerd he smote tho
 Hys good hawberke evyn in two.
 The Ryghit Arme and the shuldre also
 He smote there the body fro.

9965

The spectators
 were glad of
 Berard's death.

He carfe hys bowellys and hys hyd :
 In-to the erth the swerd can glyde.
 Tho was he aH at the grownd,
 He dyed in a lytiH stounde.

AH the men that therby stode
 Spekyn that stroke much goode,

9970

And seyð there was no man levand [p. 234]
 That myzt yeve a gretter stroke *with* hand.

Vppon the Erth Gye sett hym downe,
 And seyð, 'a, thow Duke fellown,
 Now nere-hand a[r]t thow for-lorne.

9975

Alas the tyme that thow were boren !
 A bolder knyzt was neuer lyvand,
 Ne neuer dowztyer man of hand.

Ne haddist thow be traytour, be seynt Richere,
 In aH the world ne had bene thy pere.'

9980

- C. 9653.** ¶ Bifor þemperour þan com sir Gij : 210
 ‘Ichaue wroken þerl Tirri
 (þe soþe þou miȝt now sen),
 & defended him of þat felonie
 Ozain þe douke Berard of Pauī, 5
 þat was so stout & ken.
 þerfore þe soþe ich ax þe,
 ȝif Tirri schal quitecleymed be,
 & haue his lond oȝen.
 & who so þer-ozain wiȝstond 10
 He schal haue schame of min hond,
 Wel siker may he ben.’
- ¶ þemperour seyð, ‘sikerly, 211
 þou hast wroken þerl Tirri ;
 Gret honour þou hast him don.
 þerfore when he is come
 His londes þan al & some 5
 He schal haue euerichon.’
 þan was Gij glad & bliþe,
 & kest of his armes also swiþe :
 After him he thouȝt to gon.
 þemperour wald cloþe him in gold, 10
 Ac, sikerliche, he seyð he nold :
 His sclauain he axed anon.

Turnbull, p. 371,
 l. 9402.

- By the corse he reste a whyle,
 WeH the mountanaunce of a myle.
 AH that abowte gan stond
 Seyd he was a kny3t of fe[i]r[y]-land. 9985
 Now ys Gye to the Emperoure gon
 And to hys barouns euery-chone,
 And askyd yf terry shuld be quyte
 Of aH pereH and aH dyspyte.
 AH they seyde *with* on voyse, 9990
 ‘Yea, be hym that dyed on crose.
 AH shaH be for-yeve hym here
 Be leve of yow, *sir* Emperere.’
 ‘Sir Emperoure,’ quod *sir* Gye,
 ‘Have mercy on the Erle terrye. 9995
 I have defendyd that felony
 Ryght here be-fore your eye.
 Me thynkyth he shuld be quyte *with* ryght,
 When that I for hym dyd fy3te.’
 The Emperoure answeryd fuH tyte, 10000
 ‘He oweth weH for to be quyte.
 All I forge¹ the Erle terry [p. 235]
 Myn evyH wyH and myn envye.
 I shaH delyuer hym aH hys land
 WitH aH the honoure into hys hand : 10005
 Yf I wyste where he were,
 I wold delyuer hym fuH yare.’
 Gye hym answeryd, ‘*par* mafaye,
 Ye shaH hym see, yf that I maye.’
 ‘My frend,’ he seyde, ‘fuH hastylle 10010
 I byd the wend, and seke terry.’
 Of he dyd hys armoure bryght :
 The Emperoure wold hym fayer dy3t
 In Rich Robys two or thre,
 And make hym on of hys meyne, 10015
 But therof wold be not thoo,
 But hys slaveyne and no mo.

Guy came before
the Emperor,

and asked him

if Tirri was to
have all his land
back again.

The Emperor
answering

¹ So MS. = *for-
geve*.

in the affirmative,

Guy was glad,
and, changing his
armour

for his pilgrim's
garb,

- C. 9673.** ¶ To toun he went in his way 212
 To finde Tirri 3if he may
 In sorwe & care ful bounde.
 Into a chirche he him dede,
 & fond him in a priue stede 5
 Liand on knes to grounde.
 ‘ Arise vp, Tirri,’ he seyde þo ;
 ‘ To court þou schalt wiþ me go,
 Now ichaue þe founde.’
 Tirri anon his heued vpbreyd, 10
 & seyde, ‘ pilgrim, hastow me treyd,
 Allas þat ich stounde !
 ¶ Allas, allas,’ þan seyde he, 213
 ‘ To what man may men trust be,
 To chese to his make ?
 þou þat semed so stedefast
 To þemperour me wraied hast : 5
 To sle me þou hast take.
 In iuel time was it to me
 þat y mi name told to þe :
 Allas þat ich sake !’
 For sorwe þat he hadde þo 10
 O word no miȝt he speke mo,
 Bot stode & gan to quake.
C. 9697. ¶ ‘ Tirri,’ seyde Gij, ‘ drede þe no-þing : 214
 þou schalt to-day here gode tiding
 þurch grace of godes sond.
 þe schrewed douke Berard he is ded ;
 Under þe cite he is y-leyde : 5
 Y slouȝ him wiþ min hond.’
 þo was Tirri glad & bliþe :
 To court he went also swiþe ;
 For noþing wald he wond.
 ‘ Sir emperour,’ seyde Gij anon, 10
 ‘ Now is Tirri comen hom
 To resceiue his lond.’

Turnbull, p. 372,
 l. 9426. MS. fol.
 161r. b.

Turnbull, p. 373,
 l. 9450.

He went the Cite aH abowte, went in search of
 And sowght terry with-owt dow3t. Tirri.
 At the laste he hym fande 10020
 At the church hys bedys byddand. He found him in
 ‘A-ryse vp,’ quod Gye, ‘for cherite : a church
 The Emperoure hath sent after the.’ upon his knees,
 Vp he held hys hede terry :
 ‘Lord god,’ he seyde, ‘mercy ! 10025 and bade him go
 In whome may any man trowe, to court with him.
 Other to telh hys cownceH now ? Tirri thought the
 Thow semyst weH trew to bee, pilgrim had be-
trayed him,
 And now haste thow be-wrayed me.
 He wyH me slee, or I ete mete : 10030
 For me shalt thow have yeftis grete.
 Thow shalt me be-tray, & do me shame : [p. 236]
 Alas that I the told my name !
 I wend thow haddyst bene good & trew.
 So weH-a-way that I the knewe ! 10035
 I wyH go and wend with the : and was sorry he
had told him his
name.
 I may not fle, fuH weH I se.
 Yf I dye hyt ys thorow the :
 God now have mercy on me !’

‘**T**erry,’ quod Gye, ‘make good chere : 10040 But Guy informed
 Thow shalt sone good tydyngis here. him
 The false Duke barrard ys dede
 (Of hys sowle can) I no rede of Duke Berard’s
death.
 Thorroughit a pylgryme fuH hardye,
 That terry defendyd of felonye.’ 10045
 To-fore the emperoure tho he cam,
 Yet had he gret dred of blame. Now Tirri had no
objection to follow
Guy

‘Sir Emperoure,’ quod sir Gye, to the Emperor,
 ‘Lo here the Erle terrye.’
 On knees felh than sir terry : 10050

- ¶ þemperour on him gan bihold, 215
 & seyð to him wiþ wordes bold,
 ‘Artow þerl Tirri?
 Where is now þi bold chere
 þat whilom so douhti were, 5
 & holden so hardi?’
 ‘3a, sir,’ he seyð, ‘icham he.
 Whilom y was of gret bounde,
 & helden ful douhti;¹
 & now ich haue al forlorn 10
 Wiþ miche sorwe on euen & morn
 To seke mi felawe sir Gij.
 ¶ Ich haue him souzt in mani lond, 216
 Ac neuer man 3ete ich fond
 Can telle of him no sawe:
 He is dede, ich wot full wel.
 God almiȝti & seyn Miȝhel 5
 To blis his soule drawe!
 Ac now is it told me þis pilgrim
 As slayn þe douke Berardin;
 þerof icham ful fawe.
 Sir emperour, y bid merci: 10
 For godes loue & our leuedi,
 þo[u] do me londes lawe.’
C. 9725. ¶ þritti erls wel curteys, 217
 & alle þe lordinges of þe palais,²
 & mani baroun afine
 Crid merci to þemperour bold.
 þemperour gan him bihold,³ 5
 & seyð, ‘Tirri, frende min,
 Here y sese þe in al þi lond,
 Wiþ worþschip to held in þine hond,
 Bi god & seyn Martine.
 Bifor mi barouns y graunt þe, 10
 Steward of mi lond þou schalt be
 As was þe douke Berardine.’

¹ The whole line
on an erasure.

MS. fol. 161 v. a.

Turnbull, p. 374,
l. 9474.

² altered from
paylais.

³ The *i* of *bihold*
partially gone.

'Sir Emperoure,' he seyde, 'mercye !

Sir,' quod terry, 'here am I :

Longe haue I bene full dreary.

I have bene in sorrow stronge

Yere and halfe : me thyngketh longe

That I had neuer reste on daye,

But that I have travellyd aye,

who, looking at
him,
asked him
if he was Tirri :

he was so much
changed.

10055

Tirri complained

of the hardships
he had undergone

To seche sir Gye yf I hym found
Wel far in meny an vncouth land.

In Englonde I herd seye,

There he was norryshed and borne, in faye,

That he was wente in excile ; [p. 237]

Therfor that lond ys in peryle.

Now herd I seye that a pylgryme

(Have he goddys benyson and myne !)

He hath the Duke berrard shente :

I hope god hath hym hether sent.'

On knees then fyh sir terrye,

And seyde, 'lord, for goddys love, mercy !'

Dukis, Erlys gret plente,

That were curteys men and free,

Down they fel on knees anone,

For terry they prayed euery-chone.

The Emperoure be-held the Erle terry,

For hym he waxed full sorye :

The terys ran of hys eyen down.

'Terry,' he seyde, 'gentilh baroun,

Thow hast had full gret traveyle,

Hyt semyth wel, with-owten fayle.

Of the I have gret pyte :

Thys day thow shalt seasonyd be

in seeking Guy,

10060

who he knew was
dead.

Since the pilgrim
had slain Berard,

10065

he claimed his
right.

10070 Thirty earls

and many barons
interceding for
him,

the Emperor

10075

restored him to
all his former pos-
sessions,

10080 and made him his
steward in the
place of Berard.

Turnbull, p. 375,
l. 9498.
1 *pre* MS.

¶ þemperour kist him ful swete, 218
Forȝaf him his wreþe & his hete
Bifor hem al þere.¹
When þemperour & þerl were at on,
þe lordinges euerichon 5
Wele bliþe of hertes were.
'Sir Tirri,' seyð þemperour fre,
'For þi fader soule, tel þou me,
Astow art me leue & dere,
Whennes is þis pilgrim? 10
Is he þi nem or þi cosyin
þat fauȝt for þe here?'

MS. fol. 161 v. b.

¶ 'Sir emperour,' seyð sir Tirri, 219
'So god me help & our leuedi,
For-soþe wiþouten fayle,
Y no seiȝe neuer ere þis pilgrim,
Bot þis oþer day y met wiþ him, 5
& told him mi *conseyl*.
He swore astite bi seyn Ion
To þi court he wald gon
þe douk Berard to asayle.
Ich wend wel litel þan, y plizt, 10
He hadde ben of michel miȝt,
To hold wiþ him batayle.'

- In aH thy land, casteH, and toure.
 Yet shalt thou have more honoure :
 I make the steward of aH my lande,
 And hyt be-take in-to thy hande.' 10085
 Then seyde aH hys baronye,
 'Sir Emperoure, graunt mercede !'
 The Emperoure kyssed *sir* terry,
 And for-yave hym aH folye.¹
 Duke, baroun, and euery man 10090
 AH they kyssed *sir* terry than.
 AH Ioyed in that Citee [p. 238]
 That terry, the knyght so free,
 Was accordyd with the emperoure :
 AH they spake of hym honoure. 10095
 Quod the emperoure to *sir* terry,
 'Sey me now, for seynt mary,
 What ys he that ylike pylgryme ?
 Ys he thi brother or thy cosyn
 That faught *with* berrard so hastylye, 10100
 To defend the of thi felony ?
 I wend that ther had be no knyght
 In the world² so bold a wyght,
 That durst ayenste berrard fyzt,
 But it wer foure or fyve weH dyzt.' 10105
 'Sir,' quod terry, 'as I trow,
 And by the feyth that I to yow owe,
 Thys pilgrym saw I neuer are,
 But in the wey as I can fare,
 Ne neuer wyste or now ryght 10110
 That he for me wold fyght ;
 But now I wote, *with* glad mode
 I prey to hym that dyed on Roode
 Yeld hym hys mede *with*-owte fayle :
 He hath me delyuerd from gret traveyle.' 10115

The Emperor,
 having kissed
 Tirri,

¹ *felony* ? cf. l.
 10101.

asked him

who the pilgrim
 was.

² the *r* of *world*
 added above the
 line.

Tirri answered

that he had never
 seen him before
 meeting with him
 the other day,

when he promised

to fight with
 Berard,
 although Tirri did
 not think him
 strong enough.

- C. 9763.** ¶ þemperour dede as a gode man, 220
 & Tirri into his chaumber he nam,
 Turnbull, p. 376, & richeliche gan him schrede.
 1. 9522. He fond him wepen, & armour briȝt,
 & al þat schuld falle to kniȝt, 5
 & feffed him wiȝ prede ;
 & fond him hors & stedes gode,
 Of al his lond þe best stode,
 Hom wiȝ him to lede.
 1 *hold* blotted. þemperour wald þe pilgrim at-hold,¹ 10
 Ac, sikerliche, he seyð he nold :
 Wiȝ Tirri hom he ȝede.
 ¶ When Tirri was comen hom, 221
 þe pilgrim he wald anon
 Sesen in al his lond,
 & he for-soke it al out-riȝt ;
 For riches loued he no-wiȝt 5
 For to hold in hond.
 þerl as swiȝe his sond he sent
 Ouer al his lond, verrament,
 Til þat his wiif he fond :
 2 *anile* MS. þo was sche founden in an ile² 10
 In a nunri þat while
 For doute of Berardes bond.
C. 9779. ¶ þo was Tirri a noble man, 222
 In al þat lond better nas nan,
 Turnbull, p. 377, As y ȝou tel may.
 1. 9546. Destrud were al his enemis :
 He liueȝ in michel ioie & blis, 5
 Al-so a prince in play.
 Anon sir Gij him bi-ȝouȝt
 þat lenger wald he duelle nouȝt.
 To sir Tirri on a day
 He seyð to him in þat tide, 10
 ‘ Here nil y no lenger abide :
 Ich mot wende in mi way.

The emperoure dyd hendly :
 To hys chambre he led *sir* terry ;
 He clothyd hym nobly weH
 In clothes lyned *witH* sendeH ;
 He yave hym stedis ij or thre,
 The beste that were in that contre.
 He wente to Gornoyse hastelye,
 And wyth hym he led *sir* Gye.

The Emperor
 provided Tirri
 with rich gar-
 ments, bright
 weapons and
 armour,

10120

[p. 239]

and the best
 horses and steeds.

TO the Cite com *sir* terry,
 And ys receyved nobelye.
 The pylgryme *witH* hym he brought :
 That hyt was Gye wyste he noughit.
 He sow3t hys cowntes thorow3 the londe :
 At the laste he her fandē.
 She was hyd for gret dowte
 For the duke that was so stowte.

He desired the
 pilgrim to stay
 with him,
 but he preferred
 to go with Tirri.

10125

Arrived at home,
 Tirri offered Guy
 all his land,

but Guy declined
 it.

10130

Tirri's wife
 was found on an
 isle in a nunnery.

Now ys terry bold and wyghit,
 Of aH that lond moste of my3t.
 In aH-mayne he doth hys wyH,
 What he lystē, lowd or styH.
 Terry for-yate in no manere
 The treasoure than¹ in the Rochere
 That they found betwene hem two
 By the way as they gan goo.
 To gornoyse he dyd hyt bryng :
 Ther was many a rych thyng.
 He yave hyt aH to *sir* Gye,
 But he wold none, securly :

In all the country
 there was no
 better man than
 Tirri.

10135

He lived in great
 bliss.

¹ *that* MS.

But Guy resolved
 to stay with him
 no longer.

10140

MS. fol. 162r. a.

¶ O þing,' he seyð, ' y pray þe :

223

Out of þe cite go wiþ me,

Astow art hendi kniȝt.

Alon we shul go boþe y-fere,

& swich tidinges þou schalt here,

5

þou schalt haue wonder, apliȝt.'

þerl him graunt wiþ hert fre,

& went wiþ him out of þat cite

In his way ful riȝt,

¹ *amile* MS.& when þai wer þennes half a mile¹

10

þer þai duelled a litel while,

þo gomes of michel miȝt.

C. 9811. ¶ ' Tirri,' seyð Gij, ' vnderstond þou þe :

224

þou art vnkinde, so þenkeþ me ;

Turnbull, p. 378,

l. 9570.

² *hi* blotted.Whi² wiltow him knowe nouȝt ?³ *wis* blotted.Y-wis,³ þou art iuel biþouȝt.

5

No was he þe leue & dere ?

þenke he slouȝ þe douk Otoun,

& brouȝt þe out of his prisoun,

& made þe quite & skere,

& hou he fond þe ded almast

10

⁴ *aforest* MS.As he rode þurch a forest⁴

Wiþ a rewely chere,

- Of gold and syluer had he no thought,
 But to serue god, that hym bowght. 10145
 And he bad yeve some pore man *with* hys hond,
 And with that other a-store hys land.
 Vppon a day *sir* Gye hym be-thought,
 Lenger to dweH ther wold he nought.
 He toke hys leve of *sir* terrye, 10150
 And spake to hym weH derley :
 ‘Sir,’ he seyde, ‘now wyH I fare : [p. 240]
 With the may I dweH no mare.
 I pray yow, yf youre wyH be,
 That ye awhile rown *with* me : 10155
 Such thyng now ye here saye,
 Ye wyH have wonder, by thys daye.
 But loke that no man come *with* yow.’
 ‘Nay,’ quod terry, ‘as I trowe.’
 Terry lepe on a mule amblend : 10160
 Thorought the Cite they went spekend.
 Must no man *with* hym goo,
 But they alone hem-selfe two.
 Forth they went to-geders her waye :
 Wiste no man what Gye wold seye. 10165
 When they had go but a myle,
 They sett hem down to reste a while.
 ‘Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘herken me now :
 Ye know me not, as I trowe.
 And yf ye vndyrstond wele, 10170
 Ye cowl know me some deale.
 Can ye not that man know
 That some tyme was your felaw,
 That slew for yow the Duke otown,
 And delyuerd yow of hys *presoun* ? 10175
 And efte I found yow woundyd sare
 In a foreste as I gan fare,

He asked Tirri
 to see him out of
 the city ;

which he did.

After half a mile’s
 walk they halted.

Guy taxed Tirri
 with unkindness
 in not recognizing
 his fellow,

reminding him
 of the death of
 Duke Otoun,
 of his own de-
 livery from
 prison,

¶ & hou he socourd þi leman schene, 225
 & al þe fiften outlawes ken
 He slouȝ hem al on rawe,
 & slouȝ þe four kniȝtes radde,
 & þi bodi to toun ladde, 5
 To leche þi woundes ful fawe,
 & he socourd þi fader in wer,
 & halp þe boȝe nere & fer
 þo þou was fallen ful lawe,
 & now y slouȝ Berard þe strong. 10
 Icham Gij; þou hast wrong:
 Why wiltow me nouȝt knawe?'

¶ When þerl herd him speke so, 226
 Wepen he gan wiȝ eyȝen to,
 & fel aswon to grounde.
 'For godes loue,' he seyde, 'merci!
 Iuel at ese now am y, 5
 In sorwe & care ful bounde.
 Ful wele miȝt y knowe þe ar now:
 In al þis world was non¹ bot þou
 Oȝain Berard durst founde.
 Merci, sir, *par* charite: 10
 þat ich haue misknowen þe,
 Allas, allas þat stounde!'

Turnbull, p. 379,
 l. 9594.

MS. fol. 162r. b.
¹ *man* MS.

C. 9851. ¶ Merci he crid on his kne: 227
 Boȝe for sorwe & for pite
 Wepen he bigan.

- And sethen slew thevys fyftene,
 And brought thy lemman bryȝt and shene,
 And the from foure knyghtis wanne, 10180
 And slow hem there euery man,
 And on my horse led the a stounde, [p. 241]
 And helyd the of thy sore wounde,
 And sethen socoured thy fader dere,
 And halpe hym in many a mystere,¹ 10185
 And slow thys Duke sethen *with* my hond,
 That chasyd the owt of thy land.
 More ther ys, thow wottyst weH what,
 Hyt nedyth not sey aH that.
 Thys is Gye that thow syeste here : 10190
 Thow owtest me to know in som manere.
 Gye of Warwyke ys my name :
 To teH the hyt ys no shame.'
 Terry myȝt not on word speke :
 Hym thougth hys herte wolde to-breke, 10195
 To ground feH in sorrow then :
 More sorrow had neuer man).
 'O *sir* Gye, my dere fellowe,
 Why myȝt I the neuer knowe?
 Alas that I byd thys daye : 10200
 Myn eyen be blynd, so may I saye.
 WeH myȝt I know a-ryght
 That yt was Gye, the noble knyȝte,
 By the streng[t]h, and by the myȝte,
 And by the strok*is* so² bold in fyȝte. 10205
 Who shulde have bene so strong of hond,
 That durste a-ȝenst berrard stonde,
 But hyt were ye, leve *sir* Gye?
 Of my symple knowyng, *sir*, have mercy.
 I aske mercy for love of Iesu now, 10210
 That I cowth not know yow.'
 Downe he feH to hys feet, [p. 242]
 And be-gan fuH sore to wepe.
 Gye[s] legges were bare euery-deale,

of Oisel's rescue
 from outlaws,

and of the help
 brought to his
 father.

¹ *amystere* MS.

'I am Guy,' he
 said; 'why wilt
 thou not know
 me?'

Tirri began to
 weep,

and fell into a
 swoon.

'I ought to have
 known thee,' he
 said; 'for no one
 else would have
 dared to fight
 with Berard.'

² *so*] and MS.

Tirri, falling on
 his knees, wept

He seyȝe his legges brosten ich-del,
þat whilom wer y-hosed ful wel :

5

More sorwe made neuer man.

Sir Gij went to *him* þo :

In his hert him was wo,

& in his armes vp *him* nam.

Atvix hem was gret diol in þat stounde :

0

Boþe þai fel aswon to grounde :

For sorwe þai wex al wan.

¶ ‘Tirri,’ seyð sir Gij þo,

228

‘þou schalt bileue, & y schal go :

Turnbull, p. 380,
l. 9618.

Y biteche þe heuen king.

Bot ich haue a sone, y-wis,

Y not wheþer he kniȝt is,

5

For he is bot a ȝongling :

ȝif he haue ani nede to þe,

Help *him* for þe loue of me,

Y pray þe, in al þing.

Ich hope he schal be a gode kniȝt :

10

Y pray Iesu ful of miȝt

He graunt *him* his blisceing.’

¶ ‘Merci, sir,’ þan seyð he,

229

‘For godes loue, leue her stil wiþ me :

Y pray þe par amour.

Mi treuþe y pliȝt in þine hond,

Y schal þe sese in al mi lond,

5

Boþe in toun & tour.

þi man y wil be & serue þe ay

þer while mi liif lest may,

To hold vp þin honour.

& ȝif þou no wilt ichil wiþ þe go :

10

Y-wis, ichaue wele leuer so

þan bileue wiþ þemperour.’

That somtyme were clothed weH.
 Ther he wept, and wrong hys hond :
 In the world^l ys noon¹ levand^l
 Of so stronge herte that can hyt see,
 But² of hym he myȝt have pyte ;
 And so had Gye so grete mornyng,
 That they feH both in sownyng.

10215 for Guy's poor
appearance.

¹ *man* MS.

² *That* MS.

10220 Guy took him up
in his arms,

but they both
swooned.

' Terry,' quod Gye, ' my fellow dere,
 I wyH wend, ye shaH dweH here.
 I the be-tech god aH-myȝte :
 He the kepe both day and nyȝte.
 I have a chyl^l be my wyfe :
 He ys a knyȝt, yf he have lyfe.
 Yf he ever have to the mystere,
 Helpe hym *with* thy powere.'

Guy, wanting to
leave,

10225 asked Tirri

to help his son if
he should stand
in need of it.

' My dere brother,' quod terry than),
 ' For hys love that mad man),
 Be-levyth here styH ryg^{ht},
 And my trouth I wyH the plyȝt,
 A^{ll} in thys world^l that ys myn),
 I wyH the plyȝt hyt shaH be thyne.
 And yf ye wyH not do that thyng,
 I prey yow, doth myn askyng,
 That I may the world^l for-sake,
 And to youre company me take,
 That we be party^l in no manere,
 Whyle we bene in erth here :
 Me ys lever to wend *with* yow,
 And suffer both longer and sorrow
 Than to be from yow *with* aH the honoure

10230 Tirri once more

10235 offered Guy the
whole of his
earldom,

10240 adding, ' If thou
wilt not accept of
it, I will go with
thee.'

[p. 243]

¹ No ¶ in MS.

C. 9887. ¶¹ 'Do oway, sir Tirri : þer-of speke nouzt ; 230
 Al idel speche it is þi þouzt.

Turnbull, p. 381,
 l. 9612. MS.
 fol. 162v. a.

Wende ozain hom now riȝt,
 & be nouzt to prout, y þe rede :
 To serue þi lord at al his nede 5
 þou proue wiȝ þi miȝt.

Desirite no man of his lond :
 Ȝif þou dost þou gos to schond ;
 Ful siker be þou, apliȝt.
 For ȝiue þou reue a man his fe 10
 Godes face schaltow neuer se,
 No com in heuen liȝt.

¶ Biȝenke þe wele of douke Berard, 231
 Hou prout he was, for he was steward,
 & flemed þe out of lond,
 & he now desirite is,

Wiȝ michel sorwe slayn, y-wis, 5
 & schamelich driuen to schond.
 Y schal gon, & þou bileue schalt :
 Y biteche þe god, þat al þing walt,
 & maked wiȝ his hond.'

þai kisten hem togider þo : 10
 Oliue þai seyȝen hem neuer eft mo,
 As þe gest doȝ ous vnderstond.

¶ Gret sorwe þai made at her parting, 232
 & kist hem wiȝ eiȝe wepeing.

Turnbull, p. 382,
 l. 9666.

þai wenten hem boȝe atvo.
 Als swiȝe þerl Tirri went him hom,
 þre days he no ete mete non : 5

In hert him was ful wo ;
 & when þe countas, sikerly,

- That hath kyng other Emperoure. 10245
 And we both to-gedyr were,
 Though we hadden sorrow and care,
 Hyt shuld vs please, leve brother,
 And eyther of vs love weH other.
 ‘My frend,’ quod Gye, ‘let be thy fare : 10250
 Therof speke thow no mare.
 Wend thow home, as I the seye,
 And trewly serve thy lord to paye.
 Be not proud in no manere :
 Help thy lord in hys mystere. 10255
 Lyve in pease and not in stryfe :
 Dyssheryt no man, be thy lyfe.
 Yf thow do, wyt thow weH
 In hevyn shalt thow have no deale.
- Thynke on the Duke berrard stowt, 10260
 That was so proud aH a-bowzt,
 How he had dyssheryte the
 And many an other : as thow mayst see, 10265
 Now ys he dyssheryte aH,
 And fuH evyH ys hym be-faH.
 And I the sey for that berrard
 Of blysse of hevyn have he no parte.
 DweH thow here ; for I wyH fare :
 Iesu the kepe euer from care.
 To-Gedyr they kyssed hem fuH swete : 10270
 At theyre departyng sore gan they wepe.
- F**orth then went sir Gyon, [p. 244]
 The gentyH knyzt, the bold baroun.
 Terry went home anone,
 In-to hys chambre ys he gone : 10275
 Two dayes yet he no mete,
 Ne no man myzt of hym wordys gete.
 When the cowntes herd seye

But Guy bade
him remain at
home,

and admonished
him to serve the
Emperor without
injustice,

remembering
Berard's pride

and fall.

There was great
sorrow at their
parting.

Tirri did not eat
for three days.

His countess

Herd seyn it was sir Gij
 þat þan was went hem fro,
 Sche vpbreyd hir lord day & niȝt 10
 þat he no had holden him wiþ strengþe & miȝt,
 & laten him nouȝt þennes go.¹

¹ *gon* MS.

C. 9909. **N**ow went Gij forþ in his way 233
 Toward þe see so swiþe he may ;

For Tirri he siked sare.
 Into schip he went biliue :
 Ouer þe se he gan driue ; 5

Into Inglond he gan fare.
 þe lond folk he axed anon
 After king Aþelston,
 In what cuntre he ware,
 ‘ At Winchester, verrament, 10

MS. fol. 162v. b.

& after his barouns he haþ sent
 Boþe lasse & mare.
 ¶ Erls, barouns, & bischopes, 234

Turnbull, p. 383,
l. 9690.

Kniztes, priours, & abbotes
 At Winchester þai ben ichon,
 & han puruayd, wiþ-uten lesing,
 þre days to ben in fasting, 5

² *him* MS.

To biseke god in tron
 He sende hem² þurch his swet sond
 A man þat were douhti of hond
 Oȝain Colbrond to gon.
 þer is þe king & þe barnage, y-wis, 10
 For doute of her enemis,

þat wayt hem for to slon.
 ¶ For sir Anlaf, þe king of Danmark, 235

Wiþ a nost store & stark
 Into Inglond is come,
 Wiþ fifteen þousend kniztes of pris :
 Alle þis lond þai stroyen, y-wis, 5

³ The *t* of *toun*
altered from *d*.

& mani a toun³ han nome.
 A geaunt he haþ brouȝt wiþ him

- That Gye was passed so aweye,
 She blamyd her lord gretlye, 10280
 That he ne had hold^ð styH *sir* Gye : upbraided him
 ' Yf he ne wold^ð dweH for fayrenesse, day and night
 Ye shuld have hold hym *with* dystresse.' with not having
 Now wendyth Gye weH drery, Guy, coming to
 Ofte he thought on *sir* terrie. 10285 the sea,
 So longe hath Gye hys weyes gon, took ship,
 He passed landys many one :
 Commyn he ys to the see, and arrived in
 And to Englonð wold^ð he. England.
 A good shyp there he founde, 10290 Asking where
 And sayled in-to Englonð. King Athelstan
 He askyd men that he ther found was,
 Where was the kyng of the lond. he heard that
 ' At Wynchester,' they seyð, ' now ys he : he was at Win-
 There he muste nedys be. 10295 chester
 There hath he made a gret somons with his lords
 Of dukis, Erlys, and of barons, temporal, and
 And to aH that armys bere, spiritual,
 That they be redy there, and that three
 Bysshoppus, Abbottis of the lond, 10300 days' fasting had
 That they be redy at hys hond, been ordered,
 And aH hys clergy, [p. 245] that God might
 That there¹ now be redye. send a champion
 Thre dayes and thre nyght against Colbrond.
 Have they fasted aH rygh^t, 10305 ¹ Read *they* ?
 That god shuld^ð send a man of myzt
 That *with* the Geaunt durst fyzt.
 The kyng aulofe of denmarke
 Ys comyn *with* oste styf and starke,
With armyd men xv thowsand, 10310 Anlaf, King of
 To dystroyen aH thys lond. Denmark, had
 Ther ys not lefte in that contre invaded England
 CasteH, toure, ne Cyte : with a strong
 To Wynchestre vnto the waH army.

Out of Aufrike stout & grim :

Colbrond hat þat gome.

For him is al Ingland forlore

10

Bot godes help be bi-fore,

þat socour sende hem some.

¶ To þe king he hap sent his sond

236

¹ *Inglong* MS.

For to 3eld him al Ingland,¹

Turnbull, p. 384,
l. 9714.

& 3if him trowage out-ri3t ;

3if he no wil nou3t, finde a baroun,

A geaunt oþer a champioun,

5

O3ain Colbrond to fi3t.

& þer-of þai han taken a day,

Ac our king non finde may :

Erl, baroun, no kni3t,

No squier, no seriaunt non

10

O3ain þe geaunt dar gon :

So grim he is of si3t.'

¶ þan seyð sir Gij, 'whare i[s] Herhaud,

237

þat in his time was so bald ?

& þai answerd ful swiþe,

'To seche Gyes sone he is fare,

þat marchauuce hadde stollen þare :

5

For him he was vnblife.'

MS. fol. 163r. a.

'& where is þerl Rohaut of pris ?'

& þai answerd, 'dede he is,

A gode while is go siþe ;

& Feliis, his douhter, is his air :

10

So gode a leuedi no so fair,

Y-wis, nis non oliue.'

- Hyt ys brennyd^t and dystroyed aH. 10315 He had brought
The kyng aulof ys so stoute, with him an
That aH men be-gynne hym to dow³t, African giant,
For a Geaunt styf and stronge, named Colbrond,
Moche grete and swyth longe.
Men seyn^d he was in ynd bore : 10320
Blake vysage he hathe to-fore.
In bateyle men^d dredyn^d him more
Than^d sixty kny³tis that armyd wore.
Colbrond ys hys name :
God geve hym care and shame. 10325
He hath sent to kyng athelstone, and called upon
And bad hym flee hys land anone, Athelstan either
Other el[l]ys be-commyn hys manne, to surrender
And bere hym trewage for hys land than^d, England
Other ellys fynd an orped kny³t 10330 or to oppose some
That dare w^{it}h the geaunt fy³t.’ one to Colbrond
by a certain day.
But all his men
were afraid of the
giant.
‘Where ys herrawd,’ quod Gye than^d, [p. 246] For Herhaud
‘That forsoke neuer no man?’
‘Hyt ys sethen go two yere or thre
Sith he went owt of thys contre, 10335 had gone in search
To sech hys lordys son so free, of Guy’s son,
That marchauntis stollyn ouer the see.’ whom merchants
‘Where ys,’ he seyde, ‘the Erle rohold,’ had stolen,
A dow³ty kny³t and a bold?’ and Earl Rohaut
‘Sir,’ he seyde, ‘par ma faye, had long been
He ys ded fuH many a daye.’ 10340 dead.
Sir Gye gan pray specially,
‘God on hys sowle have mercye.
What doth hys dow³ter the cowntas?’

C. 9995. ¶ Gij went to Winchester a ful gode pas,

23

þer þe king þat time was,

Turnbull, p. 385,
l. 9738.

To held his parlement.

þe barouns weren in þe halle :

þe king seyð, ‘ lordinges alle,

Mine men 3e ben, verrament.

þerfore ich ax, wiþ-uten fayl,

Of þis Danis folk, wil ous aseyl.

Ich biseche 3ou wiþ gode entent,

For godes loue y pray 3ou,

1

Gode conseyl 3iue me now,

Or elles we ben al schent.

¶ For þe king of Danmark wiþ wrong

23

Wiþ his geaunt, þat is so strong,

He wil ous al schende.

þerfore ich axi 3ou ichon,

What rede is best for to don ?

O3aines hem for to wende ?

3if he ouercom ous in batayle

He wil slen ous alle, saunfeyle,

& strouen al our kende :

þan schal Inglond euermo

1

¹ Repeated in MS. Liue in þraldom &¹ in wo

Vnto þe warldes ende.

He seyð, 'she doth gret almesse. 10345
 No man ne woman in that contree
 That doth more good for charyte
 To pore frerys and pore abbeyes,
 And to helpe bryggis and brokyn wayes,
 And pray to god, as he weþ maye, 10350

Lette her abyd that daye
 That she may see her lord so dere
 Quyke or ded in som manere.
 She blynneth neuer nyȝt ne daye,
 For her lord she prayeth aye.' 10355

To Wynchester now goth *sir* Gye,
 Hym knew no man that hym sye.
 He mete frerys of that contre,
 And goth *with* hem to that Cyte.

Guy went to Winchester,
 where the King
 held his parliament,

Hyt was in a somers daye, 10360
 Kyng athelstone at wynchester laye.

He clepyd aȝ hys baronage, [p. 247] asking his men
 Erle, baroun, knyȝt, and page :

'Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'herken to me,
 Aȝ that trew & feyth-fuȝ be. 10365

I byd yow yeve me som cownceyle
 That may aȝ thys lond avayle,
 How I may best defend my ryȝht,
 Aȝenst the danys for to fyȝht.

to give him some
 good advice.

The kyng awlof ys stowt & kene 10370
 (Ther ys none so stowȝt, I wene)
 For that thefe colbrondȝ ;

Hys tryst ys aȝ in the Geande.
 He wyȝ vs chase owt of thys land,
 And slee aȝ that commyn to hys hand. 10375

Lordyngis,' he seyð, 'purvey yowe :
 Hit ys for your' aldre prowē.

To be defeated
 by the Dames

Oure beth the Rych cytees,
 The brod land, the large sees :
 Aȝ ys oure more and lesse. 10380

would lead to
 England's per-
 petual thrakdom.

Tymbyr on your gret Richesse,

Turnbull, p. 386,
l. 9762.

MS. fol. 163r. b.

¶ þerfore ich axi 3ou now riȝt 240
 3if 3e knowe our ani kniȝt
 þat is so stout & bold
 þat þe batayle dar take an hond,
 To fiȝt oȝain Col-brond : 5
 Half mi lond haue he schold
 Wiþ alle þe borwes þat liþ þer-to
 To him & to his aires euer-mo,
 To haue 3iue he wold.'
 [S]til seten erls & barouns, 10
 As men hadde schauen her crounes :
 Nouȝt on answere nold.
 ¶ 'Allas,' seyð þe king, 'þat y was born : 241
 Al mi ioie it is forlorn ;
 Wel wo is me oliue.
 Now in al mi lond nis no kniȝt
 Oȝains a geant to hold fiȝt : 5
 Mine hert wil breken on fiue.
 Allas, of Warwike sir Gij,
 Y no hadde 3euen þe half mi lond frely,
 To hold wiþouten striue !
 Wele were me þan bifalle, 10
 Ac, certes, now þe Danis men alle
 To sorwe þai schul me driue.'

On your' chyldern, and your wyves,
 And most on your' owen lyves :
 Yf yow hyt lose thorow y^h fare,
 Ye bene shent for euer mare.

10385

Yet I aske yow ryg^ht
 Yf ye know eny kny³te
 That ys so boold^t & so wyg^ht
 That dare ayenst thys Geaunt fy³t :
 He sha^ht have my lande
 Trewly seasony^d into hys hande
 And to hys eyers for euermore :
 That sha^ht he wyn therfore.'

So he asked his
 men if they knew
 of any knight

bold enough

to fight against
 Colbrond :

10390

he was to be re-
 warded with half
 his land.

[p. 248]

They stode a^ht sty^h, and lokyd down),
 As a man had shavyn ther crown).

10395

But he got no
 answer.

'God,' he sey^d, 'and seynt marie,
 That I am carefu^h and sorye,
 When I may not a kny³t
 Find w^{ith} a nother to fy³t !

The King was
 very sorry,

O,' he sey^d, 'sir Gye the wyg^ht
 And sir herrawd, *pe* dou³ty kny³t,
 Had I bene so ware and so wyse,
 And holdyn yow in my *servyse*,
 And yeven yow the thry^d parte of my lond
 Other halfen deale in your' hond,
 Ye wol^d have quy^t me my mede :

10400

and regretted not
 having given
 Guy of Warwick
 half his land.

Than durst I not this Geaunt drede.
 He ys not wyse, be myn hood,
 That levyth hys frend for any good,
 Hys hownd other hys hawke so dere,
 Hys horse other hys good squyer :
 Thou³ he my³t not quyte *pe* fyrst day,
 Yet do hym not away ;
 For are the VII yere wynne he may
 A^h hys costage in on daye.

10405

10410

10415

C. 10065.

Turnbull, p. 387,
l. 9786.

¶ When it was niȝt to bedde þai ȝede :

242

þe king for sorwe & for drede

Wiþ teres wett his lere.

Of al þat niȝt he slepe riȝt nouȝt,

Bot euer Iesu he bisouȝt,

5

þat was him leue & dere,

He schuld him sende þurch his sond

A man to fiȝt wiþ Colbrond,

ȝif it is wille were ;

& Iesus Crist ful of miȝt

10

He sent him a noble kniȝt,

As ȝe may forward here.

þer cam an angel fram heuen liȝt,

243

& seyde to þe king ful riȝt

þurch grace of godes sond.

He seyde, 'king Aþel-ston, slepestow ?

Hider me sent þe king Iesu

5

To comfort þe to fond.

To-morwe go to þe norþ ȝate ful swiþe :

A pilgrim þou schalt se com biliue,

When þou hast a while stond.

Had I yoven Gye so gret plente,
 That he had dwellyð in thys contre,
 He wold have quyt me full weH
 All my traveyle euery-deale.

Full bold be these danys, 10420

And gret cowardys the Englyssh,
 When I may not fynd a knyzt [p. 249]
 That dare *with* another fyght.'

'Syr kyng,' quod the erle of Kent,
 'I wyH yow saye all myn entent : 10425

Do yow somownd thorouȝ all *your* land,
 That they be redy at your hand :
 All shuH they be weH dyzt,

And ayen the danys fyzt.
 Thorouȝ goddys grace we shuH hem slone : 10430

Other cownceH gett ye none.'

Kyng athelstone lay that nyzt Next night

In hys bed weH I-dyzt :

All that nyzt he lay wakand,
 And euer to god fast byddand 10435

That he wold hym send a man

That durst do the bateyle than.

And god of hevyn for-yate hym nouzt :
 As he lay in grettest thouzt, to send him a
 champion against
 Colbroun,

and Christ did so.

An angeH come to hym full ryzt, 10440

And spake to hym from hevyn bryzt : An angel came
 from heaven,

'Sir kyng,' he seyð, 'slepyst thou ?

To the me sent my lord Iesu : telling Athelstan

He bad the aryse vp full erlye,
 And to the church thou wend in hye. 10445

A pylgrym shalt thou fynd thare :

Take hym home *with* the full yare.

Byd hym for love and charyte, to go to the north
 gate on the
 morrow, and to
 wait for a
 pilgrim there,

Bid him for seynt Charite 10
 þat he take þe batayl for þe,
 & he it wil nim on hond.'

C. 10087.

¶ þan was þe king glad & bliþe. 244

A-morwe he ros vp ful swiþe,

Turnbull, p. 388,
l. 9810.

& went to þe gate ful riȝt ;

Tvay erls went wiþ him þo,

& tvay bischopes dede also. 5

þe weder was fair & briȝt.

Opon þe day about prime

þe king seiȝe cum þe pilgrim.

Bi þe sclauayn he him pliȝt :

'Pilgrim,' he seyð, 'y pray þe,

10

MS. fol. 163v. a.

To court wende þou hom wiþ me,

& ostel þer al niȝt.'

¶ 'Be stille, sir,' seyð þe pilgrim :

245

'It is nouȝt ȝete time to take min in,

Al-so god me rede.'

þe king him bisouȝt þo,

& þe lordinges dede also :

5

To court wiþ hem he ȝede.

'Pilgrim,' quap þe king, 'par charite,

ȝif it be þi wil, vnderstond to me :

Y schal schewe þe al our nede.

þe king of Danmark wiþ gret wrong

10

þurch a geaunt, þat is so strong,

Wil strou al our þede.

¶ & whe han taken of him batayle,

246

On what maner, saunfayle,

Y schal now tellen þe.

þurch þe bodi of a kniȝt,¹

Turnbull, p. 389,
l. 9834.¹ *akniȝt* MS.² *Ozains* altered
from *Ozanss*.

Ozains² þat geaunt to hold fiȝt,

5

Schal þis lond aquite be.

- And for god, that dyed on tre,
 That he for the take the bateyle, 10450
 And so he wyH, *with*-owten fayle.’
 With that the angeH went awaye : [p. 250]
 The kyng gan wake, hyt was nere daye.
 He was a ryghH loyfuH man),
 For he had such tydyng’s than). 10455
 Sone to the church gan he goon
 With hys barons euerychone,
 And *with* hym two bysshoppus of the lond :
 To pryme of the day gan they stond.
With that there come pore men) 10460
 To the church ix or ten) :
 Among hem) come a pylgryme.
 The kyng toke hym) by the slaveyne,
 And seyde to hym) in fayre manere,
 ‘Come home *with* me, my frend dere. 10465
 Be not afferd for no thyng :
 Thou shalt have good gestenyng.’
 ‘Sir,’ quod Gye, ‘lett me stond styH :
 Yet to herborow have I no wyH.
 Here I go my mete byddand : 10470
 RyghH late I com) into thys land.’
 The kyng seyde, ‘com with me :
 FuH weH at ease shaH thow be.’
 The kyng and he to chambre went,
 After hys barons he hath sent. 10475
 ‘Pylgrym,’ he seyde, ‘for charyte
 And for hys love that dyed on tree,
 Helpe me now in this mystere
With thy strenght and thi powere.
 A bateyle *with* danys have we tane : 10480
 Fyght for vs, or we be slayne.
- L**ysten now, and thow shalt here [p. 251]
 How it ys and in what manere.
 Thourough þe myȝt of on) mannus hand
 ShaH I wyne other lose my land : 10485

who would under-
take the fight.

The King was
very glad, and,
next morning,
went to the north
gate with two
earls and two
bishops.

About prime the
pilgrim came.

and the King
asked him to
come to court,

and, after some
hesitation,

the pilgrim did so.
The King,

telling him
of the wrong done
by the Danes,

and of his want
of a champion
against Colbrond,

&, pilgrim, for him þat dyed on rode,
& þat for ous schadde his blod,

To bigge ous alle fre,

Take þe batayle now on hond,

10

& saue ous þe¹ riȝt of Ingland,

For seynt Charite.'

¹ Added above
the line.

¶ 'Do way, leue sir,' seyð Gij.

247

'Icham an old man, a feble bodi :

Mi strengþe is fro me fare.'

þe king fel on knes to grounde,

& crid him merci in þat stounde,

5

ȝif it his wille ware,

& þe barouns dede also :

O knes þai fellen alle þo

Wiþ sorwe & sikeing sare.

Sir Gij biheld þe lordinges alle,

10

& whiche sorwe hem was bi-falle :

Sir Gij hadde of hem care.

¶ Sir Gij tok vp þe king anon,

248

& bad þe lordinges euerichon

þat þai schuld vp stond,

& seyð, 'for god² in trinite

& for to make Ingland fre,

5

þe batayle y nim on hond.'

MS. fol. 163v. b.

þan was þe king ful glad & bliþe,

C. 10127. & þonked Gij a þousend siþe

& Iesu Cristes sond.

³ ¶ here by
mistake in MS.

³To þe king of Danmark he sent þan,

10

& seyð he hadde founden a man

To fiȝt for Ingland.

- Ageynst a geaunt shaH he fyghit,
 In aH thys world ys none so wyzt.
 The kyng Awlof, that ys now here,
 He ys so sykur of hys powere :
 He weneth ther be none lyvand 10490 asked him to save
 That may hym stond a stroke of hand. England.
 For hys love I the praye
 That made both nyzt and daye,
 Thow take for me thys bateyle :
 God wyH the quyte *with*-owt fayle.' 10495
 'Sir,' quod Gye, 'lett be thy fare :
 Now to fyghit byd me not yare.
 I am a wrech as ye may see,
 Also febuH as I may bee.'
 Tho arose the kyng fuH hastylye, 10500
 And feH on knees be-fore *sir* Gye.
 Duk's, Erlys weH curtesly
 AH they cryed Gye *mercy*,
 That he wold the bateyle take
 For Goddus love & for hys sake. 10505
 that he pitied
 them.
- Sir Gye be-held the kyng then),
 And *with* hym all other men),¹
 How they setten on her kne,
 And asked helpe for charyte.
 'A-ryse vp,' quod *sir* Gye. 10510
 'Now ye aH for help crye,
 I shaH for yow do thys bateyle : [p. 252]
With help of god wyH I not fayle.'
 Vp arose the good kyng,
 And kyssed *sir* Gye *with*-owt lettyng. 10515
 Thorouȝ aH the land was loy than
 That the kyng had found a man
 That *with* colbrond wold fyzt :
 'He shaH hym slee *with* goddys myzt.'
- So, raising the
 King,
¹ *an other man*
 MS.
 Guy promised
 to undertake the
 combat.
 The King thanked
 him,
 and sent the
 Danish king word
 of having found
 a champion.

¶ þe Danismen busked hem ȝare 249
 Into batayle for to fare :
 To fiȝt þai war wel fawe.
 & Gij was armed swiþe wel
 In a gode hauberk of stiel 5
 Wrouȝt of þe best lawe.
 An helme he hadde of michel miȝt
 With a ce[r]cle of gold, þat schon briȝt,
 Wiþ precious stones on rawe.
 In þe frunt stode a char-bukel ston : 10
 As briȝt as ani sonne it schon
 þat glemes vnder schawe.

¶ On þat helme stode a flour : 250
 Wrouȝt it was of diuers colour ;
 Mirie it was to b[i]hold.
 Trust & trewe was his ventayle,
 Gloues, & gambisoun, & hosen of mayle 5
 As gode kniȝt haue scholde.
 Girt he was wiþ a gode brond
 Wele kerueand, bi-forn his hond
 A targe listed wiþ gold,
 Portreyd wiþ þre kinges corn, 10
 þat present god when he was born :
 Mirier was non on mold.
 ¶ & a swift ernand stede 251
 Al wrin þai dede him lede :
 His tire it was ful gay.

- They senten to awlof the kyng, 10520
 And toldyn hym *with-out* lettyng
 That they had found a knyzt
 That wolde ageyn the Geaunt fyzt
 Armyd Redy at the daye
 Which ys set, *with-owt* naye : 10525
 ‘ AH redy shaft [he] be dyght,
 And defendyn¹ hys lordys ryzt.’
 When the day was come some, The Danes
 And the bateyle shaft be done,
 Gye was armyd, *with-owte* fayle, 10530 were glad of it.
 With an hawberke of dowble mayle ;
 Vppon hys hed an helme ryght
 With a crest of gold weft dyzt :
 Ther-on were many Rich stonys
 Of gret Vertu for the nonys. 10535 adorned with
 A Chaurboele in the front was, gold and precious
 That shone as bryzt as any glasse.
 Ther-with myzt men se anyzt,
 As yf hyt had be the day lyzt.
 Theron was a coluer of gold, 10540
 The Ioly creste in hys fote gan hold.
 Ther-abowzt ther was a floure [p. 253]
 Peynted weft with ryche coloure.
 Hosyn he had weft I-dyzt
 Of yren and stele made for to fyzt. 10545
 Sporrys he had on hys hele
 Of red gold euery-deale.
 Hys shyld he caste abowzt hys swere,
 A good swerke he toke there.
 He had a good
 sword,
 and a shield
 with a painting.
- They brought a sted to hys hand, 10550
 The swyftest of all Englonde.
 Vp he lepyd as a noble knyzt,
 Mounting a swift
 steed,

Sir Gij opon þat stede wond
 Wiþ a gode glaiue in hond, 5
 & priked him forþ his way,
 & when he com to þe plas
 þer þe batayl loket was,
 Gij list wiþ-uten delay,
 & fel on knes down in þat stede, 10
 & to god he bad his bede,
 He schuld ben his help þat day.
 ¶ 'Lord,' seyde Gij, 'þat rered Lazeroun, 252
 & for man þoled passioun,
 & on þe rode gan blede,
 þat saued Sussan fram þe feloun,
 & halp Daniel fram þe lyoun, 5
 To-day wisse me & rede :
 Astew art miȝti heuen king,
 To-day graunt me þi blisseing,
 & help me at þis nede.
 & leuedi Mari ful of miȝt, 10
 To-day saue Inglondes riȝt,
 & leue me wele to spede.'

Turnbull, p. 392,
 l. 9906. MS.
 fol. 164r. a.

C. 10199. **W**hen þe folk was samned bi boþe side, 253
 þe to kinges wiþ michel pride
 After þe relikes þai sende,
 þe corporas, & þe messe gere :
 On þe halidom þai gun swere 5
 Wiþ wordes fre & hende.
 þe king of Danmarke swore furst, ywis,¹
 ȝif þat his geant slayn is,
 To Danmarke he schal wende,
 & neuer more Inglond cum wiþinne, 10
 No non after him of his kinne
 Vnto þe warldes ende.
 ¶ Seþþen swore þe king Aþelston, 254

¹ Added above
 the line.

And blyssed hym *with* hys hand ryȝt.
 In hys hond he toke a spere,
 And into the place he hyt bere.
 When he was come into the place,
 To be-sech¹ god of hys grace,
 Of hys sted he lepe a-downe,
 And lay long in a flyxowne.

10555 he rode to the
place chosen for
the fight,

¹ *be sheek* MS.

and, falling on
his knees, prayed
to God for help.

‘Lord,’ he seyð, ‘for thy passyoun,
 That savyð danyet fro the lyon,
 Save me from thys fowle fellown,
 And bryng me to savacioun,
 And lend me grace thys ilke daye
 (For weð I wot that thow maye)
 To slee thys thefe *with* myn hond,
 And fro trowage save thys lond.’

10560 ‘Lord, who
raisedst Lazarus,

and savedst Susan
and Daniel,

He blyssed hym *with* hys hand ryȝt,
 And on hys sted he lepyð fuð ryȝt :
 Styrtrop ther towchyð he none ;
 Therof spake many one.

10565

help me in this
need.
Lady Mary,

Að they seyð that ther were

[p. 254]

A fayrer man saw they neuer.

² *broke* MS.

³ *brete* MS.

The booke² was brouȝt³ hem be-forne :

Kyng Awlof hath fyrst sworne,
 Yf hyt be so that hys man fayle,
 And be convycte in that bateyle,

10575

When all were
assembled,
the two kings
sent for the relics.

In-to denmarke wyð he fare,
 And neuer do Englonð harme mare,
 Ne hys Eyers fro that nyȝt
 Neuer chalenge of Englonð ryȝt.

10580

The Danish king
swore, if his giant
should be killed,

England would
never more be
set foot upon
either by himself
or his kin.

Sethen sware kyng Athelstone,

King Athelstan

WARWICK.

Q Q

Turnbull, p. 393,
l. 9930.

& seyd among hem euerichon

Bi god þat al may weld,

3if his man þer slayn be,

Or ouer-comen, þat men may se,

5

Recreaunt in þe feld,

His man he wil bicom an hond,

& alle þe reme of Ingland

Of him for to helde,

& hold him for lord & king,

10

Wiþ gold, & siluer, & oþer þing

Gret trowage him for to 3elde.

¶ When þai had sworn & ostage founde,

255

Colbrond stirt vp in þat stounde :

To firt he was ful felle.

He was so michel & so vnrede,

þat non hors mizt him lede,

5

In gest as y 3ou telle.

So mani he hadde of armes gere,

Vnneþe a cart mizt hem bere,

þe Inglisse for to quelle.

Swiche armour as he hadde opon,

10

MS. fol. 164r. b.

Y-wis, no herd 3e neuer non,

Bot as it ware a fende of helle.

¶ Of mailles was nouzt his hauberk :

256

It was al of an oþer werk,

Turnbull, p. 394,
l. 9954.

þat meruail is to here.

Alle it were þicke splentes of stiel,

þicke y-ioined strong & wel,

5

To kepe þat fendes fere.

Hossen he hadde also wele y-wrouzt :

Oþer þan sp[l]entes was it nouzt

Fram his fot to his swere.

He was so michel & so strong,

10

& þer-to so wonderliche long :

In þe world was non his pere.

¶ An helme he hadde on his heued sett,

257

Yf hyt be so hys man be slone
 Be-fore hys barons euerychone,
 Ther in bateyle be for-done,
 He shaH do Aulof ther homage,
 And yeldH hym for hys land trewage.

swore,

10585 if his champion
 should be de-
 feated,

to become the
 Danish King's
 vassal

And, when they were sworne & accordyd in one,
 And ostagis¹ for them both take anone,
 Then com forth that colbrondH :
 Gret and strong was that GeaundH.
 A Carte onneth myzt hym bere
 The Armoure he brought with hym to were.
 He woldH no horse to hym a-dyzt,
 But on fote woldH he fyght.
 That ylke Geaunt was fuH starke :
 Vppon hym he had a goodH hawberke.

and tributary.

¹ *estatis* MS.
 Now Colbrond
 started up.

10590

He was so big,
 that no horse
 could carry him,

and had more
 than a cart-load
 of arms.

10595

MayledH hawberke hyt was nought,
 Of stele gaddys was hyt wrought,
 That hylledH aH hys gret bodye,
 Armes, and aH, sekurly.
 Hys hosyn were of the same entayle
 WeH I-wrought, with-owt fayle.

His hauberk was
 not made of mails,

10600

but of thick
 splints of steel.

[p. 255]

He was guarded
 by splints from
 head to foot.

Hys helme was styf and stronge than :

& þer-vnder a picke bacinet.

Unsemly was his wede.

A targe he had wrouzt ful wel

(Oþer metel was þer non on bot stiel),

5

A michel & vnrede.

Al his armour was blac as piche.

Wel foule he was & loþliche,

A grisely gom to fede.

þe heize king þat sitteþ on heize,

10

þat welt þis warld fer & neize,

¹ Read *Make*?

Made¹ him wel iuel to spede.

¶ A dart he bar in his hond kerueand,

258

& his wepen about him stondand

Turnbull, p. 395,
l. 9978.

Boþe bihinde & biforn,

Ax[e]s, & gisarmes scharp y-grounde,

5

& glaiues for to ȝiue wiþ wounde,

To hundred & mo þer worn.

þe Inglis biheld him fast :

King Apelston was sore agast,

Inglond he schuld haue lorn ;

For, when Gij seiȝe þat wicked hert,

10

² The *d* in *aferd*
altered from *t*.

He nas neuer so sore aferd²

Seþþen þat he was born.

C. 10253. Sir Gij lepe on his stede fot hot,

259

& wiþ a spere, þat wele bot,

To him he gan to ride.

& he schet to Gij dartes þre :

Of þe tvey þan failed he,

5

þe þridde he lete to him glide.

MS. fol. 164v. a.

þurch Gyes scheld it glod

& þurch his armour wiþouten abod

Bitvene his arme & side,

& quitelich into þe feld it ȝede

10

þe mountaunce of an acre brede

Er þat it wald abide.

- He drad no stroke of englyssh man.
 He had a swerd of good stele :
 A man myzt not hyt bere wele.
 He had a shyld fuH brod tho
 (Was neuer non better, so must I go),
 With Iren and stele aH ouer-led :
- 0605 Under his helmet
 he had a thick
 hacinet.
 His large shield
 was all steel.
- Hyt was the devyllys as men seyde.
 Many a man was of hym a-drad :
 AH was blake that he on had.
- 10610 His armour was
 as black as pitch,
 and he himself a
 loathly man.
- A spere fuH long he had in hond,
 Many a wepyn he mad be hym stonde :
 Sherpe sperys stod hym abowzt,
 And long gleyves a fuH gret rowzt,
 Gaue longis to cast with hys hond,
 And sharp geserns, I vndyrstond,
 Gret axys also with-aH
- 10615 He had a spear in
 his hand,
 and more than
 two hundred
 weapons before
 and behind him.
- To hewyn with yren or stelle smaH.
 Hym-selfe was dyzt fuH securly :
 Men wondryde on hym tha[t] stodyn by.
- 10620 Athelstan was
 afraid of losing
 England.
- Now be they set to-gedyr thore :
 Sir Gy hym drede swyfe sore.
- 10625
- He was neuer so adred of man
 As he was of hym than.
 Sir Gye smote hys sted fuH ryzt,
 To colbrond he can hym dyzt.
- 10630
- Ere he myzt com hym nere
 He met with hym in thys manere :
 Thre dartis he shote fuH tyte ;
- [p. 256]
- The two passyde, the thyrd gan byte.
 Thorow the shuldre the darte yode,
 And thorough the hawberke, that was good :
- 10635
- Betwene hys arme and hys syde
 The stroke gan away glyde.
- whereas the third
 pierced his shield
 and armour.

¶ Sir Gij to him gan to driue, 260
 þat his spere brast afiue

Turnbull, p. 396,
 l. 10002.

On his scheld þat was so bounde.

& Colbrond wiþ michel hete

On Gyes helme he wald haue smite, 5

& failed of him þat stounde :

¹ The *x* altered
 from 3?

Bitvix¹ þe sadel & þe arsoun

þe strok of þat feloun glod adoun

Wipouten wem or wounde,

þat sadel & hors atvo he smot, 10

Into þe erþe wele half a fot,

& Gij fel doun to grounde.

C. 10275. ¶ Sir Gij astite vp stirt 261

As man þat was agremed in hert :

His stede he hadde for-lore.

On his helme he wald hit him þo,

Ac he no miȝt nouȝt reche þerto 5

Bi to fot & ȝete more,

Bot on his schulder þe swerd fel doun,

& carf boþe plates & hauberioun

Wiþ his grimli gore.

þurch al his armour stern & strong 10

He made him a wounde a spanne long,

þat greued him ful sore.

¶ Colbrond was sore aschame, 262

& smot Gij wiþ michel grame :

Turnbull, p. 397,
 l. 10026.

On his helm he hit him þo,

þat his floures euer-ichon

& his gode charbukel ston 5

Wel euen he carf atvo :

Gye smote then *with* herte good

To colbrond ther he stode

A myȝty stroke in the sheld,¹

10640

That a pece flye in-to the feld.

Colbrond lyfte vp hys brond in haste,

And ment to *sir* Gye a stroke in waste.

Sir Gye wold have stert be-syd,

But he hym yave a stroke that tyd.

10645

Vpon hys helme he wend weH

To have smytten him² *with* hys swerd of stele,

But be-twene *sir* Gye and hys arsownd

Fell the stroke of that fellownd.

He smote hys sted evyn in two :

10650

Hys swerd in-to the erth gan go.

Gy fell down to the grounde,

But up he stert in a stounde.

Hys good swerd tho he drew owt,

And smote to hym a stroke full stowȝt

10655

Also hard as he myȝt drye,

But he myght hym not rech for hye.

Gye myȝt vp-ryght by hym stond,

And hys swerd in hys hond,

To hys shuldre myȝt he wyne,

10660

But no hyȝer for no gynne.

On the shuldre fell that dynte,

[p. 257]

For the hawberke wold hyt not stynte.

A grete pece he smote of tho,

And the Flessh he carfe also.

10665

The blod ran down to hys syd :

He had a grete wound and a wyde.

Colbrond lykyd that stroke full yH,

And smote to Gye *with* good wyH :

On Gyes helme he smote so faste,

10670

The sercle of gold all to-braste ;

A-down he fellyd the flowres all.

On the sheld the dynt gan fall :

Now Guy threw
his spear so
vehemently as to
break it to five
pieces on Col-
brond's shield,

who then, aiming
at Guy's helmet,
missed him,
¹ The *t* added
above the line.

² *hem* MS.
but killed his
horse,

so that Guy fell on
the ground.

But he started up
at once,

and tried to hit
Colbrond's
helmet,
but, not being tall
enough,

he only reached
his shoulder;

where, in spite
of his strong
armour,
he gave him a
wound a span
long.

Colbrond was
ashamed and
angry.

He damaged
Guy's helmet,

Euen ato he smot his scheld,
þat it fleyze into þe feld.

When Gij seyze it was so,
þat he hadde his scheld forlorn, 10
Half bihinde & half biforn,

In hert him was wel wo.
¶ & Gij hent his swerd an hond, 263
& heteliche smot to Colbrond :

MS. fol. 164v. b.

As a child he stode *him* vnder.
Opon þe scheld he ȝaue *him* swiche a dent,
Bifor þe stroke þe fiir out went, 5
As it were liȝt of þonder.

þe bondes of stiel he carf ichon,
& in-to þe scheld a fot & half on
Wiþ his swerd he smot asunder.
& wiþ þe out-braiding his swerd brast : 10
þei Gij were þan sore agast

It was litel wonder.
¶ þo was Gij sore desmayd, 264
& in his hert wel iuel y-payd,

Turnbull, p. 398,
l. 10050.

For þe chaunce *him* was bifalle,
& for he hadde lorn his gode brond
& his stede opon þe sond. 5

To our leuedi he gan calle.
þan gun þe Danis ost
Ich puken oper & make bost,
& seyð among *hem* alle,
'Now schal þe Inglis be slain *in* feld. 10
Gret trouage Ingland schal ous ȝeld,
& euermore ben our þral.'

c. 10309. ¶ 'Now, sir kniȝt,' seyð Colbrond, 265
'þou hast lorn þi swerd *in* þine hond,
þi scheld, & eke þi stede.

Do now wele, ȝeld þe to me,
& smertlich vnarme þe : 5

Cri merci, y þe rede ;

The good shyld he carfe in two ;
 Tho was Gye carefuH and woo.
 He saw halfe be-fore hym lye,
 Be-hynd hym the tother partye.

and cut his shield
 asunder.
 10675

Tho he hurte hym ryght sore,
 Vp he caste hys swerd thore.
 He smote the geaunte on the shyld :
 Meny a man the stroke be-held.
 The bond of iren aH to-roofe,
 Other halfe fote the sheld cloofe.
 With gret myzt and mayne
 As he drew hys swerd ageyne,
 Hys good swerd brake in two :
 Tho was *sir* Gye fuH woo.

Guy also hit
 10680
 Colbrond's shield
 10685 and damaged it,
 but broke his own
 sword.

Now ys comyn hym feble grace :
 Hys sheld ys brokyn in the place,
 And, worste of aH, hys swerd good.
 'God,' he seyde, 'that dyed on Rood,
 Why am I thus evyH dyght?

[p. 258]

And I for Englonde fyght,

Guy was sorely
 dismayed,

For to save hyt fro trowage :

Why ys me fallyn that owtrage ?

10690

Now be these danys stowzt and prowde,

And seyen ecchone, *wit*-owte dowzte,

Englonde lorne shaft be.

and called on our
 Lady.

Kyng athelston aferd was he.

'Syr knyzt,' quod than colbrond,

10695 The Danes were
 certain that the

'Thy swerd ys broken in thy hand :

Thow haste no wepyn, that I may see,

Where-*wit* thow myzt defend the.

Yeld the now to me in hyze :

Of the wyH I have mercy.

10700 Colbrond sum-
 moned Guy

English champion
 would be killed.

to surrender :

10705

&, for þou art so douhti kniȝt,
 þou durst oȝain me held fiȝt,
 To mi lord y schal þe lede,
 & wiþ him þou schalt acorded be : 10
 In his court he wil hold þe,
 & finde þat þe is nede.
 ¶ ‘Do way,’ seyð Gij, ‘þerof speke nouȝt. 266
 Bi him þat al þis world haþ wrouȝt,
 Ich hadde leuer þou were an-hong !
 Ac þou hast armes gret plente :
 Y-wis, þou most lene me 5
 On of þine axes strong.’
 Colbrond swore bi Apolin,
 ‘Of al þe wepen þat is min
 Her schaltow non afong.
 Now þou wilt nouȝt do bi mi rede, 10
 þou schalt dye on iuel dede,
 Er þat it be ouȝt long.’

Turnbull, p. 399,
l. 1007k.

MS. fol. 165r. a.

¶ When Gij herd him speke so, 267
 Al sone he gan him turn þo,
 & to his wepen he geþ.
 þer his axes stoden bi hem-selue,
 He kept on wiþ a wel gode helue, 5
 þe best him þouȝt he seþ.
 To Colbron[d] oȝain he ran,
 & seyð, ‘traitour,’ to him þan,
 ‘þou schalt han iuel dep.
 Now ich haue of þi wepen plente, 10
 Where-wiþ þat y may were me
 Riȝt maugre al þin tep.’

- For that thou were so bold & wyght,
 Ayen me that thou durst fyght,
 To kyng athelston¹ wyth I goon,
 And make the and hym at-oon :
- 10710 CasteH and toure shalt thou none fayle,
 And thou do after my counceyle.'
 'Nay,' quod Gye, 'so must I thee,
 ShaH I neuer traytoure bee.
 Though my swerd be now a-wey,
 My lord of heven, that weH maye,
 May make the lose thy good brond,
 That ys so sykur in thy hand.
 Thou haste wepun gret plente :
 Ther-of I byd the thou lend som to me,
 Then shaH we se sone in hye
 Who shaH have the mastrye.'
- 10720 'Fellow,' quod than Colbrond, [p. 259]
 'So me helpe tormagaunte,
 Wepon for me shalt thou none have,
 But now shaH I sle the² with my staffe.
 I wene hyt were me fuH Ith
 To lend the wepon at thy wyH.
 Or thou shaH do me ony seath
 Here shalt thou lose thy hed rath.'
- 10725 When Gye herd hym so speke,
 For tene hys herte wold to-breke.
 'No forse,' quod Gye, 'wylt thou so done :
 I wyH have wepon weH sone.
 Lo where commyth on be-hynd the
 That bryngyth me wepon plente !'
- 10730 Colbrond lokyd be-hynd hym tho :
 He thought weH what he wold do ;
 He sterte forth, or he wold stynte,
 And a good axe in hys hand he hend.
 Then seyde Gye with gret Ire
 To colbrond, the gret sire,
- 10735
- 10740

being so doughty
 a knight,

¹ Read *Autof*

he would find
 favour with the
 Danish King.

But Guy preferred
 to fight on,

asking Colbrond
 to lend him one
 of his battle-axes,

which the giant
 refused to do.

² *me MS.*

But Guy went to

where Colbrond's
 weapons were,
 and seized the
 best axe he saw,

saying, 'Traitor,
 now thou shalt
 die.'

¶ Colbrond þan wiþ michel hete 268

On Gyes helme he wald haue smite

Turnbull, p. 400,
l. 10098.

Wiþ wel gret hert tene,

¹ *de* erased before
dint.

Ac he failed of his dint,¹

& þe swerd into þe erþe went 5

A fot & more, y wene,

& wiþ Colbrondes out-drauzt

Sir Gij wiþ ax a strok him rauzt,

² The *o* of *wounde*
altered from *a*.

A wounde² þat was wele sene.

So smertliche he smot to Colbrond, 10

þat his riȝt arme wiþ alle þe hond

He strok of quite & clepe.

¶ When Colbrond feld him so smite, 269

He was wel wroþ, ȝe may wel wite :

He gan his swerd vp fond,

& in his left hond op it haf,

& Gij in þe nek a strok him ȝaf 5

As he [gan] stoupe for þe brond,

þat his heued fro þe bodi he smot,

& into þe erþe half a fot :

þurch grace of godes sond

Ded he feld þe glotoun þare. 10

þe Denis wiþ sorwe & care

þai diȝt hem out of lond.

C. 10371. ¶ Bliþe were þe Inglis men ichon : 270

Erls, barouns, & king Apelston

Turnbull, p. 401,
l. 10122.

þai toke sir Gij þat tide,

& ladde him to Winchester toun

'Now,' seyð Gye, 'have thow mawgry :

Now have I of thy wepon plenty.'

When colbrond saw that dede,

He stert forth as man in nede.

With aH hys strenght he smote to Gye,

But he sterte bake in hye.

As Iesu cryste ys wyH was

(Hyt was a fuH wondre cas),

The swerd in-to the ground gan dryve

Thre fote also blyve,

And, as he after the swerd gan stoupe, [p. 260]

Gye hym smote with-owte dowzte :

With both handys the axe he hente,

And yave the Geaunte a gret dynte.

Hys ryght arme he smote aweye :

Hys swerd vpon the ground laye.

Tho was the Geaunte fuH sory,

And to hys swerd he sterte in hye :

With hys lyfte hand he wolde assay,

For the ryght hand was away.

Ryght as he be-gan to stoup than,

Gye wente nere as a hardy man :

Hys good axe he reryde on hye

With both handys full myztyly :

He smote hym in the neke so weH,

That the hed flye of euery-deale.

The geaunte ded on the erth laye,

The danys mad gret sorrow that day :

The king aulof was weH sorye,

And aH hys men that stod hym bye.

To theyre shyppys be they wente

AH for-shamyde and for-shente.

IoyfuH was the kyng athelstone

And hys barons euerychone :

They toke sir Gye hem amonge,

And led him¹ forth with mery song

Colbrond aiming
at Guy's helmet,

10745

his sword went
into the earth a
foot and more,

10750

and Guy cut off
his right arm.

10755

While Colbrond

10760

was taking up his
sword with his
left hand,

10765

Guy struck off his
head.

So the Danes left
England.

10770

The English were
glad,

10775

¹ *hed hem* MS.

Wiþ wel fair processiouȝ 5

Ouer al bi ich a side.

MS. fol. 165r, b.

For ioie belles þai gun ring,

‘Te *deum laudamus*’ þai gun sing,

& play, & michel pride.

Sir Gij vnarmed him, & was ful bliþe : 10

His selauain he axed also swiþe :

No lenger he nold abide.

¶ ‘Sir pilgrim,’ þan seyð þe king, 271

‘Whennes þou art, wiþouten lesing,

þou art douhti of dede ;

For þurch douhtines of þin hond

þou hast saued al Ingland : 5

God quite þe þi mede,

& mi treuþe y schal pliȝt þe,

So wele y schal feffe þe

Boþe in lond & lede,

þat of riches in toun & tour 10

þou schalt be man of mest honour

þat woneþ in al mi þede.’

¶ ‘Sir king,’ seyð þe pilgrim, 272

‘Of alle þe lond þat is tin

Turnbull, p. 402,
l. 10146.

Y no kepe þerof na mare ;

Bot, now ichaue þe geant slain

(þerof, y-wis, icham ful fain), 5

Mi way ichil forþ fare.’

C. 10391. ‘Merci, sir,’ þe king seyð þan,

‘Tel me, for him þat made man

(For noþing þou ne spare),

Tel me what þi name it be, 10

Whennes þou art, & of what cuntre,

Or y schal dye for care.’

To wynchestre, the good cyte.

AH the clergy of that contree

Comyn *with* gret *precession*,

10780

And ladden *sir* Gye into the town.

And as they gan hym homward bryng, [p. 261]

‘Te deum *laudamus*’ gan they syng.

Gye on-armyd hym there,

And askyd hys slavyn and no more.¹

10785 ¹ *mere?* MS.

The kyng clepyd hym in *prevyte*,

The King,

And prayed hym for charyte

That he shuld hym the sothi seye,

What was hys name, *with*-owte naye.

He wold hym yeve londys wyd,

10790

Castellys, and towers on every syde.

praising his
valour,

With hym he shuld dweH thare :

promised

Nobly weH shuld he fare.

Of aH the men in that contree

Most honowred shuld he be.

10795 to make him the
richest man

‘Therof,’ seyde Gye, ‘speke ye nowȝt :

in all his country.

Hyt ys nothyng in my thouȝt.

But Guy

I wyH not therof, securlye,

did not accept
anything,

The mowntans of an halpenye.

I have done thys bateyle :

10800

Thankyd be god of hys cownceyle.

and wanted to
leave.

He lent me both streng[t]h & myȝt

Ayenst the Geaunt for to fyȝt.

Now the King
conjured him

Of aH that I have now don for the

Thanke hyt god and nothyng me.’

10805 to tell him his
name and his
country.

‘Mercy, pylgryme,’ quod the kyng,

‘For hys love that mad aH thyng,

And shed hys blod on the rode

For mannus sowle and mannus good,

Tell me now, *with*-owt blame,

10810

Where were thou bore, & what ys thy name?’

¶ 'Sir king,' he seyð, 'y schal tel it þe : 273

What mi riȝt name it be

þou schalt witen anon,

Ac þou schalt go wiþ me y-fere,

þat noman of our *consey*l here, 5

Bot þou & y alon.'

þe king *him* graunted & was bliþe :

He comand his folk al so swiþe

No wiȝt wiþ him to gon.

Out of þe toun þan went he 10

Wele half a mile fram þat cite,

& þer made Gij his mon.

¶ 'Sir king,' seyð Gij, 'vnderstond to me : 274

O þing y schal now pray þe,

Turnbull, p. 403,
l. 10170. MS.
fol. 165v. a.

Astow art curteys and hende,

ȝif y mi name schal þe sayn,

þat to noman þou no schalt me wrayn, 5

To þis ȝere com to þende.

Gij of Warwike mi nam is riȝt :

Whilom y was þine owen kniȝt,

& held me for þi frende ;

& now icham swiche astow may see. 10

God of heuen biteche y þe :

Mi way y wil forþ wende.'

¶ When þe king seiȝe, sikerly, 275

þat it was þe gode Gij

þat fro him wald his way,

On knes he fel adoun to grounde :

'Leue sir Gij,' in þat stounde, 5

'Merci,' he gan to say.

'For godes loue, bi-leue wiþ me,

& mi treuthe y schal pliȝt þe,

þat y schal þis day

Sese & ȝiue in-to þine hond 10

Half¹ þe reme of Ingland.

¹ In *half* MS.

For godes loue, say nouȝt nay.'

- The pylgryn seyð, 'ye shaH here : [p. 262] Guy was ready to do so
- Sith ye wyH wyt in aH manere,
Than *commyth*, yf your' wyH be,
Alone owt of the Cyte *with* me. 10815 outside the town.
- Then shaH ye the soth here,
What I am, *with* good chere,
So that ye be-wray not me
Now here in thys contre.'
Owt of the town gan they goo 10820
- Alone, and no mo but they two.
When they were passyð halfe a myle
Gye seyð, '*sir*, abyð a whyle.
Syr,' he seyð, 'now shaH you here¹
What ys my name *with* good chere. 10825
- Sir,' he seyð, 'I am Gye ryght
Of Warewyke, your owen knyzt.
Some-tyme ye lovyð me fult dere :
Now am I such as ye se here.'
- When the kyng wyst vtterly 10830
That hyt was the noble Gye,
On hys knees he sett hym downe
Ryght ther be-fore *sir* Gyoune.
'Pylgryn,' seyð the kyng, '*mercy* !
Art thou the noble knyzt *sir* Gye ? 10835
- FuH longe hyt ys syth I herd seye
That thou were ded & aH aweye.
Thankyð be god hevyn kyng
That I have herd of the tydyng.
Thys day halfen-deale Englonð 10840
- I wyH sease into thyn hand
Euer-more quyte and free.²
WARWICK. R R

So the King,
forbidding his
men to follow him,

went with the
pilgrim for half a
mile.

Asking the King
¹ This line added
in the margin in
the same hand.

to keep his secret
for a year,

Guy discovered
himself.

Knowing that the
pilgrim was Guy,

the King implored
him to stay with
him,

offering him half
England.
² Two leaves of
the MS. are want-
ing here.

- But Guy declined it,
¹ Added above the line.
 Turnbull, p. 404, l. 10194.
 only asking him, if Herhaud should return with Reinbrom,
 to help him.
- ¶ ‘Sir king,’ seyd Gij,¹ ‘y nil nouzt so. 276
 Hauē þou þi lond for euer-mo,
 & god y þe bi-teche.
 Ac, ȝif Herhaud to þis lond com,
 & bring wiþ him Reynbroun, mi sone, 5
 Help him, y þe biseche;
 For þai er bope hende & fre.
 On Herhaud þou miȝt trust þe
 To take of þine fou wreche.’
- Kissing each other,
 they parted.
- þai kisten hem togider þo : 10
 Al wepeand þai wenten ato
 Wiþouten ani more speche.
- The King came home
 with a sad face.
- ¶ þe king wel sore wepe for pite, 277
 & went him hom to his meyne
 Wiþ a mournand chere.
- His people wanted to know
- His folk oȝaines him gan gon,
 & asked þe king sone anon 5
 What man þe pilgrim were.
 þai seyd, ‘he is a douhti kniȝt :
 Wald Iesu ful of miȝt
 He wald leue wiþ ous here.’
- but he kept his secret.
 MS. fol. 165v. b.
- þe king seyd, ‘al stille ȝe be : 10
 What he is ȝour non schal wite for me,
 I-wis, of al þis ȝere.’
- C. 10475.** Sir Gij went in his way forþ riȝt, 278
 Oft he þonked god almiȝt
 þat þe geaunt was slawe.
 To Warwike he went, to þat cite
 þer he was lord of þat cuntre 5
 To hold wiþ riȝt lawe.
 He nas known þer of no man,
 When he to þe castel ȝates cam :
 þerof he was ful fawe.
- Unknown
- Among þe pouer men he him dede 10
 þer þai weren vp in a stede,
 & sett him on a rawe.
- Turnbull, p. 405, l. 10218.
 Guy came to Warwick.
- he mixed with the poor men at his castle-gates.

¶ & Feliis þe countas was þer þan :
In þis worlde was non better wiman,
In gest as-so we rede ;

For þritten pouer men & 3ete mo
For hir lordes loue sche loued so

Ich day sche gan fede,
Wiþ þan god & our leuedi
Schuld sauē hir lord sir Gij,
& help him at his nede.

Sche no stint noþer day no niȝt,
For him sche bisouȝt god almiȝt

Wiþ bedes & almos dede.

¶ On a day þe leuedi went to mete,
& bad men schuld biforn hir fete

Hir pouer men al biden,
& men brouȝt hem euerichon,
& Gij of Warwike was þat on
Of þo ich þritten.

In his hert he hadde gret care,
þat he schuld be knawen þare

Of hem þat hadde him sen,
Ac þer was non so wise of siȝt
þat him þer knowe miȝt :

So misais he was & lene.

þe leuedi biheld him inliche,
Hou mesays he was, sikerliche.

Curteys sche was & hende :
Of euerich mete, of euerich d[r]ing
þat sche ete of herself, wiþouten lesing,

Sche was him ful mende ;
Of hir bere & of hir wine

In hir gold coupe afine

Oft sche gan him sende,
& bad him ich day com he schold :
Mete & drink sche finde him wold
Vnto his liues ende.

279 Countess Felice
was the best
woman in the
world ;

for she used to
feed 13 poor men
and more
5 every day

for the sake of her
lord,

10 and never ceased
to pray for him.

280 One day,

Turnbull, p. 406,
l. 10242.

5 Guy of Warwick
was one of those
thirteen poor men.

He was afraid of
being recognised,

10 but no one knew
him :
he was so wretch-
ed and lean.

281 The lady,
pitying him,

sent him of every
dish and of every
5 drink she had,

MS. fol. 166r. a.

10 bidding him come
every day
to the end of his
life.

Guy thanked her,
but did not think
to do so.

Turnbull, p. 407,
l. 10266.

C. 10521.

Leaving the town,
he went to look
for a hermit in a
forest,

but the hermit
was dead and
buried.

Guy resolved to
stay there.

He got a priest
to read mass for
him every day,
and to shrive him,

and a page
to serve him in
the hermitage,

where he lived
only nine months.

One night, Guy
lying asleep, an
angel was sent by
God,
Turnbull, p. 408,
l. 10290.

telling him
to make himself
ready ;

for in the morning
of the eighteenth
day he should die,

and go to heaven.

¶ Sir [Gij] þonked þat leuedi oft,

Bot alle anoper was his þouzt

þan he wald to hir say.

When þe grace were y-seyd,

& þe bordes adoun layd,

Out of toun he went his way.

Into a forest wenden he gan

To an hermite he knewe er þan,

To speke him 3if he may.

&, when he þider comen was,

þe gode hermite þurch godes grace

Was dede & loken in clay.

¶ þan þouzt sir Gij anon

þat wald he neuer þennes gon

þer whiles he war oliue.

Wiþ a prest he spac of þat cuntray

þat dede him seruise ich day,

& of his sinnes gan schriue.

Wiþ him he hadde þer a page

þat serued him in þat hermitage

Wiþouten chest & strine.

No lenger was he liues þere

Bot nizen moneþes of a 3ere,

As 3e may listen & liþe.

¶ In slepe as Gij lay anizt,

God sent an angel brizt

Fram heuen to him þare.

‘Gij,’ seyð þe angel, ‘slepestow ?

Hider me sent þe king Iesu

To bið þe make þe 3are ;

For bi þe eiztenday at morwe

He schal deliuer þe out of þi sorwe,

Out of þis ward to fare.

To heuen þou schalt com him to,

& liue wiþ ous euer-mo

In ioie wiþouten care.’

282

5

10

283

5

10

284

5

10

¶ When Gij was waked of þat drem, 285
Of an angel he seiȝe a glem :

MS. fol. 166r. b.

‘ What artow ? ’ þan seyð he.
þe angel answerd, ‘ fram heuen y cam :
Miȝhel is mi riȝt nam. 5

God sent me to þe
To bið þe make þe redi way :
Bi þe eiȝtenday þou schalt day,
Wel siker mauȝtow be.
& y schal feche þi soule ful euen, 10
& bere it to þe þlis of heuen

Wiþ grete solempnete.’
¶ þe angel goþ forþ, & Gij bileft stille : 286
His bedes he bad wiþ gode wille

Turnbull, p. 409,
l. 10314.

C. 10577.

To Iesu heuen king,
& when his term was nere gon
His knaue he cleped to him anon, 5
& seyð, wiþouten lesing,
‘ Sone,’ he seyð, ‘ y pray now þe,
Go to Warwike þat cite

Wiþ-outen more duelling,
& when þou comest þer, y þe biseche, 10
Gret wele þe countas wiþ þi speche,
& take hir þis gold ring.

¶ & say þe pilgrim hat hir biforn, 287
þat hir mete was to born,

On þe pouer mannes rawe,
Gret hir wele in al þing,
& sende to hir þis gold ring, 5
Ȝif þat sche wil it knawe.

Als son as sche haþ þer-of a siȝt,
Sche wil it knawe anon riȝt,
& be þerof ful fawe.

þan wil sche ax ware y be : 10
Leue sone, for loue of me
þe soþe to hir þou schawe,

Guy, awaking,
saw the angel,

‘What art thou that seyst such thyng? [p. 263]

Art thou god, of hevyn kyng?’

‘An angeH of hevyn,’ he seyð, ‘I am:

10845

learned that his
name was
Michael,

MigheH,’ he seyð, ‘ys my name.

God hath me to the now sent:

and heard his
message once
more.

Thow haste hym *seruyð with* good entent.

I shaH come *with* angellys bryght,

And bryng thy sowle to hevyn lyzt.’

10850

When he had seyð forth he went:

Gye thankyð god of hys present.

He was glad of hys maundement

That god of hevyn hym had sent.

When the tyme was com nyȝe

10855

When Guy’s time
was nearly up,
he sent his page

That he wyste that he shuld dye,

To hym he clepyð hys page hend.¹

¹ The *e* of *hend*
altered from *o*.

‘Fellow,’ he seyð, ‘thow must wende

To warwyke with-owten more.

The countes thou shalt fynd thore:

10860

To her bere thys ylke ryng,

And she wyH the geve rych thyng;

to the Countess at
Warwick with a
gold ring,

And sey to her that ylke palmere

as coming from
the pilgrim whom
she had fed.

That ete to-forne her farne yere,

To whome she aH her mete sent,

10865

Both clarey and pyment,

Sendyth here thys ilke ryng

(And gretyth weH her) to tokenyng.

When she may the ryng sene

She wyH hyt know, as I wene:

10870

She would know
it at once,

She wyH the askyn hastylle,

And yeve the yeftis rychelye,

and ask where
Guy was.

For that thou shalt her tel there

[p. 264]

Where that dwellyth the palmere,

¶ & say icham for godes loue 288

In þe forest hermite bicome,

Turnbull, p. 410,
l. 10338.

Mine sinnes for to bete,

& bid hir for þe loue of me

þat sche com hider wiþ þe :

5

For no þing sche no lete.

& when 3e com 3e finde me dede :

Do me neuer hennes lede,

Bot graue me here in grete.

& after sche schal dye, y-wis,

10

MS. fol. 166v. a.

& com to me in-to heuen blis,

þer ioies her ful swete.'

¶ þe knaue went forþ anon,

289

In-to Warwike he gan gon

Bifor þat leuedi fre,

&, when he hadde þat leuedi founde,

On knes he fel adoun to grounde,

5

& seyð, 'listen to me :

þe pilgrim þat ete þe biforn,

þat þi mete was to born,

An hermite now is he.

He greteþ þe wele in al þing,

10

& sent þe þis gold ring

In sum tokening to be.'

¶ þe leuedi tok þat ring anhond,

290

& loked þeron & gan wiþstond,

þe letters for to rede.

Turnbull, p. 411,
l. 10362.

'Ow, certes,' quap þe leuedi,

'þis ring y 3af mi lord sir Gij,

5

When he fro me 3ede.'

And thow shalt sey, in thys forrest

Amonge many a wyld beste.

Sey her thow hast seruyd me,

And long tyme with me be.

TeH her more of my manere :

She wyH the make the better chere.

When she hath herd thy Tydand,

She wyH come hedyr, I vndyrstonde.

Here she shaH me fynd dede :

Byd her bery me in thys sted,

And sey her she shaH dye in hye

After me fuH hastylye.'

The knave answeyrd fuH redyly,

'Youre Errand shaH be don in hye.'

The page was fuH sone I-dyzt,

To warewyke he come anone fuH ryzt.

The cowntesse he found fuH redy thare :

He sett hym on hys knees fuH bare.

'Madam,' he seyde, 'heryth my tydyng,

And the wordys that I bryng.

The pylgryme sent yow word now

That farne yere ete to-forne yow.

I not whether ye knew hym nowe :

He ys a good man as I trowe.

Now wonnyth he ther in that forrest,

And levyth as a wyld beste.

He ys fuH of the holy gost :

Hevynd kyng he lovyth moste.

Be me he sendyth yow thys ryng [p. 265]

(And gretyth yow weH) to tokenyng.'

She toke the ryng, with-owt dowzt,

And lokyd hyt all a-bowzt.

'Iesu,' she seyde, 'of hevyn, merceye !

This ys myn owen lord sir Gye.'

Also swyth she fel to the ground,

And thries she sowed in a stownd.

10875 The page was to
tell her that he
had become a
hermit,

and to bid her
come to the
hermitage,

10880

where, finding
him dead, she

was to have him
buried.
She was to follow
him to heaven
before long.

10885

The page went to
Warwick,

10890

and found the
countess.
Kneeling down,

10895

he delivered her
the ring.

10900

10905 The lady

knew it for the
ring she had
given Guy at their
parting.

10910

For sorwe sche fel aswon, y-wis,

& when þat sche arisen is

To þe knaue sche gan spede.

¹ indistinct.

‘Leue sone,’ sche¹ seyð, ‘y pray þe,

10

Wher is þat pilgrim? telle þou me,

& gold schal be þi mede.’

¶ ‘Madame,’ seyð þe knaue ful skete,

291

‘In þe forest ichim lete :

Rizt now y com him fro.

He is ner ded in þe hermitage :

On his halue y make þe message ;

5

Y-wis, he bad me so,

& bad þou schust to him come

For þat ich trewe loue

þat was bitvene 3ou tvo.

Do him neuer lede oway,

10

Bot biri him rizt þer in clay.

Oliue sestow him no mo.’

C. 10641. ¶ þe leuedi was glad of þat tiding,

292

& þonked Iesu heuen king,

& was in hert ful bliþe

Turnbull, p. 412,
l. 10386.

² The *t* indistinct.

þat² sche schuld sen hir lord sir Gij ;

Ac for o þing sche was sori,

5

þat he schuld dye so swiþe.

MS. fol. 166v. b.

þai made hem redi for to wende

Wiþ kniztes & wiþ leuedis hende :

On a mule þai sett hir siþe,

& wiþ al þe best of þat cite

10

To þermitage went sche,³

³ *s* underdotted
before *sche*.

As 3e may listen & liþe.

¶ To þermitage when þai com,

293

þer þai lizt al & some,

& in sche went wel euen.

When þat sche sei3e hir lord sir Gij,

Sche wept & made doleful cri

5

Wiþ a ful reweful steuen.

When she myȝt speke, hastyly
 To the messyngere she gan crye :
 ‘ My dere frend, tel as tyte,
 Where wonnyth that holy hermyȝt ? ’

Recovered from
 a swoon,

she asked the page
 where the pilgrim
 was.

‘ Madam,’ he seyde, ‘ I wyll yow saye,
 In the forrest a ryght fer weye :
 He wonneth there in an hermytage.
 He bad me sey yow thys message,
 Ye shuldyn bery hys bodye
 Ryght ther in that hermytory
 Ther hys body lyeth now dede :
 For-soth, I can no nother rede.
 Also he seyde ye shulde now [in] hye
 Dye after hym full hastylye.’

10915 The page answered that he

was dying in the
 hermitage,

10920

where he also
 wished to be
 buried.

When the lady herd so sey,
 She was full glad that ylke day
 That she myȝt her lord see :
 A Ioyfull woman myght she be ;
 But yet full sorrowfull was her rede
 Lest she shulde fynde hym dede.

10925 The lady

was glad that she
 was to see Guy,

but sorry that he
 was to die so soon.

10930

She bad men shulde her mule bryng,
 And forth she went *with-owt* lettyng.

With all the best
 people of the city
 she set off for the
 hermitage on a
 mule.

She went to that hermytage :
 Euer be-for her ran the page.
 When she was at the dore alyȝt,
 In swone she felt anone ryȝt.
 She arose & went in Ryȝt dreerly :
 Her lordys body she lay ther bye.

[p. 266]

10935

Seeing Guy,
 she wept.

Sir Gij loked on hir þare :
 His soule fram þe bodi gan fare.
 A þousand angels & seuen
 Vnder-fenge þe soule of Gij,
 & bar it wiþ gret molodi
 Into þe blis of heuen.

10

C. 10675. ¶ þan was þat leuedi ful of care,
 For hir lord was fram hir fare :
 ‘ Allas ’ it was hir song.
 Sche kist his mouþe, his chin also,
 & wepe wiþ hir eizen to,
 & hir hondes sche wrong.
 Gret honour dede our lord for Gij :
 A swete braþe com fram his bodi,
 þat last þat day so long,
 þat in þis world spices alle
 No miȝt cast a swetter smalle
 As þen was hem among.

294

5

10

¶ þe leudy astite dede send hir sond
 After bischopes, abotes of þe lond,
 þe best þat miȝt be founde,
 & when þider was com þat fair ferred,
 To Warwike þai wald him lede,
 As lord of michel mounde.
 Bot al þe folk þat þer was

295

5

Turnbull, p. 413,
 l. 10410.

- Rewly she cryed^t ther for the nonys,
 And he lokyd^t on her onys : 10940
 He kyssed her^t fayre & curtesly ;
 With that he dyed^t hastylye.
 Ther dyed the noble knyzt *sir* Gye :
 Seynt Mighe^t was ther fu^ll redye
 With mery song of angellys bryzt, 10945
 And bare hys soule to hevyn^l lyzt,
 And presenty^t hit to the hevyn^l kyng ;
 Ther sha^ll he be with-owte endyng^t.
 Now ys ther that lady trewe
 In that chappe^t : her sorrow ys new. 10950
 She sowned on her lordys bere,
 And kyst hys mouth with wepyng chere.
 Hys fete, hys hondys she kyssed than^l,
 So dyd many an^l other^t man^l.
 Ah that with her commyn^l were 10955
 Mad mornyg and sorry chere.
 Ah they yode that corse to kysse :
 The sowle ys in hevyn^l blysse.
 God dyd^t hym there gret honoure :
 Fro hym ther cam^l a swete sauoure. 10960
 Though ther were a^ll the spice
 That groweth in erth or in *paradice* . . .¹
 Then^l com fro that body free. [p. 267]
 Euery man² that seke were
 Of hys body sech helpe there. 10965
 That swete sauoure fayled nouzt,
 Ty^lh hyt was in the erth brought.
 And then she sent her son^lt
 To a^ll the bysshoppus of the lond^l,
 Abbottis, priores, and other clergy 10970
 For to com theder fu^ll hastyly.
 They worshyppe^t a^ll that body,
 And beryed hit fu^ll rychely.
 Thedyr come the kyng Athelstone

He looked on her
and died.

1007 angels took
his soul to heaven.

Felice kissed his
mouth,

and wrung her
hands.
God honoured
Guy by causing
his body to send
forth a sweet
smell all day
long.

¹ A line wanting
here in MS.

² *mant* MS.

Bishops and
abbots came,

and wanted to
remove Guy's
corpse to War-
wick,

No miȝt *him* stir of þat plas
þer he lay on þe grounde.
An hundred men about *him* were,
No miȝt *him* nouȝt þennes bere
For heuihed þat stounde.

- And aH hys barons euery-chone. 10975
 ‘Lordyngis,’ he seyde, ‘thys ys *sir* Gye,
 Of warwyke the Erle worthy.
 He faught for me worthylye
 At wynchester, ye aH hyt sye,
 And slow for Englon^dis ryzt 10980
 Of aH the world^e the strengest knyzt.
 Also he slow here in Englon^d
 A dragon, for-soth, as I vnderston^d,
 FuH fer in the north contree :
 AH ye hyt know that here be ; 10985
 So that twyse this blessyd knyzt
 Hath savyd^e Englon^d *with* hys myzt.
 In aH thys world^e ne was hys pere.
 This gentyH knyzt that lyeth here,
 Yf he had coveyted^e honoure, 10990
 He myzt have bene¹ an Emperoure.
 The Emperoure hym bad hys douzter dere
 With aH hys landys ferre and nere [p. 268]
 For hys douztynes of honde
 That he provyd^e in hys londe. 10995
 Of aH the world^e the grettest lord
With the Emperoure was a dyscorde,
 Of² babylon the hyze sowdan :
 Thrytty kyngis hym omage done.
 Sir Gye hym slow at hys bord^e : 11000
 AH they ne durst speke on^e world^e.
 He brought hys hed to the Emperoure.
 Of Cristendom he was the floure.
 He slow ameraunt, the bold paynym^e :
 AH the world^e was a-drade of hym. 11005
 He slow the Duke Otowⁿ of pavy
 For hys treason^e and hys trechery,
 And sethen^e berrard after hym^e :
 He was a Geaunt styffe and gryme.
 This gentyH Gye, of whome I talke, 11010

but a hundred
men could not
get it away.

¹ The *b* altered
from *p*.

² And MS.

Turnbull, p. 414,
l. 10434. MS.
fol. 167r. a.

¶ þan seyð þe leuedi, 'lete him be stille, 296
Neuer more remoun him y nille,

No do him hennues lede.
He sent me bode wiþ his page
To biri him in þis hermitage 5
Simpliche wiþouten prede.'

þay tok a þrouz of marbel ston,
& leyð his bodi þer-in anon
Atird in kniztes wede.
Fair seruise þan was þare 10
Of bischopes, abbotes þat þer ware,
& clerkes to sing & rede.

C. 10713. ¶ When þai hadde birid his bodi, anon 297
þe gret lordinges euerichon
Hom þai gun wende,

Ac þe leuedi left stille þare :
Sche nold neuer þennes fare ; 5
Sche kidde þat sche was kende.

¹ *day* MS.

Sche liued no lenger, soþe to say,¹

Thorough all the world hath he hys walke.

All falshed and trechory

Euer-more he wold dystroye.

I may wel hyt avow ryght,

That he was a trew knyzt.

11015

Vppon a boke he dyd me swere

At Wynchester no fer' ne nere

That I shuld wrey hym tyll no man

Tell thys twelmoneth were a-gone.

I have holdyn myn othe parfaye :

11020

Yesterday was the laste daye.

God¹ assoyle the sowle ryzt.'

¹ The o partially effaced.

For sir Gye, the noble knyzt,

[p. 269]

To Warwyke wold they hym bere

With gret honoure, to berry hym there,

11025

But the cors, that lay ther dede,

Myght no man stere of that stede.

Quod the lady, 'lett hyt bee :

So the countess ordered it to be left there,

Hens shaH hyt neuer for me.

He bad me be hys messengere

11030

That I shuld berry hym here.'

according to his desire,

They toke a marbyH hem be-twene,

And berryed hys body theryn.

and to be simply buried in a marble coffin.

For-soth, ther was that ylke nyzt

Feyre servyse and noble lyzte,

11035

Also ther was on the morne

When he was berryed hym be-forne.

Songyn ther ys many a masse,

And dole I-dalte to more and lasse.

As sone as he was berryed there

11040

After Guy's burial, the others returned home,

Euery man gan hedyr² fare

But the lady gentiH and free :

² Read *heben* ?

StyH ther wold she bee.

but his lady remained there.

Fro thens wold she not fare

While she levyd neuer-mare,

11045

But servyd God with good prayer

Bot riȝt on þe fiſtenday
 Sche dyed þat leuedi hende,
 & was birid hir lord by;
 & now þai er togider in compeynie
 In ioie þat neuer ſchal ende.

10

C. 10749.

When ſir Tirri herd telle þis,
 þat Gij, his fere, ded is,

298

Turnbull, p. 415,
 l. 10458.

¹ The s added
 above the line.

& birid in þe clay,
 He com to þis¹ lond, wiþ-ouȝt leſing,
 & biſouȝt Aþelſton þe king
 His bodi to leden oway.
 He it graunted him ful ȝare,

5

For Gye, her lord, that was so dere ;
 And so she dyd, *with-owt* fayle,
 Nyght and day with gret *traveyle*
 In goddys *seruyse* nyȝt and daye.

11050

After a fortnight
 she died,

and was buried by
 the side of Guy,
 in whose company
 she is in joy with-
 out end.

Aȝ that tyme that she ther laye
 Euer she dyd almes dede,

And god a-quyte weȝ her mede ;

[p. 270]

And euer she bad god besyly

That she myȝt dye after hym hastyly.

11055

She dyed at the fourty daye

After Gye, as I yow seye.

She was beryed hastyly

Ryght ther be her lord *sir* Gye.

To-gedyr be they in company

11060

In blysse : I hope to oure lady,

Iesus graunt vs so to do,

That we may com hym to.

Lordyngis, now have ye herd

Of Gye of Warewyke, how he fard,

11065

And how he led hys long lyfe

In bateyle and in stryfe,

But euer he lovyd hevyn kyng

Moste ouer aȝ thyng,

And god hath a-quyt hys mede,

11070

In geste as ye have herd rede.

Aȝ goodnes was in that knyȝt :

Feyre adventures feȝ hym in fyȝt.

He was neuer yet in no stoure

But he had moste honoure.

11075

When *sir* Terry herd ryȝt

That Gye was ded, that noble knyȝt,

He come into ynglond :

Kynge Athelstone sone he founde.

He told hym of the love stronge

11080

That was be-twene hem fuȝ longe.

He prayed for the body of Gye þe knyȝt,

Tirri, hearing
 of his fellow's
 death,

came over to King
 Athelstan,

and was allowed

Into Lorain wiþ him gan fare,
 Into his owen cuntray.
 An abbay he lete make þo 10
 For to sing for hem to
 Euermore til domesday.

C. 10725. ¶ Now haue 3e herd, lordinges, of Gij, 299
 þat in his time was so hardi,
 & holden hende & fre,
 & euer he loued treuþe & riȝt,
 & serued god wiþ al his miȝt, 5
 þat sit in trinite,
 & þer-fore at his ending day
 He went to þe ioie þat lasteþ ay,
 & euer-more schal be.
 Now god leue ous to liue so, 10
 þat we may þat¹ ioie com to.
 Amen, par charite.

MS. fol. 167r. b.

¹ þai MS.

Explicit.

And he hym graunted a-none ryȝt

[p. 271]

to carry Guy's
body to Lorraine,

Gyes body with good chere

To take hyt in fayer manere.

11085

where he built an
abbey for the sake
of Guy and his
wife.

To lorreyne he dyȝt hyt bere,

And dyȝt hyt gret honoure there.

A fayer Abbey dyȝd he make

In that Cyte for Gyes sake.

Richest hyt ys, and euer shaft be,

11090

Of aȝ the Abbeyes in that contre.

Thus endyȝth the geste of *sir* Gye :

Now you have
heard the story
of Guy,

God on hys sowle have mercy,

And on owres when we be dede,

And graunt vs in hevyn to have a sted.

11095

Amen.

who served God
with all his might,

and therefore
went to heaven.

May God grant
us the same.

Amen.

Reinbrun, Gij sone of Marwike.

Iesu, þat ert of miȝte most,
Fader, & sone, & holy gost,

Ich bidde þe a bone :

Ase þow ert lord of our ginning,
& madest heuene and alle þing,

Se, and sonne, and mone,

Ȝeue hem grace wel to spede

þat herkneþ what y schel rede,

Iesu, god in trone.

Of a kniȝt was to batayle boun,

Sire Gij is sone, þat hiȝte Rey[n]broun,

Of him y make my mone.

¶¹ His fader Gij, þat him get,

He was a werroure swiȝe gret :

þar nas nowhar his per

In Fraunce, in Pycardy,

In Spayne, in Lombardy,

Neyȝer fer ne ner.

Mani batayle he be-gan

For þe loue of o wimman

þat was him lef & dere.

Siȝe Rey[n]broun on hire he wan,

þat was a swiȝe douȝti man,

Ase ȝe may forþward here.

1 Turnbull, p. 419.
MS. fol. 167v. b.
Jesus,

5
grant grace to
speed well to those
who listen

10 to my tale
about Guy's son
Reinbroun !

2 Turnbull, p. 420,
l. 13.

His father
was a great war-
rior,

¹ ¶, though sug-
gested by the
5 scribe, omitted
by the rubricator.

and had many a
fight for the love
of a woman,

10 on whom he after-
wards begot a son.

MS. fol. 167v. a.

They lived together fifty days.

¶ þay were togedre fifti niȝt,

3

After a spusede þat swete wiȝt

Wiþ meche melody.

þanne was be-ȝete þat baroun,

His sone þat was cleped Rey[n]broun,

5

Of þat kniȝt sire Gij.

Fourti wikes wiþ child ȝhe was

& dilyured þourȝ [godes] gras

C. 8411.

Their boy was solemnly christened, and named Reinbroun.

And is moder Mari.

Cristned hit was werschipliche :

10

Reinbroun men calde him, sikerliche,

For-soþe and¹ nouȝt ne lye.¹ Read *y* ?Turnbull, p. 421,
1. 37.Heraud was his
tutor.

¶ Heraud hadde þat child to lore

4

Seue winter and wel more :

Ful wel he gan him lere.

When Reinbroun
was seven years
old,

Be þat he was seue winter old,

He was a fair child and a bold,

5

And of swete chere.

some foreign
merchants
came to England² *Marchaund* MS.

So hit befel þat of fer lond

Marchauns² riche, ich vnder-stond,

Hider þai come were :

Gold and seluer þai brouȝte meche,

10

Badekenes and pane riche,

Gris and menyuer,

with a great
variety of mer-
chandise.

¶ Bras, maslyn, yren, & stel,

5

Wod-wex, selk, and cendel,

Gingiuer and galingale,

Clowes, quibibes, gren de Paris,

Pyper, and comyn, and swet anis,

5

Mani a riche bale,

Fykes, reisyn, dates,

Almaund, rys, pomme-garnates,

Kanel and setewale,

Scarlet and grene wel y-wrouȝt :

10

More richesse wiþ hem hii brouȝt.

þan y can tellen in tale.

¶ þai riuede at Londen þat cite :
King Apelstond þan fonden he,
þat her was king wiþ crowne.

A 3af hem leue in alle wise
To wende wiþ her marchaundise
In is londe fro toun to toune.

To Walingforde þai gonne fare :
A strong bourȝ þai fonde þare
(þai boskede & made hem boune),
Ac it was strued, wiþ-outen lesing,
For werre of Heraud & þe king :
Hit was niȝ brouȝt adoun.

þe marchauns kedde hii wer fre :
A Spayniis mȝle than token he,
To Heraud hii [hit] sende.

For he was lord of þat cite,
Wiþ him hii þouȝte wel to be :
So þai han him kende.

Sire Heraud, for soþ to say,
Bad hem ete wiþ him þat day,
Er hij þannes wende.

þe marchauns seie þe child goand
In þe halle faire pleiande,
þat was so faire and hende.

¶ At a kniȝt hii askede anon riȝt
Whas was þo child so faire of siȝt
And of swete chere,

And he answerde anon, y pliȝt,
'Hit is Gij is sone, þe gode kniȝt,
þat Heraud haȝ to lere.'

þe marchauns hem beþouȝte,
ȝif hii þat child haue mouȝte,

Hii wolde stele him þere ;
& ȝif hii hadde þat child bolde,
Richely in-to her londe þai wolde,
And selle hit full dere.

6 Turnbull, p. 422,
l. 61.
King Athelstan

allowed them
to trade
throughout his
country.

Coming to Wall-
ingford,

MS. fol. 167v. b.

10

7
they presented
Heraud with a
Spanish mule,

5

and he invited
them to dinner.

10 In his hall they
saw the child.

8 Turnbull, p. 423,
l. 85.
A knight

told them

5 the child was
Guy's son.

They determined

to steal

10

and sell him.

- C. 8453.** ¶ Wip þe porter þai speke stille, 9
 þat hii hadden al her wille.
 Bribing the þai ȝeue him riche mede :
 porter, He betauȝte hem þe child þare,
 they got the boy, and took ship. And into schip þai gonne fare ; 5
 Away þai gonne him lede.
- Near Russia þay gonne sailly toward Roussy :
 Al glad hii were þet londe to sy ;
 Hii þouȝte wel to spede.
 Al siker hii were alond te gon, 10
 they were over- Ac swiche a strom hem cam upon,
 taken by a storm. þat sore hem gonne drede.
- Turnbull, p. 424, l. 109. ¶ þe wind began to blowen loude, 10
 þe elmence þikkede on þe cloude :
 Gret strom hem wex vpon.
 þe four wyndes began to blowe,
 MS. fol. 168r. a. þe se gan tornen & to þrowe : 5
 Ded hii wende haue ben echon.
 Here ropes to-borsten, her mast also :
 þar nas non þat him nas wo ;
 Hii made reuful mon.
- Expecting to die, they called on Jesus Christ and His mother Mary. To Iesu Crist þai gonne crye 10
 And to his moder Marie :
 Nas þer no beter won.
- The wind began to subside, ¶ þe wind faire slake gan : 11
 Mery in þe se þe schip ran.
 Ase god hit wolde
 þai wer driuen al þe niȝt :
 and they landed in Africa. In Aufrik þai riuede riȝt ; 5
 þai toke a wel gode holde.
 þe marchauns han it vnder-nome,
 þat hii beþ into Aufrik come :
 Hii þouȝte þat hii wolde
 þe kȝing of þe lond presenti 10
 Wip þat child þat was so fry
 And of chere bolde.

¶ Of hem hii token marchauus þre
þat noble were, curteis, & fre,

12 Turnbull, p. 425,
l. 133.
Three of the
merchants went

Wipoute more duelling :

þai toke þat child, veraiment,

And made þerwip a present

To Arguus þe king.

5 to present
King Argus with
the boy.

þe king hadde a douȝter fair :

The King had a
daughter

Of al Aufrik ȝhe was air,

A swiþe fair ȝonling.

Meche ȝhe kouþe of menstralcie,

10 of high attain-
ments.

Of harpe, of fiþele, of sautri,

Of romaunce reding.

¶ So was Reynbroun, for soþ to say,

13

Meche liche þat faire may

Of semlaunt and of chere.

Besouȝt ȝhe haþ be hir moder rede,

By her mother's
advice,

& to hire fader king ȝhe sede,

5

‘Leue, fader dere,

she asked her
father's permis-
sion to educate
Reinbroun in her
chaumber,

Y mote him in me chaumber norsy :

ȝet a may me seruy ;

Norture y schel him lere.’

þe king him graunted þourȝ alle þing,

10 which he granted.

For he hire louede wipoute lesing,

To ben hire plaie-fere.

Whan sire Heraud parseued was
þe child was stole, for þat cas

14 Turnbull, p. 426,
l. 157. MS. fol.
168r. b.

Gret sorwe he gan make.

C. 8497

He let seche him in þat cite :

When Heraud
knew that Rein-
broun had been

Mani man made gret pite

5

For þat childes sake.

he ordered him to
be searched for

Wip mesagers a sente is sonde

To seche him in mani londe

ȝif hii him miȝte of-take ;

in many countries,

&, whan hii him finde ne miȝte,

10 but in vain.

Sorwe hii made day & niȝte :

For drede þai gonne quake.

- Soon after,
King Athelstan
holding a parlia-
ment,
- ¶ Hit nas nouzt longe after þan,
þat in Londen held king Apelstan
A riel parlement.
Sire Heraud þeder gan gon :
- ¹ Read *him* ?
- þe king a¹ werschipeðe & mani on,
Whan he was þeder y-went.
Oþer hadde þer-of envie,
And þouȝte hii wolde on him lye,
þat a wer y-schent,
& segge he hadde Reinbroun sold
For is wiȝte of rede gold
To þe marchauns, verayment.
- some lords,
envying Heraud,
determined
to accuse him of
having sold
Reinbroun for
his weight in
gold.
- Turnbull, p. 427,
l. 181.
The King
- ¶ ‘Lordinges,’ seide þe king y-core,
‘Al ȝe ben to me y-swore
For helpe me at nede.
ȝour consaile wite y welle.
Wel ȝe witen ȝe han herd telle
Ase ȝour eldren sede,²
þat þe king of Denemark
þourȝ a geaunt stor & stark
Kalaungeþ al oure þede.
A gret ost he haþ y-nome
& ȝif he may vs ouercome
He makeþ our sides blede.’
- asked his Lords’
advice
- ² *fede* MS. ?
- with regard to
the King of
Denmark’s
claim on England.
- Heraud was of
opiuiou
- ¶ ‘Sire,’ queþ Heraud, ‘þarf þe no drede :
þourȝ godes help we scholle wel speðe
þei he vs wile asaile.
Gode kniȝtes ȝe han & cite stro[n]g :
ȝif ȝe him douteþ it is wrong
For al is grete taile.
Myn eldren seide, ich vnder-stonde,
þe Dennisch men hadde riȝt in þis londe,
Wiþ-outen eni faile,
Whilom, & nouzt ful ȝore it is,
& sippe þai han it lore, y-wis,
And here folk in bataile.
- that, having good
knights and
strong cities,
the King need
not fear the
Danes,
- MS. fol. 168v. a.
- their former
right having been
forfeited in a
battle.
- 15
- 5
- 10
- 16
- 5
- 10
- 17
- 5
- 10

¶ Now þai han loren here riȝt :

Hiȝ weren ouercomen in fiȝt

þourȝ help of god almiȝte.

þarfore ensemle þe barouns

þat haþ þe toures & þe tounes

Before þe an hiȝte.¹

At what hauen þai alende,

Ase tit aȝen hem we scholle wende

Wiþ hors and armes briȝte.

& ȝif a comeþ in þis londe, y-wis,

We scholle sle him & alle his :

So wel we scholle fiȝte.'

¶ ²þanne seide þe king, ' þow hast wel sed :

þow hast red me a gode red ;

Y-blessed mote þow be.

A beter rede ne wot y non :

Ase þow hast seid so y schel don,

Also mote ich þe.

þow ert me beste consailer :

In al þis lond þer nis þe per

þat ich mowe y-se.

Al þe while icham coren king,

Don ich wile be þe teching,

Sire Heraud þe fre.'

þe duk Medyok vp aras :

Of al Cornewaile lord he was,

A sterne kniȝt & a grim.

' Sire king,' a seide, ' herkne to me.

þow ert nouȝt wis ase þe holdest þe,

Whan þow leuest on him.

þow werschepest him fer & ner,

And he nis boutē a losenger

Ful of tresoun [and] gin.

Beter we beþ to þe consaile

þanne þe treitour, wiþ-outeȝ faile,

Be god and seinte Martyn.

18 Turnbull, p. 428,
l. 205.

He advised the
King to summon
5 all his lords

¹ *anhȝte* MS.

against their
enemies.

10

19 The King thought
this the best
adviee possible,
² ¶ omitted by
the rubricator,
although sug-
gested by the
5 scribe.

10 and expressed his
readiness to be
always guided
by Heraud.

20 Turnbull, p. 429,
l. 229.
C. 856B.

Now Medyok,
Duke of Cornwall,
rising,

5 upbraided the
King with his
trust in Herlaud,

who was full of
treachery,

10

- ¶ His gode lord traye he gan 21
 þat þourȝ him he was maked man,
 Of Warwik sire Gij :
 and had rewarded 5
 Guy's benefits
 MS. fol. 168v. b.
 by selling his son
 to Russian
 merchants.
 Euel he haþ is while ȝolde,
 Whan he Reinbroun, is sone, solde
 To þe marchauns of Roussy :
 For gold & seluer gret plente
 To þe marchauns diliurede he,
 Ase we gonne asprie.
 & ȝif he hadde þe riȝte lawe 10
 A scholde ben hanged & drawe
 For þat trecherie.'
- ¶ þo Heraud herde him speke so, 22
 Him þouȝte his herte barst ato :
 Vp he sterte an hye.
 'Felawe duk,' a seide, 'þow lyxst,
 Whan þow wiþ tresoun me betwyxst : 5
 þow dost me vileynie.
 þow hit schelt to soþe bringe
 þat þow hast seid be-fore þe kinge,
 Or þow schelt abye.
 Hasteliche now arme þe : 10
 Anon it schel proued be,
 þat þow dost on me lye.
- ¶ Ich wile þat y ben hanged & drawe 23
 Boute y defende me wiþ þe lawe
 Of þis famacioun,
 þat þow seist y scholde selle
 Me lordes sone þat ich of telle, 5
 þat men clepede Reinbroun.
 Whan ich þe soþe parseued hadde,
 þe marchauns him hadde wei ladde
 Me of-þouȝte þat tresoun.
 but the merchants 10
 had stolen him,
 and Heraud had
 sent messengers
 to search for him
 in many countries.
 Wiþ mesagers y sente me sonde
 To seche him in mani londe :
 þow lyxst on me, feloun.

¶ Before þe king i say þe riȝt,
 þar-to me treuþe y þe plizt :
 To seehe him y schel fonde
 In Fraunce, in Lombardie,
 In Spayne, in Spir, in Roussie,
 In mani an honkouþ londe.
 Betwene þis and þe lond of Ynde
 ȝif a be, y schel him fynde,
 And bringe him to honde.
 & whan ichaue so y-do
 þin heued y schel smite þe fro :
 For no man nel ich wonde.’
 ¶ ‘Pes, feloun,’ queþ [þ]erl of Cornewayle,¹
 ‘Al þe lesing schel þe nouȝt vaile :
 Traytour þow worst holde.’
 þat herde anoþer knizt :
 Egar a het, forsop aplizt,
 Heraud is man y-tolde.
 His steward, for-sop, he was :
 He sterte vp in þat plas,
 And to the duk a wolde.
 ‘Felawe duk,’ a seide, ‘þow lixst,
 Whan þow me lorde be-twixst
 þat he Reinbroun solde.
 Fif hondred siþe haue þow maugre
 Of Iesu, þat sit in trinite,
 Iesu ful of miȝt,
 Boute þow swiþe arme þe,
 & do þe bataile aȝenes me,
 And proue it² ariȝt.’
 þar hii hadde togedres smite,
 Nadde þe king hit vnder-ȝite,
 & departede hem an hiȝt.
 He bad hem lete be þat fare,
 & besouȝte hem to make hem ȝare
 Aȝenes þe Dennisch king to fiȝt.

24 Turnbull, p. 431,
 l. 277.
 Heraud engaged
 to go in quest
 of Reinbroun
 himself

5

as far as India.

10 Having brought
 him home,
 he should strike
 off the Duke's
 head.

25 MS. fol. 169r. a.
C. 8623

The Duke,
 calling Heraud a
 traitor once more,

¹ *ȝis feloun quap
 þerl of cornwaile*

5 written as a catch-
 word in another
 hand at the end
 of fol. 168v. b.
 roused the wrath
 of Heraud's
 steward, Egar.

10

26 Turnbull, p. 432,
 l. 301.

5

² *proued* MS.

The Duke and
 Egar would have
 fought at once,

if the King had
 not parted them.

10

C. 8683.

¹ *Beraud* MS., by a mistake of the rubricator.

After his return to Wallingford, Heraud entrusted his estate to the care of Egar,

resolved not to rest till Reinbroun should be found.

The Duke of Cornwall was likely to attack him,

Turnbull, p. 433, l. 325.
but Egar was not afraid of him.

Heraud left,

MS. fol. 169r, b.

and passed through several countries,

but his search was vain.

Wanting to go to Constantinople,

he was driven to Africa by a tempest.

Heraud¹ wiþ is ferde fre
Wente to Walingford þat cite

Ful of sorwe and care.

'Egar,' a seide, 'þow schelt be-leue,
& kepe þis land to me be-heue,

And forþ ich wile fare,

Til ich Reynbroun finde may :

Y ne schel reste niȝt ne day,

Til ich wite whar he ware.

Ac war þe fro þerl of Cornewayle :

He wile arere on þe batayle ;

He nele þe noþing spare.'

¶ 'Sire,' queþ Egar, 'we scholle vs were,
þat he ne schel vs noþing dere,
þei he vs wile agreue.'

Heraud went out of þat cite :

For him was maked gret pite,

Whan he tok his leue.

Hasteliche to schip a wente,

Gode wind and weder god him sente :

In Denemark þai gonne riue.

In Fraunce, in Lombardie,

In Spayne, in Spyr, in Roussie

Reynbroun a souȝte bliue.

¶ Þourȝ mani londes þai him souȝte :

Whan hii miȝte finde nouȝte,

To schip þai gonne fare.

To Costantin noble hii wolde wende :

Swiche a tempest god hem gan sende,

þat hii come nouȝt þare.

þai were driue wiþ-oute þe toun :

In Aufrik þai riuede soun.

þanne wer þai ful of care.

þe cite on þe riuage hii sye,

Meeche & wide, & walles hye :

Of blisse þai wer al bare.

27

5

10

28

5

10

29

5

10

¶ 'O god,' seide þe meister þo,
 'Gret mishap is come vs to :
 Our lif y telle y-lore.
 In Aufrik we ben, wiþ-uten lesing,
 Upon Arguus lond þe king :
 Worsse man nas neuer bore.
 Al þat leueþ in godes lawe
 A wile hem hongen & to-drawe :
 His oþ he haþ y-swore.
 Al for-soþe, we beþ dede,
 Boute god vs helpe at our nede,
 þat was of Marie bore.'

¶ Heraud seide, 'whas is þis cite ?
 Distrued it is, so þenkeþ me :
 Her haþ be strong bataile.'
 þe maroner seide, 'y þe telle
 For soþe, sire, lye i nelle :
 Wiþouten eni faile,
 Hit is þemerailes Parsan :
 In þis world nis þer worsse man
 Cristene men to asaile.'
 þe Sarazins come wiþ þis,
 & nemeþ Heraud & alle his,
 And distrueþ is vitaile.

¶ þai nomen Heraud & al is man,
 And brouȝte hem before Parsan,
 þat was of gret power.
 He let hem caste in prisoun
 Stinkande & þerk, wel fer adoun,
 For þai cristen were.
 Lite þai ete & dronke, ywis :
 Vnneþe her lif sostened is ;
 To god he made his prayere.
 For Reyubroun him was ful wo,
 For he neste whider he was go :
 He made reuly chere.

WARWICK.

30 Turnbull, p. 434,
 l. 349.
C. 8703.

The master-
 mariner feared
 for all their lives,

5 there being no
 worse man than
 King Argus,

who had sworn to
 kill all Christians.

10

31 The city they saw

showed marks of
 a strong fight.

5

It belonged to
 Amiral Parsan,

10 whose men came
 and took Heraud
 and his followers
 prisoners.

32 Turnbull, p. 435,
 l. 373.

They were thrown
 into a prison,

5 MS. fol. 169v. a.

C. 10793.

where they had
 little to eat and
 drink.

10 Heraud bemoaned
 his fate.

- From his com-
plaints 'O,' seide [he], 'allas, allas ! 33
In werre dou3ti man y was,
And now icham for-lore.'
- a jailer learned On of þe gaylers herde þis :
To þemeraile a wente, y-wis, 5
And gan him telle fore :
'Sire,' a seide, 'wite nou3t 3e
Of a prisoun 3e han in 3our pouste,
A noble man y-kore ?
A is wel dou3ti in bataile 10
* * * * *
- ¹ A line is want-
ing here in MS. Ase icham to 3ou swore.'
- Turnbull, p. 436,
l. 396. ¶ Queþ þemeraile, 'bringe him forþ now. 34
The Amiral order-
ed him to be
brought before
him. 3if he be swich ase seistow,
Meche helpe me a mi3te.'
þe gayler wente a3en anon,
& to þe prisoun he gan gon, 5
And Heraud vp atwi3te.
In a sklauin he gan him folde.
Swiþe meche a was be-holde
Of mani a dou3ti kni3te.
His berde was to is brest y-wax, 10
To his gerder heng is fax :
Grisliche he was of si3te.
- He was looked at
by many a
doughty knight. ¶ Before þemeraile hii² gan him lede, 35
His beard had
grown down to
his breast, and
his hair down to
his girdle. & a-reisoned him in ech a side,
The Amiral
² *hen* MS. 'Man, what is þe name ?
asked him who he
was, Whar wer þow bore (tel me now),
þat so meche of werre canstow ? 5
Of þe ichaue game.
Ich, ameraile Parsan,
Icham a swiþe dou3ti man :
Wide springeþ me fame.
Mi3te [y] of þe siker be, 10
þat þou woldest serue me,
and if he would
serve him. Ne schostow haue no schame.'

¶ He answerde, 'leue lord,
 To þe ich wile bere rekord,
 And telle y wile þe :
 Heraud, for-soþ, me nam is
 (In grete dede ichaue be er þis),
 So men clepeþ me.
 3if me stringþe wer azen i-come
 þat ichaue lore in þe prisone,
 Ich wer of gret pouste.
 Find me stede gode & list,
 Spere, & scheld, & armes brizt :
 þe man wile ich be.'
 ¶ Queþ þemeraile, ' wolcome, ywis !
 þow schelt haue þat þe nede is,
 Brizt armur & stede.
 Ingliis þow ert, sikerly :
 Knew þow ouzt þe gode Gij,
 þat douzti wes of dede ?'
 Heraud seide, ' y knew him wel :
 His man icham & euer be schel.
 He was tauzt me to fede.
 His sone was stolen him¹ fro :
 To seche him icham y-go,
 3if god me wolde spede.'
 þemeraile cleped is chaumborlain,
 And bad him wip al is mayn
 Heraud to him take.
 In pourpre pal þei gan him schrede,
 & founde him al þat was nede,
 And bapes let him make.
 On a day sire ameraile
 Tok Heraud in consaile
 Wip-oute þe castel gate :
 ' Now Argus king werreþ on me,
 Me nis leued boutē þis cite
 For grete werre & hate.

36 Turnbull, p. 437,
 l. 420.
 MS. fol. 169v. b.

The prisoner answered
 his name was
 Heraud,

5

10 and was willing
 to become the
 Amiral's man.

37 The Amiral promised him all he
 wanted,

5 and asked him
 about Guy.

So Heraud told
 him

that he had been
 Guy's tutor,
 10 ¹ Read *me* ?
 and had left
 England in search
 of Guy's son.

38 Turnbull, p. 438,
 l. 441.
 By the Amiral's
 command

Heraud was
 clothed

5

and bathed.

C. 10877.

One day the
 Amiral told
 Heraud

10 that, being at war
 with King Argus,
 he had only one
 city left,

T T 2

the King having
on his side a
valiant knight,

¶ þe king haþ a kniȝt wiþ him
Sterne in bataile & swiþe grim :

39

Of swich þow neuer herd.

In þis world nis man, sikerly,
Boute hit wer þe lord sire Gij,

5

¹ *afered* MS.

þat of him nolde *ben aferd*.¹

whom he should
like to be slain.

Miȝtest of him awreke me,
A noble prins þan schostow be,
& sle him wiþ dent of swerd.'

MS. fol. 170r. a.

Heraud seide, 'so y schel do,

10

Heraud promised
to try to kill him.

ȝif god wile helpe me þerto,
Be min hore berd.'

Turnbull, p. 439,
l. 468.
News came

Wiþ þat com a mesagere bold,
To þemeraile he haþ y-told
Swiþe hard tiding :

40

that the King's
steward was be-
sieging one of the
Amiral's castles.

King Arguus stiward wiþ-uten let
On of is castels hadde be-set,
Wiþouten eni lesing.

5

So the Amiral

Whan þemeraile herde þis,
He bad is stiward, for-soþ y-wis,
His folk be-fore him bringe.

So a dede riȝt anon,

10

told all his men
to be ready to
fight.

& bad hem bosken euerichon
Al boun to batailinge.

C. 10911.

² *arabyte* MS.

Heraud lep on a rabyte²
þat was meche, & noþing lite,

41

Heraud left the
town at the head
of an army.

Rod out of þe toun.
þat ost him siwede fair & wel,
Til hii come to þe castel

5

When they came
to the castle,

Wiþ spere and gounfanoun,
Wiþ helm on heued & brinie briȝt.
Iyren-wrye mani a kniȝt
To bataile wer þai boun.

they were met by
their enemies.

Ayþer ost gan oþer asaile :
Ech man fondede, wiþouten faile,
To felle is foman adoun.

10

- ¶ Heraud a Sarazin smot,
þat he fel doun fot hot
Dede of is stede.
þe þredde, þe ferþe þat he mai hitte—
No man miȝte his strok wiþ-sitte.
For wrepþe a wolde a-wede.
Wiþ is swerd of meche pris
Mani Sarazin a slouȝ, y-wis,
And made here sides blede.
þe Sarazins seide hit was a fend
þe deuel hadde þeder i-sent
þemeraile¹ to spede.
¶ þe king hadde a Sarazin,
His stiward, þat seruede Apolyn :
Heraud he gan þrete.
Heraud he mete & is men echon :
Hard þai hewe to-gedre anon,
And delde dentes grete.
þe stiward was sconfited þere,
Abated was þe meister banere :
To fle þai nolde lete.
Heraud siwede him on a rabyte :²
Hard hii gonne to-gedre smite
Sterne strokes and grete.
¶ Here scheftes schiurede, scheldes flitte,
Brenyes barsten,³ hauberk ritte :
þar was strong bataile.
Heraud ouercom him in þat fiȝt,
And ladde him to his folk ariȝt,
Wiþouten eni faile.
Prisouns þai toke gret plente :
Forþ hii wente to þat cite
To þemeraile,
& presente him þe stiward,
þat in werre was so hard,
Swiþe heȝ of paraile.
- 42 Turnbull, p. 440,
l. 492.
Heraud's stroke
could be withstood
by no one.
He slew so many,
10 that he was
thought to have
been sent by the
devil to help the
Amiral.
43 The King's
Steward
¹ *Emeraile* MS.
5 MS. fol. 170r. b.
was put to flight,
10 ² *arabyte* MS.
but followed by
Heraud,
44 Turnbull, p. 441,
l. 516.
³ *barstep* MS.
and taken pri-
soner.
5
10 Then they re-
turned to the
Amiral,

- who made Heraud ¶ þanne seide þemeraile, 45
 ‘ Heraud, do be me consaile :
 his steward. Me stiward þow schelt be.
 Erles, barouns, riche & poure,
 Al me land folk lasse & more 5
 Scholle do after þe.’
 þanne gret werre he began :
 Heraud recon- Boþe into is hond he wan
 quered all the Castel and cite
 Amiral had lost, þat þemeraile hadde lore : 10
 much to the King’s sorrow. King Arguus made þar-fore
 Deul and gret pite.
- Turnbull, p. 442, ¶ þo þe king wiste þis, 46
 l. 540. C. 10993. þat his stiward nomen is,
 And al his men a-slawe,
 The King Wroþ he was and sori :
 told his barons His barouns a clepede an hie, 5
 of his defeat. And tolde to hem þat sawe.
 þanne answerde an old kniȝt,
 An old knight answered that it was owing to a Christian knight
 ‘ Sire, y nel þe lye no-wiȝt :
 A kniȝt of cristene lawe
 in the Amiral’s þemeraile is souder is he. 10
 service, þe wer beter þan þis cite
 þat he wer of dawe.
- who was hoary and old, MS. fol. 170v. a. ¶ Hore a is and kniȝt ful eld : 47
 Wel gode hit were to flen is scheld.
 Sire, þe miȝt me leue :
 but very strong. In al þe lond Sarazin þer nis
 Wer he neuer so strong, y-wis, 5
 þat he nolde to-cleue.’
 1 afeul MS. þe king seide, ‘ a fend¹ it is.
 The King called him a fiend, To Mahoun i swore, y-wis,
 and threatened to punish him. Wel sore y schel him greue. 10
 Min ost schel ensembled be,
 In is lond schel brenne and sle :
 No cite schel ich be-leue.’

¶ þe king a parlement let crie.

48 Turnbull, p. 443,
l. 564.

To þemeraile a wolde an hie

Wiþ briȝt armvr & stede,

His castels struede & is cite :

þat Heraud wan þanne les he,

5 Heraud's con-
quests were lost
again.

Douȝti man of dede.

Whan þemeraile wiste þis

He bed is kniȝtes, for-soþ y-wis,

To helpe him at is nede.

Heraud was prest to bataile :

10

þe king is ost he gan asaile ;

God þat day him spede !

Faste þei smite to her fon :

49 There was a great
battle between the
two armies.

Wiþ swerdes, speres wel gode won

Togedres þai gonne fiȝte.

Gret slaȝter was in eiȝer side :

þe blod ran in þe feld wel wide

5

Of mani a douȝti kniȝte.

Heraud mette wiþ þe king,

Heraud, meeting
with the King,

& smot him wiþ is swerd keruing

A strok of meche miȝte :

þer he hadde slawe him þo,

10 would have slain
him, had not his
men come to his
assistance, and
mounted him.

Boute his ost com him to :

An¹ hors þai gonne him diȝte.

¹ And MS.

¶ Wel stoutliche þe king gan fiȝte :

50 Turnbull, p. 444,
l. 588.

Al þat a mette he felde doun riȝte.

Heraud he gān discrie.

þemeraile was sconfited þere :

The Amiral was
discomfited,

Abated was þe meister banere

5

And al here cheualrie.

In eche side asailed a is

Wiþ speres & wiþ swerdes, iwis,

but, being sur-
rounded on all
sides,

þat he miȝte nouȝt flie.

Wiþ is swerd a wereþ him wel

he was unable to
flee.

10 MS. fol. 170v. b.

In eche side, ase a gode kniȝt schel,

Whiles a miȝte driȝe.

- C. 11053.** ¶ þo he sez Heraud a cleped him to : 51
 He called on
 Heraud to help
 him, and he came. To helpe him he gan go.
 An erl Heraud gan mete :
 Heraud wiþ is fauchoun^r him smot
 A dent þat þourȝ is helm bot ; 5
 þar a lefte þe swete.
 Heraud & þemeraile anon
 Delde dentes wel god won :
 For noþing þai nolde lete.
 þe king þai sailede and al is men : 10
 So mani ȝede to deþe þen,
 þat grimly þai gonne grete.
- Turnbull, p. 445,
 l. 612.
 The King saw
 his men fleeing
 or killed,
 and was very
 much afraid of
 Heraud : ¶ þe king wel sori þanne was he, 52
 Whan he sez is men fle,
 And al y-brouȝt to gronde.
 Whar þat he sez Heraud ride
 He fleȝ awei be þat oþer side 5
 Wel sory in þat stonde.
 His men ouercome were :
 þar-fore sori he was þere
 & for his owene wonde.
 King Arguus, for-soþ, a geþ :¹ 10
 A was afered of is deþ
 ȝif þat a were y-fonde.
- ¹ ageþ MS.
 so he took to
 flight. ¶ Whan Heraud parseued is, 53
 Be his armes a knew him, iwis,
 And after him he gan ride.
 Neȝ he hadde him ouer-come,
 Slawe, oþer in þe feld y-nome 5
 In þat ilche tide.
 þanne sez he come a ȝingling
 (Ouer al þe oþer a miȝte be king)
 Out of þe wodes side.
 þe king him hadde dobbed kniȝt, 10
 ȝeue him hors & armes briȝt
 Wiþ wel meeche pride.
- whom the King
 had lately dubbed
 knight.

¶ Whan he seȝ þe king fleande,
 Heraud after him folwande,
 He him gan discrie :
 ‘Old man, no forþer þow ne gon,
 Boute þe ȝeue me bataile anon.
 þow dost a gret folye.
 þe lif þow lest er þe gon :
 þin heued þe king schol haue anon ;
 For-soþ, þow schelt abyce.

þe rabite is min, sikerliche :
 Y ne disirede neuer hors so meeche
 þat y sauȝ wiþ eye.’

¶ Sire Heraud knew him anon
 Be his armes he hadde vpon :

Togedres þai gonne ride,
 þat boþe þei fellen of here stede,
 & seþe gonne swerdes brede :
 No lenger þai nolde abide.

Hii cleueþ helm & scheldes bo :
 Gret fiȝt þer was betwene hem to
 In þat ilche tide.

þai hewe þe scheldes of gode entaile,
 þe hauberk of so gode a maile
 Te-borsten be boþe side.

¶ Betwene hem was strong batayle :

Eiþer fondede, wiþouten faile,
 To bringe oþer to dede.
 Ac, ȝif eiþer wiste of oþer ariȝt,
 Betwene hem to þar ner no fiȝt
 For none skines nede.

Sire Heraud drouȝ him an heȝ,
 And seide, ‘kniȝt corteis and sleȝ,

Also god þe spedde,
 What is þe name ? tel þow me,
 For godes loue in trinite,
 And of what pede.

54 Turnbull, p. 446,
 l. 636.
 Seeing the King
 pursued by
 Heraud,
 he cried,
 ‘Old man, thou
 must fight with
 me.

5 MS. fol. 171r. a.

Thou shalt lose
 thy life.

10

I never desired
 a horse I saw so
 much as thine.’

55

So they rode
 against each other
 so violently,

that they both
 were unhorsed.
 5 Then they drew
 their swords.

10

56

Turnbull, p. 447,
 l. 660.

They tried to kill
 each other, but,
 had either known
 who the other was,
 there would have
 been no fight be-
 tween them.

C. 11109.

Heraud asked his
 opponent

10

who he was,

and summoned
him to surrender.

¶ Aȝild þe now to me :
Gret harm it wer to sle þe,
So ȝong a bacheler ;
For neuer kniȝt y ne fond
So wel werchande wiȝ dent of brouȝt
Naiȝer fer ne ner.'

57

But Reinbroun
had no mind
either to tell his
name

Reinbroun seide, 'þerof be stille :
þat telle þe y ne wille,
Be godes moder dere.

or to surrender.

Er þan ich wile ȝelde me
Erst þin heued schel of fle
Faste, be þe swere.

10

Turnbull, p. 448,
l. 684.
MS. fol. 171r. b.

'Unless thou tell
me,' he said,
'who thou art,
I shall kill thee ;
for thou art old.'

¶ Boute þow now telle me
Whepen þow ert, & what þow be,
I schel þe sle anon riȝt ;
For þow ert old & whit i-blowe,
þe stringþe is gon alse y trowe,
þe power and þe miȝt.'

58

But Heraud re-
plied, 'In my
country people

Heraud seide, 'me frend fre,
So fareþ folk in me contre
In bataile and in fiȝt :

are the bolder,
the older they are.

Whan hii ginneþ for to helde,
þanne þai wexeþ stout, & belde,
And stronge men, apliȝt.

10

Ere we part,
thou shalt think
me young.'

¶ Er þow fro me departed be,
Wel ȝonge thow schelt holde me,
And douȝti man of dede.'

59

C. 11139.

The fight was
renewed.

Togedres þai smite, wiȝ-ouȝten faile,
Ase sterne lyouns in bataile,
Kniȝtes stif on stede.
To-gedre þai smite earnest & faste :
þe fur out of here helmes braste,
And made here sides blede.

5

They are still
deadly foes :
may Christ help
them to be
friends !

Ful dedli fon now þai are :
ȝet þai scholle be frendes þare ;
Crist þer-to hem spede !

10

- ¶ Heraud seide, 'sire kniȝt,
Herkne to me a lite wiȝt,
For þe courteisie.
Gode þow ert & hardi, ywis :
In al þis land þe betere nis
þat ich conne asprie.
Ȝif it were þe y-teld
Which ichaue ben in feld
Of miȝt and of meistrie,
Ne wostow neuer aschamed be
þe name for to telle me,
Ne holde hit to vileynie.'
- ¶ 'Sire olde man,' þanne seide he,
'For a coward ich holde þe.
Min armes beþ al sonde,
Me strokes beþ sene on þin helm cler :
Out of þe scheld ichaue a quarter
Y-feld to þe grounde.'
- Heraud seide, 'me frend fre,
þei min armes apeired be,
Me bodi naþ no wounde.
What is þe name? tel me fore,
& y schel sai þe whar ich was bore,
Er ich fro þe founde.
- ¶ Swiche tiding þow miȝt of me here,
Or ich of þe in swiche manere,
þat frendes scholle we be.
I ne aske it for no vileinie,
Boute for meche courteisie :
For loue ich asked þe.'
- Wiþ þat Reynbroun wiþ-drouȝ him þere :
Wiþ drery semlaunt & reuful chere
To Heraud seide he :
'Kniȝt,' a seide, 'thow ert wise,
Slez, and hardi, of gret prise,
Be god in trinite.
- 60 Turnbull, p. 149,
l. 708.
Heraud said,

'There is not thy
better in this
country,
5 but if thou
knewest in what
esteem I have
been held,
10 thou wouldst not
be ashamed to tell
me thy name.'
- 61 Reinbroun, how-
ever, called
Heraud a coward.
- 5
- But Heraud
- 10 MS. fol. 171v. a.
repeated his
question, pro-
mising to tell
his own name
afterwards,
62 Turnbull, p. 450,
l. 732.
and assuring him
of his good
intentions.
5
Now Reinbroun
looked sorry.
- 10

¶ Y nolde haue told it for non awe : 63

Erst ich wolde ben islawe

In þis ilche batayle.

'I was born in
England,' he said.

In Ingelond ich was y-bore,

So were min eldren me be-fore,

5

Wipouten eni faile.

'Guy of Warwick
was my father.

Gij a Warwik me fader was :

No beter kniȝt neuer nas,

Ase wid ase man mai saile.

His steward,
Heraud,

A stiward hadde me fader Gioun

10

þat hiȝte Heraud, þe noble baroun,

Swiȝe hiȝ of paraile.

Turnbull, p. 451,
l. 756.

lord of Arderne,
was my tutor.

¶ Lord he was of al Arderne :

64

Ich was take him to lerne

To conne of courteisie,

I was stolen by
Russian mer-
chants, and
brought into this
country,

And siȝe marchaundes stele me

(And brouȝte me to þis contre)

5

þat weren of Russie.

whose king
dubbed me knight,

þe king me haȝ dobbed kniȝt,

& ȝeue me hors & armes briȝt

To lede is chiualrie.

Be me lai a dede me swere

10

and made me his
standard-bearer.'

In eueri bataile is baner to bere :

þar-of y nouȝt ne lie.'

C. 11193.

Hearing this,

W han Heraud herde þis,

65

þat he Gij is sone is,

Away a cast is scheld.

'Lord,' a seide, 'in trinite,

Heraud thanked
God,

Fader and sone, y-herd þow be !

5

MS. fol. 171v. b.
1 a MS.

þis dai y¹ bide in min eld,

þat ich me lordes sone se may !'

wept for joy,

For ioie a wep al þe day,

and fell into a
swoon.

And swonede in þe feld.

Reinbroun hadde of him pite,

10

And seide, 'sire kniȝt, tel what þe be,

For god, þat alle þing weld.'

¶ 'Heraud,' a seide, 'me name is :
'Ich norscheðe þe, Reinbroun, y-wis ;
In my nory þow were.'

Sone Reinbroun wiste þis,
þat [he] Heraud of Arderne is,

Merci a cride him þere.

Sire Heraud tok him vp þo

Leuelich in is armes to

Wip hertte & wel gode chere.

On here stedes lopen he,

& forþ hii ride to þe cite

Wip meche ioie y-fere.

¶ To þemeraile tolden he

How þai acorded be

þourȝ grace of god almiȝte.

King Arguus was ouer-come,

& al is men y-slawe and nome

In þat ilche fiȝte.

Heraud & Reinbroun toke leue þo

Into Ingelond for to go,

And in-to schip hem diȝte.

So longe hii sailede in þe se,

þat in a lond thamne riuede he

þat wonder was of siȝte.

¶ Hii ne seie castel ne cite :

Erst hii wente in al þe contre

(So distrusteð it is),

Til it toward þe neuen cam.

A castel þei seie fer hem fram :

To þe gate þai riden, iwis.

Of þe porter Heraud gan craue,

'Tel me now, so god þe saue,

Was þis castel is ?

Forhel it¹ nouȝt, we bedeþ þe :

Knȝtes we beþ of fer contre,

Ase god ȝeue vs blis.

66 Turnbull, p. 452,
l. 780.
'My name is
Heraud,' he said.

Upon this,
Reinbroun

5

begged his pardon,
and was embraced
by him.

10

Riding to the
city together,

67 they told the
Amiral all about
it.

The King was
vanquished.

5

C. 11232.

Heraud and
Reinbroun
resolved to return
to England.

10

A ship
brought them
into a country

68 Turnbull, p. 453,
l. 804.
where they did
not see any castle
or city

till the evening,
when they came
to the gate of
a castle.

5

Heraud asked
the porter

whose the castle
was,

10 ¹ Forheled MS.

- and if they could
stay there
MS. fol. 172r. a. ¶ þis in we beddeþ par cherite, 69
For godes loue in trinite,
þat is lord [so] fre.
- till next morning. To-morwe anon so it is day
We scholle wenden in our way 5
Towardes our contre.'
- The porter
answered that he
did not know
where the lord of
the castle was,
and that its lady
was always
weeping þe porter answerde anon riȝt,
'Of þis lord i ne can telle no-wiȝt,
Ne in what contre a be.
Ac a leuedi her-in is 10
Ful of del and sorwe, y-wis :
Wel sore wepeþ ȝhe
- Turnbull, p. 454,
l. 828.
for his disap-
pearance. ¶ For hire lord þat ȝhe haþ lore : 70
Ioie ne worþ hire neuer þer-fore
For non menstralcie.'
- Entering, he told
Amis's lady of þe porter in anon gan wende,
And tolde tale ord and ende 5
To Amis is leuedy :
- the two knights'
arrival 'Madame, her beþ come twei kniȝte :
Noble men hii be in fiȝte.
and desire. þai wolde her sourny
Al þis niȝt, for soþ to say, 10
To-morwe wenden in her way :
þarof y nouȝt ne lye.'
- The lady ordered
him to let them
in, ¶ þe leuedi seide, 'let hym in : 71
þai scholle be serued wel afyn,
Be þe grace of god almiȝte.'
þe porter wente aȝen anon,
& to þe gate he gan gon, 5
& let hem in ful riȝte.
þe kniȝtes were kende kore :
Whan þai come to halle dore,
Adoun þai gonne liȝte.
Men toke here swerdes, scheld, & spere, 10
Here stedes, and here oþer gere :
Ful wel men gan hem diȝte.

¶ þe leuedi faire grete hem anon :

To vnarme hem hire-selue is gon

Wip a wel gode chere.

Here mete was redi wip-outen let :

Anon hii were adoun y-set

To þe sopere.

Heraud askede hire, y-wis,

‘ Dame, what þe lordes nam is

Fayn ich wolde hire.’

‘ Of þe Montayne he het Amis :

Wipinne Almayne no swich þer nis,

Me leue frendes dere.

¶ A stiward was wip þemperour

(To al Almayne he was treitour),

Sire Berard of Pau :

Me lordes swike euer was he ;

þourȝ him in al þis sorwe we be.

For þe loue of sire Gij,

þat me lord louede wel,

& sokoured him in is castel,

We beþ in gret vileinie.

For þe dukes deþ Otoun,

þat was a treitour feloun,

He vs gan belize,

¶ And made vs fle out of þat londe,

& in þis contre we beþ astonde,

þat wonder is of siȝt :

Mechel Arderne cleped it is.

A fairy kniȝt herin is

þat is of meche miȝt :

Wip him ones fauȝt me lord,

& ȝaf him dentes wip is sword

Vpon is helm briȝt.

Wepne mai him dere non :

He is so hard to hewe vpon

Ase marbel, y þe pliȝt.

72 Turnbull, p. 455,
l. 852.

The lady wel-
comed and
unarmed them.

C. 11293

5

At supper,
Heraud, asking
for the name of
her lord, learned
it was Amis of
the Mountayne.

10 MS. fol. 172r. b.

73 The Emperor's
steward,

Berard, hating
Amis

5

for loving and
helping Guy,

10 had laid Duke
Otoun's death
to his charge,

74 Turnbull, p. 456,
l. 876.

and compelled
him to leave his
country.

So they came
to live in Great
Arderne, where
there was an
elvish knight,
whom Amis once
fought with,

5

10 but could not
wound.

One day Amis
was out hunting,

¶ On a dai me lord houted a best,
& drof it out of þe forest

75

Wiþ-inne is merkes stake.

and had never
been heard of
since, so that his
lady thought him
taken prisoner by
that knight.

Sipþe herde ich of him namore :

þarfore me of-dredeþ sore

5

þe kniȝt him haue take.'

'Allas,' queþ Heraud, 'is it Amis,

Heraud,
lamenting Amis,

þerl of Montaine of gret pris?'

Gret sorwe he gan make.

was of opinion
that he and Rein-
broun must help
him for Guy's
sake.

'O,' a seide, 'sire Reinbroun,

10

Wel a louede þe fader Gioun :

We mote him helpe for is sake.'

Turnbull, p. 457,
l. 900.

¶ Reinbroun seide, ase he was hende,

76

'Tomorwe ich wile þerder wende

To seche sire Amis.'

Reinbroun was
ready
to go in search of
Amis next morn-
ing, but the lady
warned him not
to be foolhardy.

'Me swete frend,' queþ þe leuedi,

'Be þow nouȝt to foul-hardi ;

5

MS. fol. 172v. a.

For gret perel it is.'

C. 11357.

Next day Rein-
broun, rising
early, and arming
himself in haste,

Amorwe Reinbroun aros erly,

And armede him ful hastely,

For to winne pris.

rode into a forest.

A gode stede he bestrod,

10

& forþ a wente wiþ-oute abod

To þe forest, ywis.

Heraud had offer-
ed to go with him,
but in vain.

¶ Heraud wiþ him go wolde,

77

Ac he seide þat he ne scholde

For non skines nede,

& he dradde of him strangliche,

& betauȝte him god in heuen riche,

5

& in is wey a zede.

Heraud blefte, & he gan gon :

þe merkes stake a pased anon,

þat was wel vnrede.

Reinbroun rode on
till noon.

Al þe dai a tok þe pas,

10

Til it noun apased was,

Ridand vpon is stede.

¶ An hille he seȝ before him þere :
Gates þeron maked were.

78 Turnbull, p. 458,
l. 924.

Forþ riȝt he rod in.
þe gate aȝen anon was spered :
þo was Reinbroun sore afered,
& faste blessedde him.

He rode into a hill
through a gate,
which was shut
behind him.

5

Nouȝt he ne seȝ boutte þesternesne.
Half a mile a rod, ywisse :

After half a mile's
ride in darkness,

þe wai was þerk and dim.
He rod ase faste ase a miȝte :
þanne he seȝ more liȝte
Be a water is brim.

10

he came to some
water.

¶ To þe water he com sone þas :
A riuer be a launde¹ þer was ;
þar he gan to liȝte.
Faire hit was y-growe wiþ gras :
A fairer place neuer nas
þat he seȝ wiþ siȝte.

79 C. 11389.

¹ *alaunde* MS.

On þat place was a paleis on :
Swich ne seȝ he neuer non,
Ne of so meche miȝte.
þe walles were of cristal,
þe heling was of fin ruwal
þat schon swiþe briȝte.

On the other side
of the water

5

he saw a palace

¶ þe reftes al cipres be,
þat swote smal casten he
Ouer al aboute.

80 Turnbull, p. 459,
l. 948.
MS. fol. 172v. b.
cypress rafters,

þe resins wer of fin coral,
To-gedre iuned wiþ metal

10 with crystal walls,

5

Wip-inne and ek wiþ-oute.
On þe front stod a charbokel ston :
Ouer al þe contre it schon,

and a resplendent
carbuncle on its
front.

Wip-outen eni doute.
Postes and laces þat þer were
Of iaspe gentil þat was dere,
Al of one soute.

10

The palace was enclosed with a marble wall.

¹ *amarbel* MS.

¶ þe paleis was beloken al 81
 Aboute wiþ a marbel¹ wal
 Of noble entaile.

Vpon eueriche kernal 5
 Was ful of speres & of springal,
 And stoutliche enbataile.

² *atre* MS.

Without the gate there stood a tree with divers singing birds.

Wipoute þe gate stod a tre²
 Wip foules of mani kines gle
 Singande, wip-oute faile.

The water looked as if it could not be crossed without a boat.

þe water was so sterne & grim, 10
 Mizte no man come þerin,
 Boute he hadde schip to saile.

Turnbull, p. 460, l. 972.

³ *agan* MS.

Reinbroun dorste nouzt pasy : 82
 Wip is spere a gan³ it prouy,
 How dep hit was beside.

Reinbroun, nevertheless, thinking of his father, rode into the water, which went over his helmet,

He pouzte on is fader fot hot :
 þe stede in þe side a smot, 5
 & in he gan to ride.

Ouer is helm þe water is gon :
 He nolde haue be þer for eizte non ;
 Swich aunter him gan betide.

being thirty yards deep.

Er he vp of þe water ferde, 10
 A fond it was þretti mete 3erde :
 So dep he gan doun glide.

¶ þanne he pouzte on Iesu Crist : 83

But his horse was trusty, and swam to the opposite bank.

His hors was wel swiþe trist,
 & quikliche swam to londe :
 His fet fastnede on þe grounde.
 Reinbroun was glad in þat stounde, 5

Thanking God, he went into the palace,

And þankede gode[s] sonde.
 In-to þe pales he him dede :
 He [be]helde þe est[r]es of þat stede ;
 For no man a nolde wonde.

MS. fol. 173r. a. but he met with no one in it,

Ac wimman ne man fand he non þere 10
 þat wiþ him speke or confort bere
 Naiþer sitte ne stonde.

¶ And þar-of war a is.

Into a chaumber a goþ, y-wis :

A knight a seȝ al-one.

A grette him wiþ wordes fre,

& seide, 'sire, god wiþ þe be,

þat sit an heȝ in trone.

Sire,' a sede, 'tel þow me

ȝif þis pales þin owen be :

Ich bidde þe a bone.

&, ȝif þow ert her in prisoun diȝt,

Tel hit me, so wel þow miȝt :

To me now make þe mone.'

¶ Amis answerde to Reinbroun,

'In Almayne ich was a baroun,

And now icham for-lore.

Ich was driue out wiþ a feloun,

And now y lye her in prisoun :

Allas þat ich was bore !

Of þis paleis inam no lord.

Ich telle þe a soþe word

Wipoute oþ iswore :

Hit is a kniȝtes of fayri,

And al þis forest her-by,

A sterne man y-kore.

¶ þis paleys is of swiche miȝt,

Her schel no man elde, apliȝt,

Be he her neuer so longe.

þei he wer her a þosand ȝer,

In is heued schel hore non her,

Ne non elde fonge.'

Reinbroun seide, 'ert þow Amis,

þerl of Montayne of gret pris ?

þow singest a reuly songe.

Now ichaue fonde þe,

þow schelt wende now wiþ me

Out of þe paines stronge.'

84 Turnbull, p. 461,
l. 996.

till he came into a
chamber, where he
saw a knight.

5 Reinbroun

asked him if the
palace was his
own,

10 or if he was a
prisoner in it.

85 C. 11459.

The knight replied
that he was a
German baron,
exiled by a felon,

5

and that the
palace was not
his,

10 but an elvish
knight's,

86 Turnbull, p. 462,
l. 1020.

adding that in it
no one grew old.

5

Reinbroun, ask-
ing if he was
Amis,

10 promised to set
him free.

¹ Another *seide*
erased.

But Amis thought
this impossible,
wondering
how Reinbroun
had got into the
palace.

² *s n* in l. 5, and
er i no in l. 6 a
little faded.

MS. fol. 173r. b.

¶ Amis seide,¹ 'spek nouzt so :

87

Of þe me wondreþ, so mot y go,

þat þow ert hider y-come.

Sipe þis world ferst began,

In þis paleis ne² com noman,

5

Boute 3if a wer i-nome,²

Boute 3if þe lord him hider ladde,

Oþer of him sum leue hadde :

Nis non so hardi gome.

How miȝtest þow lede me,

10

Whan þow miȝt nouzt saue þe ?

Ich telle þe at þe frome.'

Turnbull, p. 463,
l. 1044.

But Reinbroun
replied

¶ Reinbroun seide, 'drede nouzt þe ;

88

þar-fore schel hit nouzt lete be.

Go we anon riȝt.

that he should kill
any one who
should try to keep
them back there,

3if eni man so hardi were

þat vs wolde at-helde here,

5

His deþ wer y-diȝt :

Swich a strok ich him 3eue wolde,

þat is heued lese a scholde,

Be grace of god almiȝt.

þei he wer te bataile boun

10

Ase sterne alse eni lyoun,

Wiþ him ich wile fiȝt.'

were he as stern
as a lion.

Amis told him
that strength
would not avail
against Sir Gayer,

¶ Amis seide, 'let now be :

89

Swiche stringþe mai nouzt helpe þe

Aȝenes sire Gayere ;

For noþing ne schel him dere

whom neither
steel nor iron
could wound, and

Wiþ no wepne þat man may bere,

5

Naiþer stel ne yre ;

he advised him to
take a sword from
a pillar there.

Ac, 3if þow wilt ouercome him,

þat ilche swerd to þe nym

þat hangeþ a þe pylere.'

Reinbroun un-
sheathed it, and
all the chamber
was full of light.

Reinbroun braide it out anon riȝt :

10

þe chaumber was al ful of liȝt

þat schon swiþe clere.

To þerl Amis anon a wound,
& tok him vp be þe hond :

No leng hii nolde abide.

Out of þe paleys boþe hii ȝede,
And lopen on Reinbroun is stede,

And forþ þai gonue ride.

Nouȝt fer þannes beþ hii gon,
þai be-held aȝen anon

Vpon here riȝt side :

Comande hii seȝe ride a kniȝt
Upon a stede gode and liȝt,
Prikande wiþ pride.

¶ Swift ase swalwe he com ride :
' Kniȝtes,' a seide, ' ȝe scholle abide,

No forþer þat ȝe ne wende.

In me paleys þow hast y-be,
And me prisoun ledest wiþ þe :
þow dost a dede vn-hende.

Her ȝe sholle bleue bo

In me prisoun for euer-mo

Into þe worldes ende,

Or þow schelt, Reinbroun, þin hed forgo.

Kep for me : icham þe fo ;

Bataile y wile þe sende.'

¶ þerl Amys þer aliȝte :

Arome he drouȝ him anon riȝte,

And Reinbroun Gayer gan smite.

Gret strokes hii smite betwene,

þat adoun hii fellen bene :

Aiþer sparede oþer lite.

Sipe þai drowe brondes on grounde,
& hewe to-gedre wiþ grimly wounde

Wiþ swerdes þat wolde bite.

ȝe herde neuer a stringe[r] fiȝt.

Reinbroun stired e him as gode kniȝt :

Hit was him nouȝt to wite.

90 Turnbull, p. 464,
l. 1068.
Reinbroun took
Amis by his hand,

5 and, leaving the
palace, they
mounted Rein-
broun's steed.

Soon after

10 they saw a knight
riding towards
them.

91 He cried, ' You
shall remain here
MS. fol. 173v. a.

5

my prisoners for
ever,

10 or, Reinbroun,
thou shalt lose
thy head.'

92 Turnbull, p. 465,
l. 1092.
C. 11545.

Earl Amis
alighted,
and Reinbroun
and Gayer began
the fight.

5

10 You never heard
of a more vigorous
ous.

Thinking of his
father,
Reinbroun be-
came as fresh as
a greyhound
following a hare.

¶ He pouȝte on is fader anon riȝt :

93

Ase fresch a was to fiȝt

Ase grehonde to hare.

Betwene hem twie was gret fiȝt :

Aiȝer smot oȝer in helmes briȝt,

5

And delde dentes sare.

ȝai hewe helm and scheldes bo :

Gret fiȝt was betwene hem to ;

Swich herde ȝe neuer are.

¹ *made* repeated
in MS.

At last, he
wounded and un-
horsed Gayer.

Reinbroun made¹ him to blede,

10

And felde him doun of is stede :

ȝanne was he out of care.

Turnbull, p. 466,
l. 1116.

¶ Reinbroun be ȝe nose him tok,

94

And drouȝ to him, & faste him schok :

ȝat greuede him ful sore.

Reinbroun
would have killed
him,

His heued benome him he hadde

Ner it ȝat he merci gradde,

5

had he not begged
his mercy for the
sake of his father
Guy,

& seide, 'sire R[e]inbroun, ȝin ore,

For ȝe fader loue Gii,

ȝe beste kniȝt, sikerly,

ȝat euer was y-bore.

and promised to
set all his pri-
soners at large.

Wiȝ ȝat ȝow haue merci on me,

10

MS. fol. 173v. b.

Al me prisouns diliured be,

And hennes for euermore.'

So Reinbroun

¶ R[e]inbroun seide, 'so y schel :

95

In ȝat forward y graunte wel

spared his life.

ȝat ȝow alieue go,

So ȝe prisouns diliured be ;

ȝar-to ȝe treuȝe pliȝte me

5

Betwene vs-selue to.'

C. 11581.

He was glad of
delivering more
than 300 knights
besides Amis.

R[e]inbroun glad & bliȝe is :

He hadde diliured sire Amis,

ȝre hondred kniȝtes & mo.

Now they re-
turned to Heraud
and the lady,

Into ȝe castel wenten hii,

10

ȝar was Heraud & ȝe leuedy

Ful of sorwe and wo.

¶ þai wer welcomed¹ wiþ fair gle.
Whan þe leuedi hire lord gan se,

þhe made meche blis,
& Heraud, forsoþe, dede also,
And herede god almiȝti þo,

And Amis he gan kisse.
Heraud tolde him al is treye,
How he hadde in prisoun leye,

For-soþe wiþ-outen misse,
Fo[r] me² lordes loue Reynbroun,
What sorwe he hadde in prisoun,
Honger, and þesternesse.

¶ 'þis is Reinbroun, Gii is sone,
þat hap set þe out of prisone,
And [brouȝt] þe out of þe care.'

Al is lif a tolde him þo,
How Gij was out of londe y-go,
And how hit was y-fare.

Among hem gret ioie þer is :
In þe castel was meche blis
Among alle þare.

Euerich of hem oþer gan kisse,
And made meche ioie & blisse :
For blisse þai wepe ful sare.

¶ Wiþ þat þer com a kniȝt riding :
To þerl Amis a brouȝte tiding
Fro þat emperur,

þat þe duk Berard ded is :
A palmer slouȝ him, y-wis,
Wiþ wel mechel onour.

þemperur hadde sent is sonde
A scholde come, and [haue] is londe,
Boþe toune and tour ;

& þat þerl Terry and he
Were skyred and maked fre
þourȝ þe conquerur.

96 Turnbull, p. 467,
l. 1140.
who welcomed
them heartily.
¹ The first *e*
altered from an *o*.

5

Heraud told Amis
of his imprison-
ment

10 for the sake of his
lord's son Rein-
broun.
² Read *his* ?

97 'Reinbroun,' he
added, 'is thy de-
liverer.'

5

There was much
joy amongst them.

10

98 Turnbull, p. 468,
l. 1164.
C. 11611.

A knight brought
news that Duke
Berard was killed
by a palmer,

5

MS. fol. 171r. a.

and Amis was to
get his land back
again.

10

C. 11641. ¶ Sire Amis wiþ is meyne

99

Amis repaired to
the Emperor,

Wente hom to is contre

To þat emperour :

who gave him
castles and towns.

A 3af him is londes fre,

Boþe castel and cite,

5

Wiþ wel meche onour.

Glad of him was þemperur fre :

Euer a was to him priue

Boþe in halle and bour.

And also was þerl Terry,

10

þat was þerles sone Aubry,

A man of gret fauour.

¹ Beraud MS. by
a mistake of the
rubricator.Turnbull, p. 469,
l. 1188.Heraud¹ & Reinbroun tok leue þo

100

C. 11629. Into Ingelonde te go :

þanne was þe leuedi in care.

C. 11649. Mani iurne þai ride þo

Heraud and Rein-
broun
reached Bur-
gundy,
which they found
devastated.

þour3 Spayne & þour3 londes mo :

5

Into Bourgoyne þai come ware ;

þe contre was strued down ri3t.

Heraud askede at a kni3t

How hit was y-fare.

A knight told
them that the
Duke of Marce

He seide, ' þe duk of Marce y-told,

10

þat is a stout kni3t and bold,

Vs haþ y-brou3t in care.

was at war with
an Earl,

¶ Vpon our erl werreþ he :

101

He naþ leued boutē þis cite,

þat he naþ y-nome.

who had only
one castle left,
in which he vali-
antly defended
himself with the
help of a noble
knight,

Ac þis castel is gode engyn :

Noblech a wereþ him þer-in

5

Also a dou3ti gome.

Wiþ him he haþ a noble kni3t,

His souder, siker apli3t,

þat to him is y-come.

3ong a is, so þenkeþ me,

10

Nou3t twenti winter old nis he,

not yet twenty
years old.

Ich telle þe at þe frome.

¶ In þis launde her-before
An hondred haþ her lif y-lore,

Whan he sez hem ride.

Her forþ ne schel pase no kniȝt,
Ȝif he haþ brenye¹ or stede liȝt,

þat he ne schel abide,

And for-lese þer þat on,

Oþer is heued riȝt anon

Be þe wode side.

Ȝif ȝe be þat launde gon,

Ich telle ȝow be sein Ion,

Swich aunture ȝow schel betide.'

¶ 'O, god be þanked,' queþ Reinbroun,

'Ichaue founde me compaynoun,

Me felle wiþ to fiȝte.

Ȝif he wile haue oure þing,

Y schel him teche, wiþ-outen lesing,

þat he doþ vnriȝte.'

Nouȝt fer þanne ne beþ þai gon,

þai be-helde aȝen anon :

Hii siȝe his armes briȝte

Vpon a stede whit so flour ;

His armes wer of rede kolour,

A semede of meche miȝte.

¶ 'Sire Heraud,' seide Reinbroun,

'Now y se þat bolde baroun

þat is so stout a fere.

Wiþ vs to fiȝte he makeþ him ȝare :

Wiþ him to iusten ich wile fare

Emforþ me powere.

Ich him asaile, ȝif þow wilt so.'

Heraud seide, 'so þow schelt do,

Me leue sone dere.'

Swiþe þeder rod Reinbroun,

& he in þe launde com adoun

Vpon is deistrere.

102 Turnbull, p. 470,
l. 1212.

MS. fol. 174r. b.

This young man
used to kill every
knight passing
the castle,

5

¹ *breyne* MS.

unless he let him
have his coat of
mail or his steed.

10

103 'God be thanked,'
said Reinbroun,
'I have found my
match.

If he wants our
things,

5

I shall teach him
he does wrong.'

Before long

they saw him on
a white steed,

10

and in a red
armour.

104 Turnbull, p. 471,
l. 1236.

5

'I shall attack
him,' said Rein-
broun.

'Do so, my dear
son,' was Heraud's
reply.

10

C. 11715.

A iþer was prout & mody :

105

No word þai speke, sikerly,

Rushing together,

To-gedres þai gonne driue.

they both of them
fell from their
horses.

Aiþer hitte oþer in þe scheld,

þat boþe hii fellen in þe feld

5

Of here hors belieu.

Drawing their
swords,
they dealt out
many blows,
so that their hel-
mets and shields
were damaged.

Siþe þai drowe bronðes of stel,

And hewe togedre hard & wel,

And delde dentes riue,

& laiden on wiþ swerdes clere :

10

MS. fol. 174v. a.

Helm and scheld, þat stronge were,

þai gonne hem al to-schliue.

Turnbull, p. 472,
l. 1260.

¶ Heraud beheld longe þat fiȝt :

106

For Reinbroun a bad te god almiȝt

þat he non harm ne fonge.

To him-selue a seide þare

5

Heraud had never
seen such a fight
before.

Swich fiȝt ne seȝ he neuer are

Of dentes þat were stronge.

Reinbroun

'Sire kniȝt,' seide Reinbroun,

'Vnderstand to me resoun,

So god þe saule fonge,

had never met a
knight who could
bear his strokes so
long.

Ac neuer ne fond ich a kniȝt

þat me strokes driȝe miȝt

Haluendel so longe.

10

He asked his
opponent who he
was, and where he
was born.

What is þe name? whar wer þe bore?

107

Ich þe praie, tel me fore,

For loue of oure driȝte,

If he would sur-
render,
he should take
him into his own
country,

&, ȝif þow wost ȝelde þe,

Ich schel þe lede to me contre.

5

Me treuþe i schel þe pliȝte :

and make him a
great man.Y schel þe ȝeue¹ castel & cite,

Bourwes, & tounes, & riche fe,

And mani a douȝti kniȝte ;

¹ One or two
letters erased
after ȝeue.

For þow ert of gret power :

10

In al þis world þer nis þe per

þat man finde miȝte.

- ¶ ‘Sire kniȝt,’ þanne answerde he,
‘Y nel nouȝt, be him þat made me,
Telle þe me name.
þourȝ þe sarmoun scheltow nouȝt wite
Whar y was boren ne gete
An erneste ne a game :
Erst y schel þe sle, verament.
Sire, let be þe prechement :
Hit is þe meche schame ;
Ac neuer kniȝt i ne fond
So wel worchande wiȝ dent of broad
þat ich fauȝt wiȝ y-same.
Ac y ne sei nouȝt for þam :
þin heued y schel smite þe fram,
For-soþe, wiȝ-oute more.
þat olde man þat ich y-se
(Y ne wot ȝif he þe fader be,
Or þow ert wiȝ him at lore),
Lite a louede¹ [þe], siker þow be,
Whan a sente þe to me,
He wiȝ þe berde hore.
Whan ichaue þin hed of-take,
Be þe berd y schel him schake,
þat him schel smerte sore.
¶ So y schel him þer-bi plope,
þat al is teȝ schel roke
þat sitteȝ in is heued.’
& þo Reinbroun herde þis,
þat Heraud dispised is,
His swerd to him a weued :
A strok a smot is helm vpon,
þat a quarter gan doun gon ;
Hit was half to-cleued.
Wiȝ þat strok a stente adoun al,
& to þe erȝe a is y-fal :
His lif neȝ he hadde leued.
- 108 Turnbull, p. 473,
l. 1281.
But the other
refused to discover
his name,
5
and told him to
let his preaching
be.
10
109
He should strike
off his head,
5
MS. fol. 174v. b.
¹ *alouede* MS.
10
and afterwards
shake the old man
by his beard
110 Turnbull, p. 474,
l. 1308.
so as to loosen all
his teeth.
C. 11767.
5 Hearing that his
opponent despised
Heraud,
Reinbroun hit
him on his helmet
so effectually,
10
that he fell,
and was nearly
dead.

Reinbroun said,
'It is a great
folly to threaten
a living man.'

'O frend,' a seide, 'ich bidde þe lete ;

111

For it is meche folly to prete

Eni man aliue.'

& he ascorn bad him lete,

But Haslak,
starting on his
feet,

And a sterte vpon is fete

5

Hasteliche and bliue.

Haslak smot Reinbroun anon,

clove Reinbroun's
shield.

þat to þe bokel þe schel[d] chon :

Neȝ a gan down driue.

They were both
strong.

Strong and gode hii wer boþe :

10

Eiþer kedde þat hii wer wroþe

To bringe oþer of liue.

Turnbull, p. 475,
l. 1332.

¶ Betwene hem strong fiȝt þer is :

112

Swich ne herde [ȝe] neuer, iwis,

Siþe þat ȝe wer bore.

So miȝte nouȝt longe be :

þat [on] moste þat oþer sle

5

Of þe kniȝtes kende i-core.

Heraud

Heraud be-held þat bataile,

How aiþer gan oþer asaile :

Wo was him þer-fore.

thought it a pity
that either of
them should slay
the other.

A gret harm him þouȝte it were

10

ȝif aiþer slouȝ oþer þere :

For hem a wep wel sore.

¶ Wiþ þat amonges hem com he,

113

And seide, 'kniȝt, for godes pite,

MS. fol. 175r. a.

Herkne to me a stounde.

So he advised the
stranger to sur-
render.

Let now ben al ȝour fiȝt,

And aȝild þe to þis kniȝt

5

þat þou hast her y-founde.

For he is man of gret power :

In al þis world þer nis is per,

Ne of so meche mounde.

In is merci, y rede, þow [þe] do,

10

Er þan be mad betwene ȝow to

Eni mo harde wounde.'

He answerde wiþ-oute more,
 ' Say me ferst, þow faimel hore,

Also god þe¹ spede,
 Why me stringþe is for-lore :
 Sipþe þe time þat ich was bore

Y nas in swiche a drede.
 3if þow ert of fendes come,
 For whi þis drede me haue nome,
 Ich wolde þat þow me sede.

In gode[s] name ich coniure þe
 þat þow þe soþe telle me,
 And be al is ferede.'

¶ Heraud seide, ' þer-of be stille :
 þat telle þe [nis] me wille
 For noman aliue.

Erst þow schelt telle me
 Wheþen þow ert, & what thow be,
 Also mote y þriuē.

þanne y schel telle þe riȝt
 Boþe of me and of þis kniȝt
 þat 3if[þ] þe dentes riue.

þin hauberk is al to-size,
 And þe face wiþ blod bewriȝe
 Of woundes mo þan fiue.'

¶ He answerde, ' þow seist wel.
 Boute for drede, be sein Miȝel,
 Y nolde ben aknowe,

Ac for ich wolde wite an haste
 Whi ich was so sore agaste
 Now in a lite þrowe.

In Ingelonde ich was bore,
 So were min eldren me before
 Boþe heȝ and lowe.

Heraud me fader het, y-wis :²
 Of Walingforde lord a is,
 And al þe contre is owe.

114 Turnbull, p. 476,
 l. 1356.
C. 11803.
¹ *me* struck out
 before þe.

5 Haslak first
 wanted to know

if Heraud was
 a devil's son,
 that he was so
 afraid of him.

10

115 But Heraud
 replied,

5 'First tell me
 whence and who
 thou art ;

then I shall tell
 thee all about
 myself and this
 knight.'

10

116 Turnbull, p. 477,
 l. 1380.
 Haslak replied,

5 'I will tell it
 because I want
 to know why I
 became so afraid.

I was born in
 England.

² *y* *wis* faded.

10 Heraud, lord of
 Wallingford, is
 MS. fol. 175r. b.
 my father.

He went in search
of Guy's son,
whom merchants
had stolen.

¶ Out of londe þan wente he
To seche Gi is sone þe fre,
þat marchauns stele away.

117

I was educated
by the Earl of
Winchester.

To þerl of Winchester y was sent :
þar ich was loked, veraiment,
Boþe niztes and day.

5

When I had
grown strong,

Whan ich was woxe of meche pris,
Douȝti, and swiþe strong, y-wis,

my fellows
upbraided me

Me felawes gonne say
þat y nas of dedes nouȝt,

10

with not search-
ing for my father.

For þat y me fader [ne] souȝt
In vnkouþe contray.

¹ *he* MS.

Turnbull, p. 478,
l. 1404.

So, returning to
Wallingford, I
took my father's
arms,

¶ To Walingforde y¹ gan gon,
Me fader is armes þer y fond anon,
His hauberk and is stede,
His scheld, and is helm briȝt,
And is swerd gode and liȝt,
þat he was woned to lede.

118

and dubbed
myself knight.

Me selue y dobbed me kniȝt þare :
Man ne tolde ich it neuer are,
Also god me spede.

5

Out of þat londe ich wente þo

10

I sought my
father in many
a foreign country.

To seche me fader [in] wer & wo
In mani an vnkouþ þede.

I went to wher-
ever there was
a war.

¶ Of werre ne herde y neuer speke,
þat y ne com þer me fader to seke :

119

So I came to this
lord.²

þus to þis lord y cam.
þe duk of Marce haȝ strued him,
Boute þis castel is gode engyn.

5

þe lord þat y wiȝ am
Neȝ he hadde is lond for-lore
(Swiþe wo was him þar-fore),

² *adouȝti* MS.

And mani a douȝti² man.
Boute þretti hors he nadde þo :
Now he haȝ þre hondred & mo
þat ich in bataile wan.'

10

Heraud herde þis wordes alle :
 Byter teres he let doun falle,
 And seide, ' what is the name ?'
 ' Haslak,' a seide, ' þow schelt me calle.

Heraud het me fader in halle,

& Cristiane het me dame.

Now þow wost whar ich was bore,

And what ich hatte wiþ-oute more

An erneste and agame :

To forward þow schelt telle me

Whi ich was afered of¹ þe

þat we made er y-same.'

¶ Heraud beheld þe 3onge kniȝt,

Ac o word speke he ne miȝt

For meche ioie and blisse.

' Heraud is me name, apliȝt,

And þow Haslak y se wiþ siȝt,

Me sone, wiþ-oute misse.

þis is þe lord, sire Reinbroun :

Ichauē had for him in prisoun

Honger and þesternesse.

þe miȝt him se : a stant² þe by.

ȝild him þe sward in is merci,

And pray him þat he þe kisse.'

¶ þo Haslak wiste sikerly

Hit was is fader þat stod him by,

And is lord Reinbroun,

Swiþe loude he gan to crie,

' Fader, for loue of oure leuedye,

ȝem³ me þe benesoun.'

Ofte he knewelede to þe grounde,

And cride him merci in þat stounde

Wiþ gode deuocioun.

' In þe merci y do me riȝt,

And euermore to ben þe kniȝt

Bope in feld and toun.'

120 Turnbull, p. 479,
 l. 1428.

C. 11895.

Weeping bitter
 tears, Heraud
 asked his name.

' Haslak,' was his
 reply.

5

MS. fol. 175v. a.

10 ' But now tell me
 why I was afraid
 of thee.'

¹ of indistinct.

121 Heraud looked at
 the young knight,
 but, at first, could
 not speak for joy.

At last, he said,
 ' I am Heraud,

5

and this is thy
 lord, Sir Rein-
 broun :

10 ² *astant* MS.

yield him thy
 sword, and pray
 him to kiss thee.'

122 Turnbull, p. 480,
 l. 1452.

Haslak, knowing
 he was before his
 father and Rein-
 broun,

5

asked his father's
 blessing

³ The *e* possibly
 altered from an *i*.

10 and Reinbroun's
 mercy.

- ¶ þo Reinbroun wiste þis, 123
 þat he Heraud is sone is,
 Up he gan him take.
 They both kissed him, Leueliche a kiste him þo,
 Sire Heraud, for-soþ, dede also : 5
 Meche blisse þai gonne make.
C. 11935. Haslak ladde hem faire and wel
 and repaired with him to his lord's castle. Hom til is lordes castel,
 And tolde, wiþ-oute sake,
 þat he hadde is fader brouzt 10
 þat he hadde wide y-souzt
 Wiþ meche wer and wrake,
 Turnbull, p. 481, l. 1476. ¶ ' And me lord, sire Reinbroun, 124
 Ase sterne ase eni lyoun
 MS. fol. 175v. b. At euery skenes nede,
 þat euer to bataile was boun.'
 The Earl was glad to see them, and made them rich presents. Glad was þanne þerl Myloun, 5
 And 3af hem riche mede
 þe kniȝtes of seluer & of golde,
 Ase meche as he take wolde,
 Briȝt armur and stede.
 So þai wente sone anon 10
 For to wreke hem of here fon,
 ȝif god hem wolde spede.
 Five days before Michaelmas, **F**ive dawes before þe Mizel-mas 125
 þai armede hem more & las
 Aȝen here fon to fiȝte.
 leaving the castle, they met with the Duke, Out of þe castel þai gonne pas :
 þe duk hii fonden in þe plas 5
 Wiþ mani helmes briȝte.
 and there was much shaking of shafts and crack- ing of crowns. þar miȝte men se scheftes schake,
 þar men miȝte se crounes crake
 Of mani an hardy kniȝte.
 Heraud, Haslak, and Reinbroun— 10
 Al þat hii smite ȝede adoun
 Of þai¹ hii mete miȝte.

¹ Read *that*?

¶ þe duk of Marce sez þat tide
His folk was slawe be ech aside,
 & in þe feld alto-dreued.
He prikede is stede wiþ meche pride :
Aþenes þerl he gan ride,
 And smot him on þe heued.
Almest a felde þerl adoun :
Heraud com wiþ is fauchoun,
 His body ato he cleued.
þanne Haslak and Reinbroun
þerl is folk þai felde adoun :
 Noþing þai ne leued.

¶ þis sez al þe barnage :
For to do þerl omage,
 Merci þai gonne crie.
Kniztes, squier, and page
þai toke þer in-to ostage
 Of þe duk is partye.
þus þai stablede þe lond wiþ fizt,
& þerafter anon rizt
 þai toke leue an hiȝe.
In-te Ingelonde þai gonne saile.¹

[A Londres sont tut dreit ale,
Ou le rei Athelstan ont troue.
Le rei encontre eus est ale,
Od li le meulz de la cite.
Mult duement les ad honure,
E del suen assez done.
A Rainbrun doune sun conte,
E si lui acrest mult sun fie.
Treis iours i ont soiurne,
Al quart ont pris lur congie,
A Warewik uunt, la bone cite :
 WARWICK.

126 Turnbull, p. 482,
 1. 1500.

5 After a fight
between the
Duke and the
Earl,

Heraud killed
the Duke.

10

127 His men did the
Earl homage.

5

Soon after,
Heraud, Rein-
broun, and Haslak

10 left for England.
¹ The next leaf
gone.

MS. C.C.C.C.
fol. 181r. a.
C. 11953.

In London they
met with King
Athelstan,

5 who duly
honoured them.

10 After three days
they went to
Warwick,

where Rein-
broun's men did
him homage.

At last, Heraud
repaired to
Wallingford.

Now I will make
an end of this
story,

which teaches
men

to do good, and
to avoid evil.

fol. 181r. b.

Cil del pais sunt mult le.

Rainbrun prent de ses hommes feute :

Mult par est entre eus ame.

Heraud sen ua a Walingeford,

15

A son chastel bon e fort.

Desore i uodra soiurner

Od sa femme, bone mulier,

Kar mult ad son cors trauaille

En plusurs lius por sa leaute.

20

De ceste estorie uoil fin faire :
Plus nen uoil desore traire.

Bel ensaumple i peut em prendre

Qui bien la siet e ueut entendre

De pruesce amer, leaute tenir,

25

De tuz biens faire e mal gerpir,

Orguil, richescs auer en despít :

De Guion nus aprent le escrit

Ceo est la summe de la ualur,

Ke tut guerpi *pur* sun creatur.

30

E cil *qui* en la sainte trinite

Vn deu est par sa pite

Nus doint en terre si servir,

Ke ali en glorie puissums venir. *Amen.*]



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